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QUEENSLAND

SYDNEY



A Secret

If I whisper my secret
Will you promise not to tell?
No one knows about it yet,
Except myself and... well...
I promised that I'd meet him
In the garden here to-day.
He intimated, doggie,
He'd important things to say.
I think you know I'm happy,
That I want to laugh and sing,
For my secret is about...
Well, about a diamond ring.

—By P. DUNCAN-BROWN.

EMPEROR'S Inspiring Charge to TROOPS

"We Must Die Some Day . . . Better to Die Now for Our Country!"

Narrow Escape of Bruno Mussolini at Makalle

From H. R. KNICKERBOCKER, Special War Correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly in Abyssinia. By cable from Addis Ababa. World Copyright.

With all his Ministers in the full panoply of war, the Emperor to-day reviewed the greatest concentration of fighters since his accession. He took the salute from 115,000 troops about to start for the front under the command of Ras Mulageta, his Minister for War.

The Emperor, who wore a new uniform of grey whipcord, smiled at the tribesmen rattling their rifle-bolts, waving swords, dancing and yelling, making a din that could be heard two miles away.

BOYS of nine and grey-beards of eighty waved blunderbusses and kissed the ground near where their Emperor was standing. Chiefs with lion-maned head-dresses, cloaks of lionskin, and horses strikingly caparisoned with scarlet silk, brandished their spears right under the nose of Haile Selassie, who sat regally calm on his crimson-draped throne.

Thirty-two war drums crashed out a tattoo as Ras Mulageta, the 62-year-old veteran of Adowa, advanced under his green umbrella towards the Emperor. Mulageta is credited with the Adowa victory, and is looked upon as the Joffre of Ethiopia.

The Emperor read the following proclamation:

"Our enemy is not a new one. We did not seek this war. We will all die one day, either from typhus, pneumonia, or some other complaint. Better is it that we die now for our country."

"Our advice is not to fight the enemy in the traditional way, but to follow your leaders. Do not become hot-headed. If the enemy finds you in groups he will burn you as logs are burnt in a fire."

"Pitch your tents always under trees or bushes. If you see aeroplanes hide in the jungle. Then shoot. When within range of enemy guns throw away your

shields and spears. They make flashing targets.

"Do not wash your white clothes, let them get dirty, and they will be less visible. When the enemy is defeated you can take up your shields and spears again and once more wear clean clothes."

Narrow Escape

FLOYD GIBBONS, another Australian Women's Weekly war correspondent, is with the Italians at Asmara.

Bruno Mussolini had a narrow escape from death while flying over Makalle. When he returned to the airport four bullet holes



MRS. FAY GILLIS WELLS, War Correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly, is here photographed with her husband, Linton Wells, who is War Correspondent for the New York "Herald-Tribune" in Ethiopia.

were found in the wings of his plane.

He saw soldiers in khaki-colored uniforms in the main square of Makalle. Diving low, Bruno circled the town three times, taking photographs and observations. His aeroplane, which was not equipped with bombs, met volleys of rifle fire.

Giano, Mussolini's son-in-law, bombed the ammunition dump at Belmarlam, 50 miles south of

Makalle, dropping thirty 40lb. bombs, and destroying the depot. When the camp was bombed small groups of soldiers trying to cover munitions dispersed, and a number were killed.

Italians are consolidating their position at Adowa.

De Bono addressed the Abyssinian notabilities of the town, promising to repay any damages to property, to respect the Abyssinian religion, and to bring civilisation and prosperity.

WOMEN and CHILDREN First to Leave for the Hills!

Abyssinians are Awaiting Chance to Secure Revenge

By cable from Harrar from FAY GILLIS WELLS, War Correspondent for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Practically every woman and child has left Harrar. The menfolk later were evacuated towards the hills, leaving the town to the hyenas, the police, a handful of foreign correspondents and photographers.

The Greek proprietor of the only hotel also left after the correspondents purchased his remaining supplies.

WE are selecting "Tenting To-night" as our theme song. We have pitched camp in the British Consulate compound. Ethiopian forces are mainly concentrated north of Jijiga. Skirmishing is sufficiently severe to

necessitate a muster of all regulars.

Italians are advancing backed by aeroplanes, which are wreaking havoc on the villagers and completely demoralising the ill-equipped peasantry, who helplessly watch "invisible enemies in the skies" rain gas and bombs on their wives and children.

Watching and waiting are the only occupations of those left in Harrar, where an ominous calm prevails. It is expected that the most important battle on the southern front will be fought in this neighborhood.

Everything possible is being done in readiness for air raids. Church bells will be rung, the

TRY THIS!
(By Air Mail from our London Office).
Pneumonia, influenza, pleurisy, etc., can be avoided.
PHILIPPA SCHUYLER, a four-year-old colored girl in New York, finds the above word. It need be a simple matter.
Philip's unusual brilliance is being studied by brain experts at New York University, and on her fourth birthday the Press was invited to a demonstration.
She spelled that word first time, and just to show it wasn't a fluke, repeated it five times more and came up smiling.

French hospital, which is prominently painted with the red cross and flies the French flag, will be open to refugees.

Bells were rung this morning, and war correspondents grabbed their boots, clothes, and cameras, and dashed towards the hospital, awaiting a bombardment. But it was a false alarm.

"The manner in which the Italians are making combat leaves us helpless, chained prisoners," General Nasibu told me. "If given a chance to fight, we are sure to win, despite the murder from the skies. Our morale is high, and we are waiting a chance to take revenge."

Nasibu was formerly Mayor of Addis Ababa, and also a former Consul at Massawa.

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LET'S Talk About—



MINISTER RETURNS.

REV. R. O. CLACK, who has been in Sydney only a short time, sails this week for London, where he will continue his splendid work. He was born in West Maitland, and was assistant secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Sydney under Mr. J. J. Virgo from 1906 to 1912, and from 1912 to 1916 he was general secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Melbourne.

He was appointed supervisor and secretary of the Australian Y.M.C.A. with the A.I.P. overseas in 1916, and continued in this work until 1920. He was appointed minister to the Upper Holloway Congregational Church, North London, in 1923, which pastorate he still holds. For the last four months he has been preaching at Brougham Place Congregational Church, Adelaide.



FOREIGN SECRETARY.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, who is England's recently-appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs, has been nicknamed "Flying Sam" because of his devotion to aviation. He is always immaculately dressed, and is noted for his faultless speech. He is a magnificent ice-skater, and an insatiable art collector.

Because of his age—fifty-five—he was preferred for the Foreign Office over Mr. Eden, who is only thirty-eight.

Sir Samuel was at one time the Secretary for India, the post the Marquess of Zetland now holds.



65 YEARS OF SERVICE.

THE Hon. Sir Langdon Bonython, K.C.M.G., who was a member of the first and second Commonwealth Parliaments, is one of South Australia's most prominent citizens.

Sir Langdon began his career as a reporter on the Adelaide "Advertiser" in 1884, and subsequently became editor and sole proprietor of that newspaper. He directed and governed the paper and its associates for 37 years—until 1920—65 years of active service unequalled by any other journalist in Australia.

Outside his newspaper work Sir Langdon's greatest interest has been in education and in the University. The South Australian School of Mines and the public schools of the State owe a tremendous debt of gratitude to him for his guidance and liberality. He was knighted in 1898, and made K.C.M.G. in 1913. He is of Cornish descent, and has been given the unique honor of being elected president of the Royal Institution of Cornwall after Viscount Palmerston.

SURGEON'S KNIFE ... as Baton!

Galli-Curci's Story of the Operation that Restored Her Voice

"Ah! the 'little potato' in my throat has brought me the first hisses of my career." Thus cried the weeping Amelita Galli-Curci, the world-famous coloratura soprano, when she ran off the stage during a European engagement at Budapest. "For my art's sake, I must face an operation."

But "for art's sake" meant great fortitude by the singer, and the performance of one of the most remarkable operations in the history of surgery. Displaying will power that astonished the doctors, Galli-Curci sang almost continuously while a thyroid growth, which, for years, had been relentlessly silencing her golden voice, was removed from her throat.

By AMELITA GALLI-CURCI

THE story of my operation should begin in Rawalpindi, India. Awakening one morning in March, I found I had a sore throat. My slight, hacking cough seemed worse, too.

Frightened, I summoned a physician. I knew the trouble was due to my goitre, or "small potato," as I called it.

As he examined my throat, the physician said that an American, Dr. Kegel, was in the city of Srinagar, Kashmir, more than 200 miles away across some of the world's roughest terrain.

I almost bit his exploring finger as I exclaimed:

"Not Dr. Arnold H. Kegel of Chicago?"

He nodded his head. Quickly, I dictated a telegram to Dr. Kegel. He wasted no time in racing to my side, frightening the Sikh chauffeur with the demand that he increase the speed of his rattleback car on the dangerous roads on which a speed of more than twenty miles an hour was almost suicidal.

Dr. Kegel reached my side the next morning. When he looked at my throat, I detected a grave look fit across his face. I became fearful. But he quieted my nervousness. To avoid the dust storms, I went across the Gobi Desert by plane to Karachi. Dr. Kegel remained in the city, where goitre is prevalent, to continue his studies of the malady.

Later we met in Calcutta and travelled together to Rangoon and Singapore. Dr. Kegel attending my concerts and studying my voice and throat.

Startling Discoveries

UP to this point everything was questionable. Dr. Kegel told me. He said he was sceptical of the possibilities of an

operation. After a tour of Java, I entered the Imperial University Hospital in Tokyo, where Dr. Kegel and Dr. M. Nakaidzum, professor of radiology, made a complete and thorough study.

By means of the X-ray, they made startling discoveries:

My trachea, or windpipe, was compressed at least fifty per cent.

The larynx was so displaced that it was pressed one and one half inches to the left, and it was tilted at an angle of fifteen degrees.

Furthermore, the esophagus was pushed an inch to one side.

These facts revealed that the tone was projected sideways against the muscular wall of my throat instead of upward. In other words, my pipes were bent! What a fine thing to happen to a singer!

I could see by the expressions upon the doctors' faces that their discoveries were disquieting. I became frightened. I begged them to tell the truth. I feared for my voice; without it, life would almost be death.

Dr. Kegel explained that the goitre would have to be removed to prevent consequences of a serious nature in a very short time.

My operating-room performance was given August 10, 1935, in the new Henry Hospital in Chicago. Assisting Dr. Kegel was Dr. C. Raphael Dunleavy, of Los Angeles.



I took only a local anaesthetic in order that I might sing notes as the operation progressed so that the surgeons could test each successive step of their work as they progressed, getting the right tension as they brought the muscles together.

"Cough," ordered Dr. Kegel gently. I did as he said. "Now say 'ah'."

Flashing Steel

I "AAAAHED" in such a manner that it brought a twinkle to Dr. Kegel's keen, blue eyes.

Holding a blade of flashing steel as a directing baton, Dr. Kegel ordered me to sing.

I went through a fragment from the duet between Rosina and the Count in the "Barber of Seville."

The approval that flashed from the eyes of the surgeons and nurses thrilled me as I had never been thrilled before—thrilled me more than the happy night on which Cleofonte Campanini "discovered" me in the Chicago opera house.

At intervals throughout the operation I sang. There was song in my heart, too. Fear had left as Dr. Kegel started to work over me. It seemed that some of his confidence had been instilled in me.

Outside the door my pianist-composer husband, Homer Samuels, paced the floor fearfully. I think I worried more about his worried condition than I did about the operation.

We were all cheered greatly when it was found that the goitre was of the adenomatous type and the structure of the vocal cords did not seem to have been affected.

Finally, Dr. Kegel stepped back and, with twinkling eyes, said:

"Now I'm going to button you up."

I smiled, a happy smile; I knew then that my voice had been saved.

Another happy moment during my week's stay in the hospital was when an eminent musical critic, who visited

me, burst into tears as I went through a passage from "The Barber." Tears rolled down my cheeks, too, as he declared:

"The incomparable agility is there! It is beautiful! It will be more beautiful than ever before."

Months of study await me before I can sing again. For a time, I must stick to the low scales, keep safely below the "break" in my voice. With much

HOLDING a blade of flashing steel as a directing baton the doctor ordered the diva to sing so that the effect of the operation could be watched and the voice saved.



IT WAS AT BUDAPEST that Galli-Curci came to a decision to have the difficult operation which would save her golden voice for opera lovers. The hisses of the crowd, who did not understand, drove her to a brave decision.

Miracle of Music

THE rise of Galli-Curci, who toured Australia some years ago, and was one of the highest-paid artists to visit these shores, is one of the miracles of the music world.

Obscure and unknown in 1916, she became a sensation overnight, and in the years that followed the end of the World War she earned the reputation of being the world's foremost coloratura soprano.

Despite that critics claimed she occasionally showed a tendency to sing off pitch, her name had acquired such glamor that she was paid as much as 4500 dollars for a single concert in America.

more time on my hands than I have had for years. I will spend most of it in the hospital and reading precious messages from friends and admirers, many of which begin with—

"Now I'll tell you about MY operation."

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HAS Lasseter's Reef been FOUND?

Gold Explorers Return Secretly with Amazing Specimens

The story of Lasseter's discovery of a fabulously rich gold reef in Central Australia and the numerous attempts that have been made in recent years to locate it has always been an intriguing one for Australians.

Has the rich reef been found at last?

With the return to Sydney during the past week of Mr. S. R. Hummerston and party, who have been two years searching for gold in Central Australia, all the amazing stories of past years have been revived.

The story of the Hummerston expedition has an added interest for women, because for the first time a woman, Mrs. Hummerston, has been associated with the reported discovery of this vast store of hidden wealth.

THE Hummerston party has returned from Central Australia after two years' intensive search for the El Dorado which is believed to exist somewhere in the almost untrodden wastes of the great Australian desert.

Have they at last located Lasseter's Reef, the fabulously rich outcrop of gold which the old Australian prospector claimed to have discovered 30 odd years ago, and which he spent many years of his life endeavoring to find again?

Lasseter was obsessed with the deter-

mination to discover the reef, which he claimed "had nuggets studded in the quartz as thickly as raisins in a plum pudding."

The story of his repeated failures and his tragic death are now Australian history, as is also the fate of many other prospectors who braved the dangers of hunger and thirst, and the treachery of the aborigines, in their attempts to find the hidden El Dorado.

Many of the hardy prospectors who trekked into the unknown and inhospitable deserts returned with reports of rich gold finds, and some of them brought back quartz specimens of amas-

MEDIEVAL Modes

Inspire Modern Milliners!



VON HOLBEIN, famous portrait painter of Tudor times.



THE MODERN milliner who "created" this cap was inspired by sixteenth century ideas. Note its resemblance to the cap worn by Cranach.

Lucas Cranach, celebrated German painter, (1472-1553).



MADAME AGNES, the famous French milliner, has just launched this Holbein cap.

Somebody's having A BIRTHDAY



Chintaware by Shelley.

•If you would like a lovely big recipe book

write to "Mother," G.P.O. Box 276488, Sydney, enclosing 4d. in stamps, and MUMS Famous Recipe Book containing nearly 200 choice recipes from the best cooks all over the world will be posted to you by return.

AN EASILY-MADE BIRTHDAY CAKE

Ingredients:

1 lb Flour
1 lb Sugar
1 lb Butter
5 Eggs
1 lb Sultanas
1 lb Currants
1 lb Almonds
1 egg cup Brandy
1/2 packet Mixed Spice
1 teaspoon MUMS Baking Powder
1 pinch Salt

Method:

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well-beaten, then dry ingredients which have previously been mixed and allowed to stand some hours. Then add brandy. Bake for about 2 hours. Ice and decorate.

MUMS BAKING POWDER

Two years ago Mr. S. R. Hummerston, of Sydney, set out with a motor-equipped expedition to try to locate the reef, accompanied by Mr. Cutlack and a small party.

Six months ago he reported to Mrs. Hummerston the finding of an enormously rich reef in Western Australia, which he believed to be the famous Lasseter's Reef. After perusing his claims, he decided that Mrs. Hummerston should be the first woman to set foot on the field.

Mrs. Hummerston chartered an aeroplane and joined her husband and his party, and for the past six months has been assisting him with his work on the reef.

Quietly and unobtrusively the party returned to Sydney during the past week making every effort to evade hordes of newspaper reporters clamoring for the story of their experiences.

The whole city is agog with stories of the amazing richness of the reef they

A report issued by Border Gold Reefs Limited, the mining company which organised the expedition, states:—

"Mr. Hummerston brought back with him some rich quartz samples showing free gold. He reports that the reef was walked over by him for a distance of about six miles, and in portions of that distance gold was visible.

"The average of the outcropping is three feet, and Border Gold Reefs Limited holds the exclusive rights to peg mining leases within the surrounding areas, and a permit to enter the Western Australian Aboriginal Reserve adjoining."

So impressed is the company with the reports of Mr. Hummerston, that it is



A TYPICAL SCENE in the Lasseter's Reef country.

claim to have located and which they believe is identical with that said to have been found by Lasseter.

Seen by The Australian Women's Weekly, Mr. and Mrs. Hummerston would not definitely state that they had found Lasseter's Reef. But they said they believed they had.

Specimens of quartz brought back by the Hummerston party were shown. They were literally studded with gold, visible to the naked eye.

arranging to send out another expedition at the earliest possible date, strongly equipped with men, aeroplanes and vehicles.

Mr. Hummerston will act as leader and guide, and the Commonwealth and Western Australian Governments are to be invited to send officials, with the object of verifying the reports and definitely fixing the geographical position of the reef and reporting on the geological structure of the surrounding country.

Our Splendid New Serial

OUR present serial, "Gay Adventure," which has been immensely popular with readers, will conclude next week. It will be followed by "Men and Angel," a most thrilling story of a typically modern girl. The author of "Men and Angel" is Fanny Heaslip Lea, one of the most popular of living writers.

"Men and Angel" is her latest work, and is not yet published in book form. The Australian Women's Weekly made special arrangements by cable to secure the exclusive serial rights of it, and we are confident our readers will thoroughly enjoy it.

GAY ADVENTURE

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD

THE thrilling story of Judith Taverner, a beautiful but unconventional nineteenth century heiress, is continued below.

CHAPTER 22

SUNDAY dragged past without bringing any news of Peregrine to his sister. She went to church with Mrs. Scattergood in the morning, and on coming out after the service was hailed by her uncle, who came hobbling towards her, leaning upon his stick. She had not seen him since some days before Peregrine's disappearance, and so strong was her mistrust of him that she found it hard to greet him with the distinction their relationship demanded. He did not look to be in health; his usually red cheeks had a sallow tinge, but he ascribed it all to his gout, which had kept him indoors for the past week. This, he told his niece, was his first day out.

She experienced a strong feeling of suspicion upon his so pointedly telling her this, but forced herself, from a wish not to be backward in any attention that was due to him, to inquire whether he had tried a Warm Bath. He had done so, but without receiving much benefit from it. It was evident that he did not wish to make his own health the subject of his conversation; he begged his niece to give him her arm to his carriage, and was so soon walking slowly away with her that he looked anxiously round into her face and said in a low tone: "You know, I should have been with you two days ago, my dear, had I not been aground."

My Favorite Poem

Solitude

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Frost, and your halls are crowded;
Frost, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure,
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Sent in by Miss M. H. Daw, Old Fairview Station, Laclede, Sth. East, S.A.

with this cursed foot of mine. It is a dreadful business! I do not know what to say to you, I could not have said such a thing happen for the world! Ay, poor girl I see how you feel it!"

His hand squeezed hers; meeting his eyes she saw so troubled an expression in them that she could almost have acquiesced him. She thanked him, and said: "I do not let myself despair, sir. I believe Lord Worth will find Peregrine."

"Ay, and so I hope he may do," he answered. "It is a dreadful business, a dreadful business!"

"My cousin is not with you to-day, sir?" she observed, not wishing to discuss Peregrine's fate with him.

"Oh," he said, recalling himself with a start. "Oh no! Did you not know Bernard? I went off to do what he said for you? Ay, so it is. He set off last night, could not be kicking his heels in Brighton with his cousin under the hatches, as we say. Ah, my dear, if you knew the depth of my boy's regard for you—but I do not mean to tease you. I am sure, and this is no time to be talking of tridals."

They had reached the carriage by this time, and he climbed into it,

grooming a little. Miss Taverner was resolute in declining his offer to convey her to her door, but she could not believe his sympathy to be quite hypocritical, and took leave of him with more kindness than she would have thought it possible to feel for him.

Monday brought her a letter from Sir Geoffrey Fairford. He wrote from Reddish's Hotel, in St. James' Street. He had seen Worth, and although he was not able to give her any news of Peregrine, he was confident that a very few days must put them in possession of all the facts. He wrote in haste, and meant to carry his letter to the Post Office, that there might be no delay in its despatch. He could only counsel her not to lose hope, and assure her that her guardian was doing all that lay in his power to bring about a happy issue.

WITH this brief note she had to be satisfied. Her dependence was now on Captain Audley's promise to escort her to London. Every day spent in wretched suspense at Brighton was harder to bear than the last. Mrs. Scattergood's attempts to keep up her spirits, alternating as they did with fits of the gloomiest foreboding, could only make matters worse. She so obviously gave Peregrine up for lost that Judith could not feel her company to be any support; and since at the end of three days she was unable to sleep without the assistance of drops of laudanum, and spent the greater part of her time on a couch, with a bottle of smelling salts in one hand, and a damp handkerchief in the other, the only advantage of her presence was that she gave Judith something to do in looking after her.

No tidings came from Worth. Judith believed him to be in London, but even Captain Audley could give her no certain intelligence on this point. On Wednesday morning, more from an inability to be still than from any real expectation of finding a letter from her guardian, Miss Taverner put on a street dress, and a hat, and went out to call at the Post Office. But the night-mail had brought no letter for her, and it was with a heavy heart that she walked back to Marine Parade. She was within sight of her house when she suddenly heard her name called, and turned quickly round to see her cousin jumping down from a light-travelling carriage which had drawn up behind her.

She hurried to meet him, her countenance expressing all the eagerness she felt on beholding him. "Cousin! Oh, have you discovered something? Tell me, tell me!"

He grasped the hands which she held out to him, and said in a repressed voice: "I was on my way to your house. But this is better still. I believe—I trust—that I have discovered something."

His face, which was very pale, led

her to suppose that his news must be bad. Her own cheeks grew white; she just found strength to utter: "What is it? Oh, do not keep me in suspense! I can bear anything but that."

"I think I have found him," he said with an effort.

Her eyes dilated. "Found him! O God, not dead?"

"No, no!" he replied quickly. "But in what case I dare not say!"

"Where?" she demanded. "Why do you not take me to him at once? Why do we stand here wasting time? Where is he?"

"I will take you to him," he said. "It is some little distance, but I have



At the next moment Bernard Taverner had gone down before a crashing blow to the jaw, and the Earl was standing over him with his fists clenched, and a look on his face that made Miss Taverner run forward. "Oh, no," she gasped. "You must not! Lord Worth, I beg of you!"

brought a carriage for you. Will you come with me?"

"Good God, of course I will come!" she cried. "Let me but run home to leave a message for Mrs. Scattergood, and we may start immediately!"

His clasp on her hand tightened. "Judith, most solemnly I beg of you do not do that! A message to Mrs. Scattergood will ruin all. You do not know the whole."

"What are you trying to tell me?" she said. "How could a message to Mrs. Scattergood ruin all?"

"Cousin, every suspicion has been

confirmed. You are not meant to find Peregrine. The place where I shall take you is hidden away in the depths of the country. I believe him to be held there—you may guess by whom."

She had the sensation of having received a blow that robbed her of all power of speech. She made a queer little gesture, as though to ward something off, and without a word turned, and hurried towards the carriage.

He assisted her to get into it, and took his place beside her. The steps were folded up, and in a moment the horses were turned about, and driven at a trot up the Stayne towards the London road.

"What!" she exclaimed.

By...
Georgette HEYER
Author of
"Death In The Stocks"
"These Old Shades," etc.

"I have seen it," he said. She was utterly dumbfounded, and could only stare at him. After a moment he continued: "I imagine that you were to be safely tied up to him in the few days that remain before you come of age. Have you considered that by Friday you will be free from Worth's guardianship?"

"What can that signify?" she said. "Oh, it will not do, cousin! Captain Audley is a man of honor, incapable of such baseness!"

"Money can drive a man to measures more desperate than you have any notion of," he said, a hard note in his voice. "Worth has made attempt after attempt on Perry's life. You know it to be true!"

"No," she said, faintly. "I do not know it to be true. I cannot think—my head feels empty. I must wait until I have seen Perry. How far do we have to travel?"

"You would not know the place. It is some miles west of Henfield. I was led to it by a series of circumstances—but I will not weary you with all the miserable details."

She did not speak. Her senses were almost overpowered. She could only lean back in her corner, trying to conjure up every recollection that should prove or disprove his accusations. He looked at her compassionately, but seemed to understand her need of silence. Once he said, as though impelled: "If I could have spared you. But I could not!"

She tried to answer him, but her voice failed. She turned her head away to stare blindly out of the window.

THE carriage was bowling along at a brisk pace, only checking at the turnpikes. For many miles Judith was scarcely aware of the distance they were covering, but when they left the pike road and branched off on to a rough lane she roused herself, and looking at her cousin in a blank way, said: "Have we to go much further? We must have come a long way. Should we not change horses?"

"It will not be necessary," he replied. "This pair can accomplish the journey, for the carriage is a light one. We have only another ten miles to go. An hour should see us safely arrived."

"If I find Perry—alive, all the rest can—must—be borne!" she said. "Forgive me for being so silent a companion! I cannot talk of it."

He pressed her hand. "I understand. When we arrive will be time enough for all that must be said."

"Is Lord Worth at this place?" she asked.

"No, he is in London. You need not fear having to meet him."

"But why has he—why is Perry kept in this place you are taking me to? If all you have said is true, how comes he to be alive. Surely—"

"You will know presently," he said. She said no more. The carriage was jolting along a twisting lane between high, tangled hedges. A scent of hay was wafted in on the warm air. Occasionally she caught a glimpse of a vista of rolling fields, with a blue background of hills in the distance. As they plunged deeper into the country, and she felt herself to be within reach of Peregrine, the numbness that had been clogging her brain gave way to an impatience to arrive. She turned to her cousin and demanded: "Are we never to reach this place? Why did you not have the horses changed halfway?"

"We are nearly there now!" he answered.

In another five minutes the weary horses had turned in through a gateway, and were going at a jog-trot up the rough cart track that led between rank fields to a fair-sized cottage, nestling in a hollow of the ground. It was surrounded by a fenced garden, and a huddle of outhouses. A few hens were to be seen, and a pig was rooting among some cabbages at the back of the cottage. Judith, leaning forward to see more plainly, turned with an expression of surprise on her face. "But this is nothing but a villager's cottage!" she exclaimed. "Is Perry kept here?"

He opened the door and sprang out, letting down the steps for her. She could scarcely wait, but almost jumped down on to the ground, and, pushing open the low gate, walked quickly up the path to the cottage.

"What!" she exclaimed.

"Yet Captain Audley was to take you to London to-morrow, and Captain Audley carries a special licence in his pocket."

"What!" she exclaimed.

"What!" she exclaimed.

Please turn to Page 14

Who Kidnapped Perry?

her to suppose that his news must be bad. Her own cheeks grew white; she just found strength to utter: "What is it? Oh, do not keep me in suspense! I can bear anything but that."

"I think I have found him," he said with an effort.

Her eyes dilated. "Found him! O God, not dead?"

"No, no!" he replied quickly. "But in what case I dare not say!"

"Where?" she demanded. "Why do you not take me to him at once? Why do we stand here wasting time? Where is he?"

"I will take you to him," he said. "It is some little distance, but I have

confirmed. You are not meant to find Peregrine. The place where I shall take you is hidden away in the depths of the country. I believe him to be held there—you may guess by whom."

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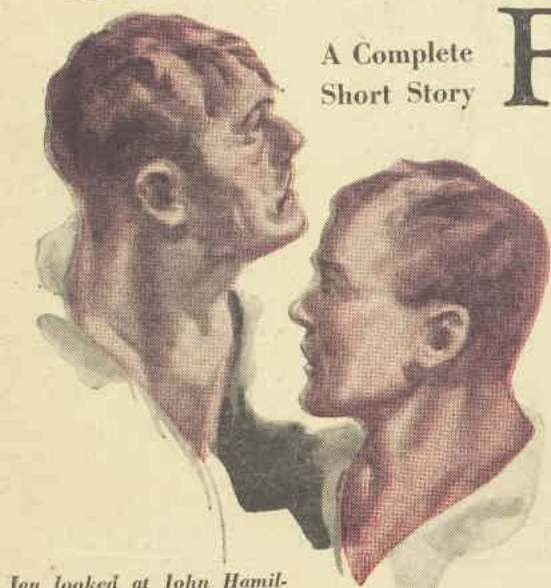


Illustrated by Fischer

The FORTUNATE FACULTY

A Complete
Short Story

Jan Stewer had a peculiar faculty... for what he thought good and sufficient reason; he could destroy without regret!



Jan looked at John Hamilton's wife, then he looked at John Hamilton himself; he imagined them together again, but there, quite suddenly, his imagination paused. . . .



JAN was walking along the beach when first he noticed the Vestra. The moon was behind her; she was like a slender shadow on its face. For a long time, with idle curiosity, he stood watching her. A pretty yacht, some people would think; but he did not like her much. She was too slender, for one thing; and, for another, her masts were much too high. They made him think of a racing yacht; and certainly the Vestra was not intended to be that.

Standing there, Jan began to chew thoughtfully. He did not smoke a pipe or cigarettes; instead, like the natives on Maratanga Island, he chewed sepi. It is a sort of betel-nut, very bitter in the mouth until one gets accustomed to it; then it has a soothing sweetness which is indescribable.

There was a woman on board the yacht. Jan saw her face quite clearly against the glitter of the moon. A young face, it was—a pretty face. He wondered what could have brought her to this lonely, far-away little island.

It has no name, even, although the natives in the Malay Archipelago call it Cataranga Island. It means an island lonely and strange, like a Pacific dawn, which is really no dawn at all.

Having looked at her for a long time, Jan turned and went back along the beach. For a quarter of an hour he followed an ill-marked jungle track, until he reached the palm-leaf hut which he called home.

Hamilton was there. He had been drinking again. Jan stood and looked at him thoughtfully. He neither liked nor disliked him. There were so few things he liked, and as a rule they were not people.

"There's a boat out there," he said, squatting down on his haunches. "a yacht. It is a very slender craft, John, and the masts are very tall. Do you know why it could have come here?"

John stared. He was not a pretty sight. He had not been so bad when Jan had brought him ashore off the blazing hulk that night nearly a year ago.

But drink, soft living, brooding and better despair had changed John Hamilton. He was sullen and unlovely.

"How the blazes should I know?" he growled.

As he started to reach for the bottle again Jan pushed him away quite gently.

"There's a woman on board," he said, and sat and watched John's face, and the strange mixture of expressions and emotions which flickered across it.

"Good Lord! What would a white woman be doing out here?"

Jan shook his head.

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"Young, and pretty, rather."

"Good Lord!" John said again, and relapsed into silence.

Jan got up and stood in the hut doorway, which was really only a strip of by-netting put up especially for John Hamilton's comfort.

John took out his watch and stared at it. Jan liked that watch. It was of solid gold, and it had a soft velvet slip into which he put it. The minute-hand was luminous at night, and the heads of the tiny screws were very small diamonds.

MORE than once Jan had offered things for that watch. Liquor, tobacco, even money; but always he was refused. John had said something foolish about it being his last remaining link with civilisation.

That had amused Jan greatly. What was civilisation? He wondered.

John moved at last. He rose on his feet, swaying a little, and walked out into the jungle. Jan let him go. He knew where he was going—down to the beach to look at the slender, tall-masted yacht; and, possibly, the woman.

When John returned it was near dawn, and that, too, was strange, because he usually slept on the burnt-out hulk beyond the reef.

The fire hadn't touched the lower cabins and he preferred them as sleeping-quarters, especially when it rained hard, as it often did, and the hut floor swam with water.

When he came in, dripping slightly with the subtle green moisture of the jungle, Jan knew that something was wrong. John's face was as white as paper, and his eyes had the expression of a man who had been stunned by a violent blow.

"What is it, John?" asked Jan.

"That woman," John said—"it's Jill, my wife."

Jan listened to the word as it dripped eerily from the trees. He was not at all excited. After all it was not his business.

But he remembered. A quiet night it had been, yet with a strong wind blowing. He had noticed the blazing ship just after darkness had come tumbling down. She had seemed like a far-away red spark in the dark sky.

At last that spark had become a burning vessel, with one man still on board her. That man was John Hamilton, her captain.

The crew had taken to the boats. Only John Hamilton had remained—not because he possessed any strong idea of duty, but because he had been forced to remain. The crew had taken all the boats. They had left him lying drunk in his cabin, thinking it was no more than he deserved.

It was his drunken carelessness which had set the ship alight. The crew might have been burned alive in their bunks.

Jan had fetched him off the blazing vessel. It had not been easy to do that. He had looked after him; and all that night had lain on the beach watching the ship burn.

Ships had been to the island since that night; but John had hidden from them. The world presumed him dead. He said it was better that way.

But often Jan had wondered why he became so gloomy and sullen, seized by sudden fits of fury and bitter passion. He had never mentioned his wife.

"If I had a wife," Jan said, "as young and pretty as that, John, I do not think I should remain dead for long."

Of course, he should not have said that. It was a mistake. He knew it at once, but it was too late.

John sat there, thinking of what Jan had said. It was so easy to read his face. Jan knew his thoughts almost before he did himself.

He imagined them together again; but there, quite suddenly, his imagination paused. He did not let it go beyond that point.

John might have gone bursting impulsively from the jungle, but Jan put out a hand and gripped him. He had a very powerful grip.

"No," he said, staring into John's face.

John would have fought, but the faculty of doing that must have occurred to him in time. He swung off sullenly, heading back through the jungle.

Jan waited some time. Then, without speaking, he walked towards the woman.

She turned and stared curiously at this strange-looking, tall man with skin burnt almost black by Pacific suns.

For a long time they looked at each other without speaking. He saw a pretty woman, slender and unhappy. Her hair gleamed in the sea wind. Its brightness made him stare a little.

Slowly a faint smile touched her mouth.

"You rather startled me," she said. "You see, I thought this island was quite uninhabited."

Jan nodded unsmilingly.

"That must be the Shanghai City," she said, gazing at the hulk which floated, a big black blot, on the shining beauty of the sea.

"What is left of her," Jan said.

She stared at him.

"You live here?"

"Yes," he said.

"Alone?"

"Yes," he said, "alone." He did not hesitate about that either.

He watched her face. He was becoming rather curious, in spite of him-

She sat down suddenly on the beach and stared across the sea.

"They say all the crew got away in the boats. They were saved. But John—"

"Your husband?"

"Yes. He—he stayed on board his ship. It—it was a brave thing for him to do, wasn't it?" Her eyes shone an instant.

Jan turned and stared at the jungle behind them. It brooded darkly in the sun. It was like John Hamilton, that jungle, brooding there, evil and sullen in the brightness.

Sitting down beside her he picked up some pebbles and threw them into the sea.

"My name is Jan Stewer," he said. "I'm like John Hamilton, that is, I'm a native of Maratanga Island. Have you ever heard of it?"

"No," she said.

"They are great hunters and fishers. I suppose, after a time, I forgot I had a white skin. I became one of them, almost. My thoughts grew like theirs, too."

"Very brave and very generous, they are also very hard at times. Do you know what they do when a man or woman becomes too old to be of further service to the tribe?"

"No," she said, regarding him with serious eyes. "What do they do?"

"They kill them off," he said, shrugging. "Now, to a civilised manner of thinking no doubt that seems brutal and barbarous. But they do not think in that way at all. Neither do I."

"And the result? Well, without doubt, they are the bravest, healthiest, strongest race on earth. Doesn't that make civilisation seem rather absurd?"

She stared at him. Was he joking? No, he seemed perfectly serious.

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By ARTHUR SAVAGE

But John didn't speak again. It was dawn when he went. And this time Jan followed him. He didn't know. Jan could pass through the jungle with the silence of a shadow when he liked.

At the edge of the forest John paused. The yacht was still there. Just below, on the beach, the woman was standing. She was alone and the bright sea wind played with her hair. John clenched his hands and a look came into his eyes.

She looked very beautiful that morning.

But already Jan had visions. He blamed himself a little. John was changed. Once, no doubt, he had been decent enough, passably good-looking, but now—

Had it not been for what Jan had said to John, Jan would never have bothered at all. But a sense of responsibility was growing inside Jan somewhere.

He looked at John Hamilton's wife, and then at John Hamilton himself.

self. She had loved John Hamilton very much. Did she still love him? "Is that why you came here?" he asked.

Her eyes questioned him silently.

"Just to stand and look at that black hulk?" he said.

Her face got troubled. A shadow crept across it.

"My husband was captain of the Shanghai City when it caught fire," she said. "It—it was a terrible thing."

"I saw it blazing," Jan said. "It was like a tiny red spark at first and then—"

"What?"

"It grew and grew, until I thought the sky was on fire. It was a pretty sight to watch."

"Pretty?" Her eyes flashed rather angrily.

Her anger did not disturb Jan at all. He stood and chewed a lump of sepi and felt the warm morning steal into his body, making him glad to be alive.

"What do you hope to find here?"

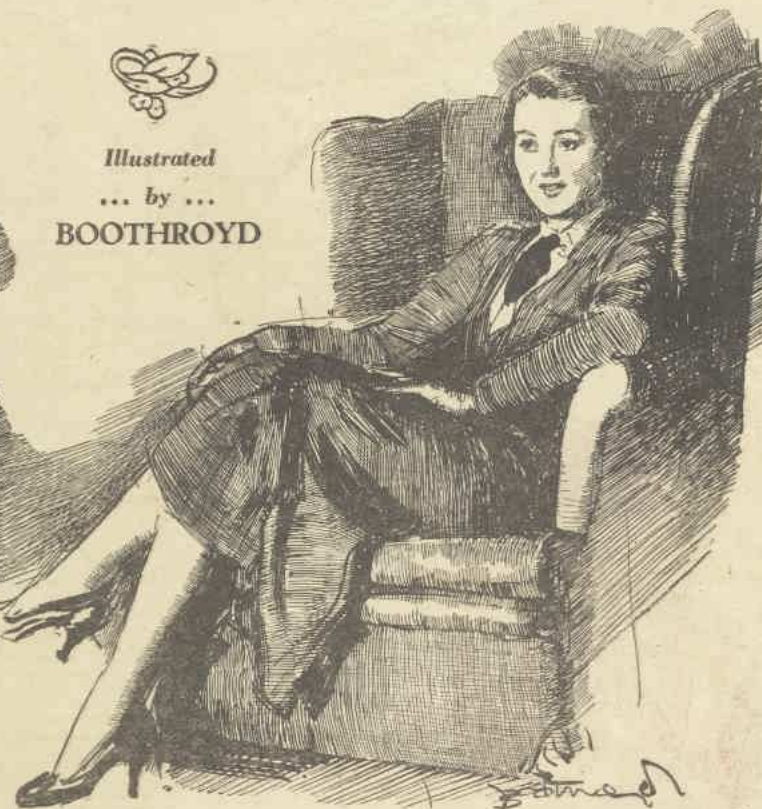
TOP of the HOUSE

The story of a girl who climbed a ladder and had it pulled from under her—temporarily at any rate

By
**HYLTON
CLEAVER**



Illustrated
... by ...
BOOTHROYD



"Oh," said Simon, in a surprised voice. "Sorry. Nobody said..." "Nobody knew," said she.

"It may be the craze for notoriety that made you climb up here. This will be in the papers, I suppose? Society girl lays siege to old nursery. New fashion in flats. And in flat-hunting."

Her eyes were coolly, calculatingly considering his set expression.

He had good features, but they were antagonising her.

Pompously sits ill on any man, and most ill on the young. She had grown used to being disapproved of, but she would not be disapproved of by a man who could have looked quite nice if he had not felt so important.

"Have you," she demanded, "ever in your life had too much to drink?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"It would do you a lot of good to try it. It's a great leveller. I don't think any man really comes down to earth until he's done that once. And then he's never smug again."

"You will ask me next," he said, "whether I possess an evening dress suit. It is another test of manhood to wear one correctly, I believe."

THERE was a lot she could have said, but she decided not to say it. He had heard things about her. Very well, she had heard things about him too, and they were both running true to form. This was no time for protestations. It was a time for battle. To tell the truth, she had not expected she would have to stay here more than half an hour once she had found him. If he had turned out to be human she

Small Things

I should not mind the little things
That vex me through the day,
I should be proud and fine enough
To laugh them all away.

The Splendid Folk are strong of heart
And rise above small things,
And soar to greater visioning
On splendid wings.

I should not mind the little things
I should not care at all—
But oh! my mind and heart and soul
Are very small! —Y. Webb.

could have talked him round in that time. She had generally been able to manage any man with a little cheek and a lot of blandishment. After all, her latest portrait was always sure of the front page in an illustrated weekly, and she was better than her portrait. She now saw that it was not going to come off.

In that case, Mr. Simon Fletcher would have to learn that even those who for one silly season set a deplorable example to the young set, soon grew up and came to their senses, and that in the process they retained one characteristic—fearlessness, for which a better name begins with G and only has four letters.

"You must have a lot to do," said Barbara, in a voice like a draught in the library. "Don't let me keep you."

"Don't go," he retorted, "till you are tired of waiting."

"What about the lights?"

"They'll be left on."

He trod his way downstairs like a man going up them.

When he was quite alone, and had, in fact, been so for several hours, Simon began to feel slightly less certain of his personal rectitude, and started therefore to defend himself.

"Say notorious, if that's what you mean."

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Our Long Complete Story

was a busy man. He turned without the flicker of a smile. His profile was uncompromising. Barbara got to her feet, brushed her skirt out, stood with her back to the wall and folded her arms like a recalcitrant child. She looked as if she had never blushed or shed a tear, and yet would look her best in moonlight. Her brow was pale and proud—proud of her lips, pale by comparison.

"You can't get rid of me like that. I came to show you I was serious. I want you to get the other people out. If these flats are so successful, why can't you offer them a better one elsewhere? You will be buying others and converting them."

Said Simon: "Let me offer you one."

"Well," he said with a gesture, "I suppose you can't do any harm. Stay, if you like, till you get tired of it. I

"Because this room was my old nursery."

Her voice this time was quiet and purposeful, and she spoke with the knowledge that it was a keen point she had made. She knew that he would change expression this time, and she watched as if the whole thing were a scientific test of man's susceptibilities.

"Was it?" said Simon. "When?"

"When this house was my father's. When we had money. I haven't much compunction about the house being knocked about, but the whole time we lived here this floor was my kingdom. I know every corner of it. It belongs to the time in my life that I know now was the nicest. So I want to live here again, and if I don't it'll break my heart."

"I'm sorry I didn't know this earlier," said Simon.

"I went to the agents. They wouldn't

give me any satisfaction. I came here, and they wouldn't let me in. Everyone seemed in awe of you. Mr. Fletcher this, and Mr. Fletcher that, and Mr. Fletcher says, and wants, and will, and won't. They told me it was no use seeing you. It seemed, after that, that the only thing would be to take possession. I haven't got to worry now. You have. In fact, I haven't even got to get in. You've got to get me out."

She gracefully sat down again. "Whose move next?"

"If you lived here," said Simon, "then I suppose your name is Ranger-Booth?"

"I'm Barbara Ranger-Booth."

"Ah," said Simon. "Yes. I see."

He slowly buttoned up his overcoat, put his hat straight, took some papers from his pocket, slapped his hand with them, turned with one eyebrow quizzically cocked.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. . . . Be glad that something interesting happened to break up the dull round of the day."

After a long, slow look at her, he shook his head fatalistically, and went down the stairs, and he could hear her whistling tunelessly behind him.

I It was half an hour later that he climbed the stairs again to peep at her.

"Well," he said, "what have you decided to do?"

She answered with another question. "Why did you go away so. . . pompously. . . directly you knew who I was?"

Challenged again, he squared his shoulders, and he answered fearlessly: "Because I knew then why you came up the ladder. It was to maintain a reputation for doing the bizarre."

She could not tell whether he was teasing her, or stating a simple fact of which he disapproved. When next he spoke she could tell.

"If I remember rightly, you were a leader of the bright young people, Barbara Ranger-Booth. You were always in the papers. You did anything you were told not to do. You never refused a dare. You tried every sensation once. You were famous."

"Say notorious, if that's what you mean."

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HE house was tall, the ladders high. They had been left there, and the top rings showed against the sky above the chimney. Day had broken, but the road was still deserted.

Barbara had a poor audience for her sensational turn. She was half-way up the tallest ladder, and here it showed its springiness so that she did not dare look down. She continued upward and reached the topmost floor.

Painters had been at work here every day. The windows at the top were not quite shut. The girl raised one and looked inside. She heavily swung a leg across the sill, and drew the other after it.

She was in.

Now for a cigarette.

At half-past nine that morning Simon Fletcher parked his car and stepped out in a manner calm and yet portentous. Simon Fletcher was a young man trying to look successful, that which there is only one sign of significance, namely, an old man trying not to look a failure. The front door of the house was open.

Simon watched men in the hall setting up ladders, laying planks between pairs of paint-smear'd steps, and measuring wood. They greeted him respectfully, but none came with him when he went upstairs. He liked to walk alone.

He had bought this house and was converting it into service flats, all self-contained, small, compact, modern, reasonably cheap. The top one was already finished. Two rooms had been furnished, and he opened a door to gratify his sense of satisfaction.

Here, with one foot across the threshold, he stopped in astonishment. Across the room a girl was sitting in an armchair. Her head was resting back. She wore a shirt-blowse and a colored tie. Her suit was cunningly devised to fit snugly to a figure which was youthful, but not immature.

Her stockings were expensive. She had dark lashes to her eyes, also a dimple in the cleft of her chin.

"Oh," said Simon, in a surprised voice. "Sorry. Nobody said."

"Nobody knew," said she.

There was a confident uplift to the corners of her mouth, the slight suggestion of a cheeky smile.

"Did you want anything?"

"This flat."

He had not taken off his hat. Like all men who wish to show preoccupation with affairs, he wore his overcoat unbuttoned. Papers protruded from his pocket. His hat was pushed back a little from his forehead, and his fingers were now feeling in his waistcoat pocket, which was a mannerism.

"All these flats are let."

"So it seems. Yesterday they wouldn't let me in."

"Quite right. They had their instructions."

"Well," she said, "I want this one."

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

SEASIDE SMARTNESS

BEACH clothes have looked to foreign countries for inspiration. There are classically-draped Grecian beach frocks, Arab capes striped Mexican skirts, Indian sarongs.

Color ranges from the sultry shades in the new Tahitian sarongs and pareos of printed cotton to the ever-popular white. Navy-blue and white, and black and white are firm favorites. Pale pink is smart against a sun-burned skin.



● **DRAPED** beach dress with separate bodice and skirt. The material is black-and-white printed cotton jersey.

PYJAMAS are fashionable again; bulky-looking trousers, wide at the hem, slim trousers like men's slacks, wide, middle-calf length trousers that look like flared skirts.

Bodice and trousers can be in one piece or separate, backless tops, halter necks, shirts and sweaters and tie-on triangles of fabric. Heavy linens, spongeloth, terry towelling, and heavy, printed cottons for these. Navy trousers with white tops and white trousers with navy tops are most favored, and all-white with dark accessories. Short, tailored jackets.

Shorts are first favorites for the young and slender—neatly tailored and made of heavy, navy-blue or white linen, or of heavy, natural-colored tussore or of printed cotton—worn with tailored skirts or backless tops. The cotton shorts have pleats back and front, giving the appearance of a very short skirt. These can be made in one piece with a halter-neck top or to button on to a matching blouse.

Striped seersucker, printed challis, spotted linen or pique, printed linen for these shorts and tops, a short jacket in a plain color, and a wrap-on skirt, if you wish—in the print. These three or four-piece ensembles should be most practical; for ordinary holiday wear you have, seemingly, a dress and jacket—the jacket, navy-blue pique, underneath a backless bodice of navy-and-white printed linen and a matching skirt which buttons centre-front.

● **SHORT, FLARED** trousers (above) in heavy white linen. Navy sweater, white scarf.

For the beach remove the jacket and separate skirt and you have printed shorts with still the same top. Do your sunbaking in these, but when you are ready for the water remove them and show a white bathing costume. Shorts and shirts usually have accompanying wrap-on skirts; these can contrast or match.

Any color you choose will be smart this year—white shorts and shirt and navy skirt; a brown skirt over brown-and-white spotted linen. Pastels are popular abroad, but they would probably fade too much under our strong sun. Seersuckers in bright stripes, and printed cottons in brilliant floral designs look gay and refreshing. Gingham, chintzes, and plain calicoes are seen in abundance.

BEACH dresses are in two styles—the apron dress, which is a simple, wrap-around, one-piece dress, sleeveless and backless and ordinary street length, and, secondly, the draped dress. The first is made in linen or any cotton material, the latter in rayon or any soft, pliable dress material. Draped beach dresses follow classical lines, the skirt swishes the hips, is pulled up centre-front, and hangs in folds.

The bodice is draped across the chest and leaves the back quite bare. The sketch in the left-hand corner of this page illustrates a dress of this kind. The material is hand-blocked black-and-white cotton jersey.

● **PINK** tweed linen two-piece pyjamas (above). Wrap-over bodice, completely backless. Navy-and-white spotted pique trimming and sun-bonnet.

● **PALE GREY** flannel shorts, a seersucker top tied at the back of the neck and again in front. Grey, red, white, and black seersucker for the bag and top.

course. White is the best color, worn with a navy belt and a navy jacket. Bright yellow is good, or navy with white spots. A plain dress may have a print jacket, and vice versa. Jackets have short or three-quarter sleeves, are hip-length and loose.

The ever-useful dressing-gown made of terry towelling has not deserted us; this year it has a hood attached to protect your head. There are towelling capes, too, ankle length, and slim-fitting about the shoulders. You pull these tightly around you or allow them to swing loose like an Arab's cape.

Bathing Suits

BATHING costumes cling as tightly to the figure as possible. There are many one-piece suits with separate shorts worn over them. Although brassiere tops have been forbidden by Mr. Spooner, you can still leave your back completely bare.

The new Lastex woollens ensure a perfect fit. There are even Lastex satin suits. Leading colors are coconut and enamel, yellow, navy-blue, pale grey, and the ever-popular white.

Beach hats are still large, of linen or pique or brightly-colored straw. Huge straw salonnets turn up all around and beneath the chin. Sunbonnets are new; they are cool and protective and exactly resemble those worn by little girls. Made of the same cotton as your beach dress.

Cotton handkerchiefs folded cornerways tie round your curls to keep your hair in order. They should be tied the hammock way, under the chin, to be smart.

Everyone will wear sandals of linen, rope, pique, canvas, or leather. The less

● **BRIGHT YELLOW** terry towel ling makes this surf gown. The hood can be worn over the head or hanging in a coil at the back.

there is of these the better—just a robe with a few stripes of canvas or two long rope laces to keep them on.

Beach bags will be made of your dress or pyjama material—very voluminous—to hold cap, towel, powder, comb, etc. They are lined with waterproof material.

Paris Snapshots

THERE are lace gloves for evening wear, fingerless, like mittens, and reaching the elbow. Large chiffon handkerchiefs for evening wear have regular-flowered borders. Daytime handkerchiefs of fine linen, in navy, dark green or black, sprinkled with multi-colored field flowers, are a fitting accompaniment to the flowery mode.

PRACTICAL summer frocks are hand-knitted of a new flax yarn, soft as silk. They come in natural and fast pastel colors. They are generally two-piece, with a jumper top. They wash and do not crush.

THERE are even knitted evening frocks; trailing, clinging sheaths of chenille knitted in open mesh patterns and worn over gold or silver lame slips.

THE "Young Fawn" head-dress. The hair, parted in the middle, is curled over the temples and on both sides of the parting. The head appears quite small under the short light curls. For the evening, long earrings make the perfect complement for this coiffure.

MARS and VENUS

In Fashion Arena!

● **AT RIGHT:** A beautiful black chiffon gown for informal occasions. It is almost entirely sunray-pleated with a plain hip-yoke. The circular frill under the chin is of pleated white organdie. Baroque model.



● **MAGGY ROUFF** makes a frock of pale blue satin, with practically no back, and half sleeves. Matching cape of blue fox lined with the satin.



● **THE LINES** of a countryman's smock have been exaggerated in this original evening coat of cream faced cloth. The collar and sleeves feature padded and stitched open-work embroidery, and a scarf of silver lame is pulled through the openings in the collar and tied in a careless bow. Baroque model.



Fashions Are Warlike by Day ... Romantic by Night!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE—by Air Mail from Paris.

Whatever else one may feel about them, nobody can complain that there is any lack of variety in the new clothes.

ONE sees the most simple and practical of sports suits, with skirts a trifle shorter than heretofore and with inverted pleats or a slight flare to give freedom of movement—and next to them romantic frocks and coats, lavishly bejewelled and befurred, demanding the magnificence of a manorial hall as a background, crying aloud for the heady sweetness of an Eastern night, for many of the evening models show a very definite Oriental influence.

What to do? What to choose? The answer is fairly obvious. Simple clothes, with a touch of the military if your shoulders are good and you know how to walk with a swing, right through the day. And at night, all the allure and romance that you can summon up.

The influence of the Italian Art Exhibition in Paris, backed by the prominence in the news of the dispute between Italy and Abyssinia, has given us flowing robes of deep and rich colors in velvet, some with wide medieval sleeves or high Mediaeval collars, as well as the shirred trousers of the Orient, which are partly veiled by looped draperies.

Linking up the practical and the picturesque, Dikusha does a raincoat in yellow oiled silk cut on medieval lines, the bodice and penum embroidered with

oyster - white wool worked in squares, beneath which the silk is puckered. Something new, unusual, and romantic in raincoats. Indeed, some of Dikusha's distinguished French clients have bought this with the idea of using it for an informal evening coat—an idea that should appeal to the economical!

Maggy Rouff gives us a stiff unadorned blue satin frock with no back to speak of and half sleeves of corded satin to match the bodice. On another evening ensemble of the same slipper satin she uses this corded work to form a high and very wide Renaissance collar which makes a lovely frame for the face.

Coats this season are almost invariably in color contrast to the frock, which is an extremely practical vogue, since it allows one coat to be worn with several dresses. So it is that we have blue with brick, green with brown, red with black, and bright green with everything!

FOR the evening long chiffon scarves, rather like those worn by the grandes dames of the Empire period, are made in pastel or vivid colors, and are draped over the arms and falling to the ground, so that they float about dresses that mould the figure like a second skin. Practical-minded women will promptly see countless opportunities of giving fresh life to a tired frock.

But it is not wise to try to overdo this combination of the practical with the romantic, for in the world of fashion the step between the sublime and the ridiculous is a very small one, and here we tread on dangerous ground.

For Coughs and Colds

SAFETY FIRST

For Coughs and Colds

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

Obtains its amazing results without the use of any dangerous drugs or narcotics.

Hearne's Glo-Rub PREVENTS COLDS A Vaporizing Rub for 2/-

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

An Editorial

OCTOBER 26, 1935.

THE A.B.C. OF IT



WHILE the broadcasting public of Australia will welcome the appointment of Mr. Charles Moses as liaison officer to the Australian Broadcasting Commission because of his keen sense of "news value" over the air, listeners-in are still wondering what is being done, or is likely to be done, by way of improving the essentially entertainment sections of the programmes, about which there has been so much complaint.

It is all very well to talk about improving the diction of the announcers, a sturdy body of workers who have given eminent satisfaction in the past, and to give out "blah" about the necessity of a cultured voice for the microphone; but what is wanted by the scores of thousands who pay their licence fees to the Postmaster-General every year is, to use the catch cry of the old-style showman, "bigger, better, and brighter" programmes — programmes properly balanced as vaudeville managers balance them — to suit all tastes.

Chamber music is all right in its proper proportion; so are patter comedians, or sopranos, or baritones. But any one of them can be overdone until lovers of a particular class of music or entertainment develop that contempt that is begot of familiarity.

To prate about the desirability of "perfect diction" and "cultured tones" for announcers sounds uncommonly like the old familiar game of endeavoring to assuage public resentment by blaming the other fellow.

What the A.B.C. wants to do is to hasten to a realisation that the people who make its existence possible — the army that pays £1/1/- each every year for the right to have the radio in the home — constitute a mixed audience and demand mixed fare for their amusement.

That does not mean that the programmes should be trashy or cheap; simply that items and artists shall be distributed in such a way that there will be a measure of pleasure all the time for every section of listeners-in.

As Sir Seymour Hicks said recently in discussing radio programmes in Great Britain: "Everything in a progressive world can be improved, and the B.B.C. (substitute A.B.C.) programmes could very easily be improved. In my opinion . . . those in authority could learn much from professionals whose trade it is to entertain . . ."

Are you listening, Mr. Cleary?

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY A. J. BUCHANAN.

Retiring Governor-General

NOW about to hand over the office of Governor-General to his successor, Sir Isaac Isaacs takes with him the esteem and good wishes of his fellow Australians, including those who were inclined at first to scoff at the selection of one of their countrymen for the job.

From the exclusion of the High Court bench to the flare and glare of a big Vice-Regal appointment is a transition some of us would find difficult—not that we expect to try it. Harder still to convince the army of conservative diehards and social climbers of both sexes that the choice was the best possible. Yet that is what Sir Isaac Isaacs was able to do.

He has combined dignity with courtesy. He has said the right thing. He has helped the right people. He has talked art to artists, literature to authors, education to professors, and racing to racing men. He has acted like a man who thinks mental and moral values count for more than material—which is unfortunately not the average point of view.

Camera's "Victims"

IN Victoria they have made it a punishable offence to take a photograph without the photographed person's consent. If you ask where the injury comes in, the answer isn't easy. If only the bad photographers were penalised, it would be another matter.

To be singled out for a "snap" is a form of compliment. The camera man isn't living who wants to make a picture of someone who isn't distinguished in some way, whether as actor, author, pugilist, politician, or simply as a beauty. Even poets like to be taken notice of, as Horace admitted when he boasted that people said "Hic est"—"that's him," in our vernacular—when they saw him in the street.

We conclude that there are sensitive souls who dislike a record being made of their charms, or lack of charm. There appear to be no Oliver Cromwells—the man, you remember, who told the painter to make a good likeness of him, warts and all.

"Provocative" Art

LISTEN to the words of wisdom of Professor Waterhouse, noted authority on Art, when opening an exhibition of pictures the other day. "Art in Australia," said he, "is inclined to be too downright"—by which he probably meant that it was not symbolic or creative enough. He commended an Australian Society for obtaining the loan of a panel of French pictures, in which symbolism and mysticism figure largely.

That French Art is often "provocative" the professor agrees. Anyone who has been through the Louvre galleries in Paris will say that, the word is apt. As between the conventional and the provocative, which would you have?

Our most provocative artist in this country is Norman Lindsay. You may dislike him, but he gives you something to think about!

The painter or the poet who never provokes anyone may get a measure of applause in his lifetime. But intellectually he has ceased to live.

Lyric of Life

When We Go Back

If we would be up and going
With our faces to the wind,
If we would set our feet on Freedom
Street,
We must leave our friends behind,
Leave our dearest recollections
Of sweet, beloved faces,
If we'd wander far where the new
roads are
And see the world's wide spaces.
And when we know the years and life
And are weary of it all,
Of the tears and mirth of this same
old earth
That has grown strangely small,
We'll turn our steps to home again,
And, perhaps, too late we'll find
That a stranger's face will fill every
place
Of the friends we left behind.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Late "Steele Rudd"

FOREIGN countries can teach us something in the matter of official recognition of literary men.

In France they gave Victor Hugo a State funeral, and placed his remains in the Pantheon. In Germany they laid Goethe to rest in the ducal vault at Weimar. In the Italy of to-day they make a demi-god of D'Annunzio, that eccentric author and aviator who nearly provoked a war by his exploits at Fiume.

Contrast this with the lack of official notice, and the indifference in high places, when Arthur Davis, better known as "Steele Rudd," passed away in Brisbane the other day. No high eulogiums, no State obsequies, no official



MISS MARGOT GOYDER, who collaborates with her sister, Mrs. Ann Neville, under the pseudonym of Margot Neville. The sisters are the authors of the delightful novel, "Giving the Bride Away," which is our supplement this week. —Dickinson-Moneth.

condolence. The dailies had more to say about the demise of a steed called Homer.

It was "Steele Rudd" whose creative genius made the outback life of this country a real and vital thing. A humorist without malice, a writer whose every page was lit by smiles, he belonged to a class that gets rarer as the world gets older. We may not see his like again.

In the Air

IT is not only in Abyssinia that men are fighting against odds. More than one Australian airman is out on the long trail again, bent on winning laurels that will not be stained by a foeman's blood. Sympathy goes out to the young and gallant Broadbent, who seemed like putting up a new Australia-to-England record when his machine failed him in Asia, within a couple of days of the goal.

The tireless "Smitty" is still fighting against those inveterate enemies, Time and Distance, while a third antagonist, Officialdom, is blocking his heavily-laden plane in its attempt to rise.

Meanwhile Flying-Officer Wiggins is telling the newspaper men in London that Australia is "destined to lead the world in commercial aviation." Let us hope this prophecy will not come to earth.



MRS. ANN NEVILLE.
—Dickinson-Moneth.

Two Brilliant Writing Sisters

A collaboration by two of Australia's most brilliant young writers is represented by the pseudonym, "Margot Neville," authors of this week's free novel, "Giving the Bride Away."

THEY are Margot Goyder and her sister, Mrs. Ann Neville, both of Melbourne. Already they have had marked success in England and America, and readers of "Giving the Bride Away" will agree that a brilliant future will be theirs.

Very rarely does a novel appear of the entertaining quality of "Giving the Bride Away." Swift-moving and gorgeously witty, it compares favorably with the most successful books by P. G. Wodehouse or Ben Travers.

Other works by these gifted writers include "Safety First," which has recently been bought for a film by the London Lion Corporation; "Kiss Proof," which appeared as a serial in the London "Evening Standard"; a play, "Once a Husband," which was presented at the Haymarket Theatre, London, with Cyril Maude, Owen Nares, and Fay Compton in the leading parts.

They have written many short stories for such famous periodicals as "The Woman's Home Companion," "The London," "The Grand," and other well-known magazines.

How They Work

INTERVIEWED by The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Neville, speaking on behalf of the partnership, said:

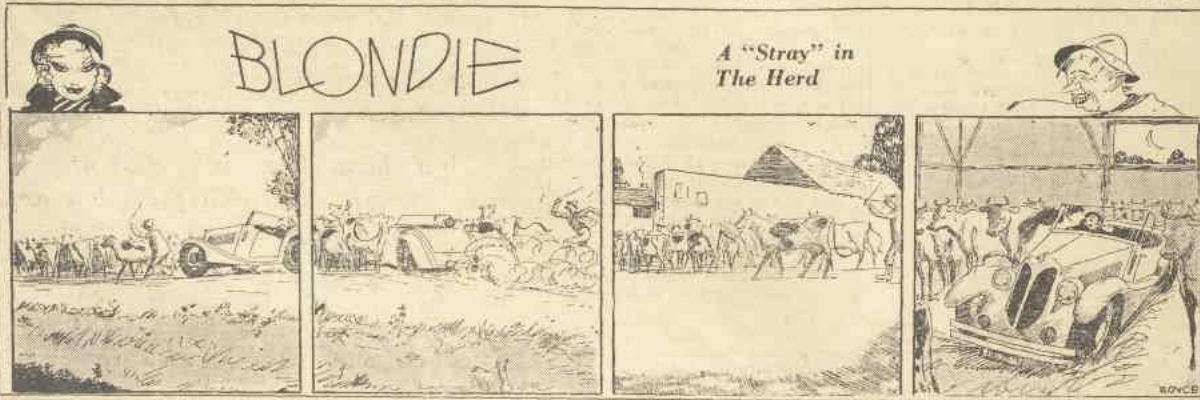
"We have often been asked how we collaborate. We believe our method is rather unusual. We do not write as most collaborators do, that is, each undertaking a separate part of the story, but work out together characters, plot, and dialogue. In fact, we really write as one, discussing every detail until we are in complete agreement."

"We have travelled a good deal, having lived for five years in London, Paris, Italy, and Corsica. We are, however, ardent Australians, for we think the harmonious conditions under which women work and play in this country cannot be equalled anywhere else in the world."

"When abroad we were particularly struck by the success of Australian journalists, organisers, and lecturers overseas."

"We returned to Australia via Malaya and Java, being two months on the sea. On landing in Sydney we were more than ever impressed by the beauty and individuality of Australian women and girls."

"We are greatly interested in the rapid growth and progress of The Australian Women's Weekly, which, we think, covers every field of feminine interest in the most fascinating manner possible."



OVERPAYING HIS *Income* Tax had BAD RESULTS

L. W. Lower is Now an Outcast of Society!

Shunned by Money-Lenders, Bailiffs and Debt Collectors

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

What a dirty trick! Just have a look at the cheque on this page!

When I got it I swooned right away and they had to pour buckets of water over me. After I came to, I had its photo taken in case people wouldn't believe me.

And did you tell your wife about it? No. Backed a stone moral certainty with it and it ran fifth.

And now the Editor has gone and put it in the paper, the cat's out of the bag, the fat's in the fire, raspberries are sprouting from the aspidistra in the dressing-room, and Mrs. Lower is gnashing her teeth on her patent gnasher.

I SUPPOSE I'll have to leave home. And I hate leaving home.

The last time the wife went away, I got a room in town. The time before that, I stayed at home and bached for myself. O! Ko! What an evil palaver that was, Bosambo!

Imagine a spotless little kitchen with me in it baking a shoulder of lamb with green peas and pumpkin and baked potatoes, with blancmange and jelly to follow. When you've done imagining that, imagine me in the kitchen surrounded entirely

by dirty plates, cups, knives, forks, and bones, trying to open a tin of sardines with the bread knife. And breaking the bread knife and cutting my finger and pitching the tin of sardines out the window and smashing a pot plant with it.

Towards the end I was knee-deep in cigarette ash, starving, and owed all the tradesmen. Nobody to find my studs for me when they got lost. When I had a bath the towel was always somewhere else, I locked myself out three times, and people who saw me crawling through the

window rang up the police. And when the wife came home she said, "I'll bet you've been having a wonderful time while I was away."

Now it looks as if I'll have to go through it all again. Just for being too generous to the Government. Anyone who overpays the Income Tax Department oughtn't to be given his money back. He ought to get a medal or suitably inscribed cup or something. But they give you the money just to get you into trouble, the fiends.

Lower and Lower

And the hound of an Editor! I notice he doesn't publish any photos of the summonses and garnishee orders I get. People will be walking up to me in the street and saying, "Eh! What about that five bob you owe me?" I'm a marked man already.

Before, I could sit around with the boys and we'd all be pals together, cursing the Income Tax Commissioner, and comparing summonses and fines for late payment and saying how outrageous everything was. United by a common bond.

Now, when I come into sight, conversation ceases. They whisper and nudge each other. They regard me as a snake in the grass.

Me, whom they used to look up to! They'd say admiringly: "That's Lower. He's four years behind with his Income Taxes."

"Really! How on earth does he do it? Introduce me, will you?"

I'd join the Foreign Legion only the last time I applied they wouldn't have me. They said I was too rough.

Another thing I'm afraid of is that the thing might get a grip on me. I mean, if I get fined a pound for malicious loitering I'm just as likely to ask the beak to make it two pounds.

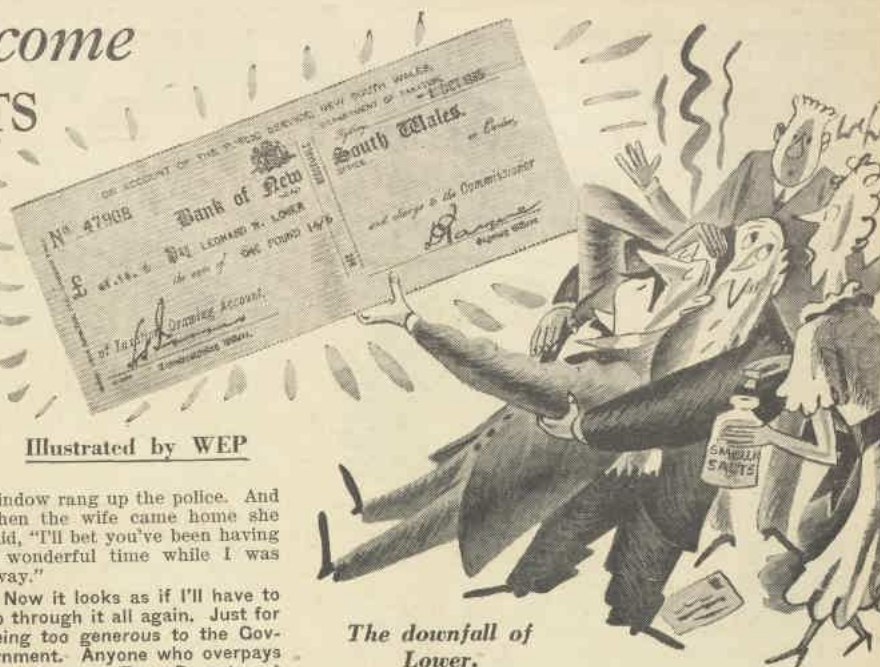
Never Again

Take my tame money-lender, for instance! I got so used to calling in and coughing up my payments every Friday for years and years that when I had paid the loan up I used to go along just the same and hang over the counter.

The money-lender said to me: "For goodness' sake, borrow some more! You're ruining my business, moping around the place like that." So I did, and now I'm happy.

But I don't think I'll ever overpay the Income Tax Department again. I've learnt my lesson. There will be no cause for bitter complaints from the Commissioner.

"That confounded Lower keeps on overpaying us! We're always sending him money. I've warned him time after time. If he does it again I won't send him any more assessments. I'm not going to put up with it."



Illustrated by WEP

The downfall of Lower.

No, that will never happen. Instead, I will get years and years in arrears (poetry) and then I will walk up to some of my old friends who now spurn me, fling down a pile of summonses, writs of attachment, and gaol discharges and say, "Now will you speak to me?"

Then they'll take me by the hand and pat me on the back,

while the tears run down their cheeks and they will say: "Welcome back to the fold! We forgive you that brief madness of 1935. You have atoned."

But I don't know what I'm going to say to the wife. I think I'd better flee the country.

That'll be a long job, fleeing the country. I'll start on the dog.

How does she keep her SLIM FIGURE

IT'S perfectly simple—just a regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. No dieting, no violent exercises are necessary.

These purely vegetable pills ensure correct assimilation of your food, and remove daily from the system that unwanted fat. Surplus fat is a real menace to good health, so if you want to be slim and healthy start to-night with that regular dose of Bile Beans.



"Bile Beans have reduced my surplus fat and weight and made me feel younger and more active, so that housework doesn't take half the effort it used to do."

Mrs. A. B.

"As the years have come on I have shown a natural inclination to grow stout, but the nightly doses of Bile Beans are of great assistance in keeping my weight down."

Mr. W. A.

BILE BEANS

SOLD EVERYWHERE

This Spring play in 'VIYELLA'

Smart enough for the Centre Court at Wimbledon—"Viyella" is sensible, too. This wonderful fabric keeps you cool in the heat of the game, and warm when you're sitting about. It won't shrink from a hundred tub tournaments, and, wear it as often as you will, it always maintains impeccable form.



CHAMPIONS ALL!

"Viyella" Cream, 31in. 5/6
"Viyella" Cream, 36in. 6/6
"Clydella" Cream, 31in. 3/11
"Clydella" Cream, 36in. 4/3
Ask also for "Viyella" Tennisettes.

★ they look well
★ they wear well
★ they wash well

Obtainable at all leading stores.

For Men, too, "VIYELLA" Sportswear is definitely better!

Cream Shirts, Trousers and Tennis Socks in "Viyella" and "Clydella" obtainable at all leading stores and mercers.

'VIYELLA'

W.A.I.B.

Engl.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD.

A DOCTOR SPREADS THE NEWS

...AND ALWAYS THE
SAME GLORIOUS
COMPLEXION!



JOAN'S FRIENDS THOUGHT SO, TOO

YOUR SKIN'S TEN TIMES CLEARER THAN MINE, JOAN. HOW DO YOU KEEP IT SO FRESH?

WELL, A FEW WEEKS AGO MY SKIN LOOKED TERRIBLE. SO I DECIDED TO SEE A DOCTOR AND...

Try Rexona yourself and see your skin grow clearer and more radiant. The New Rexona, with its special compound, Cadyt, is more than a soap—it's medicated lather cleanses deep into the pores, and rids them of all impurities. Rexona corrects and protects—whether your skin is "difficult" or normal, this simple toilet treatment will end your worry about skin blemishes. REXONA PROPRIETARY LTD.

THIS IS WHAT HE TOLD HER

IF YOUR SKIN ISN'T HEALTHY—UNDER THE SURFACE, I MEAN—YOU CAN'T EXPECT IT TO KEEP CLEAR—YOU NEED REXONA.

WELL, I'M PROUD OF MY SKIN TODAY—SMOOTH AND CLEAR AGAIN—I'M AWFULLY THANKFUL YOU TOLD US, JOAN.

JOAN'S FRIENDS FOLLOW HER LEAD

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE REXONA—AND ANOTHER BEAUTY TIP, GIRLS! IT'S JUST AS GOOD FOR YOUR HAIR.

The New Rexona Soap



9d. PER TABLET
CITY & SUBURBS
#15435

CONTAINING CADYL, THE NEW COMPOUND OF MEDICATIONS

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

Poet Laureate's New Prose Work

Successful fantasies are rare in literature. De la Mare has the trick of it, and now another poet, Masfield, has demonstrated his capacity to invade, very successfully, this difficult field.

"The Box of Delights," the latter's latest and just published work, will delight children of all ages between seven and seventy.

IT is more than twenty-five years since what must have been among John Masfield's earliest published prose efforts were put before a juvenile public. You will not find the titles of these two yarns on the fly-leaf of subsequent works under the heading "Also by John Masfield," but they were first-rate tales having an elusive quality about them that made them fine food for healthy-minded children.

For the benefit of those who may be curious these two stories were "Jim Davis" and "Martin Hyde." They appeared in "Chatterbox" annuals and although altogether different in type from their last work—so far separated from them in time—they had the same quality, the same tang of romance and feeling for the kind of thing likely to seize on the juvenile imagination, that characterises "The Box of Delights."

This book proves definitely that whatever the years may have done to the Poet Laureate they have left him young in spirit. Only a man blessed with some unflinching inner fountain of youthfulness could have written it.

It has all the delightful inconsequence of a child's imagining. Kay, the small boy hero, undergoes all those adventures of which children delight in picturing themselves the principal figure.

Villains and Magic

THE story, of course, simply bristles with villains whose desperate plotting has to be circumvented. Of these the chief is one Abner Brown, but pirates, treacherous rats, gangsters, and wolves of all descriptions are his unscrupulous and sinister helpers.

Like most children, Masfield calls on magic quite casually to help circumvent these desperate characters. The greatest magic of all is the Box of Delights by means of which Kay can become so small as to be only the size of one's thumb, or travel at terrific speed to wherever he may desire to go. But greatest of all pleasures the Box affords is that of allowing him to step into the Past. By means of this he sees the sack of Troy,

rooms over tropic seas and through forests, fights in a tournament, and does other glorious and exciting things.

It is all very delightful, and the writing is charming; indeed, in parts very colorful and lovely. There is humor, too, humor of the quiet, hidden variety that is never obtruded, but is always there as a kind of pleasant accompaniment to the adventures of the youngsters as they go about the business of circumventing Abner.

Catchy Jingles

IT would be unfair to leave the book without a reference to the jingles which, mainly in the form of songs sung by the low piratical characters, are scattered through it. These go with a swing and are just the kind of thing that between the ages of six and twelve one imagined such ruffians as singing in their more relaxed moments.

Any parent, uncle, aunt, or guardian



THIS IS Mrs. M. W. Peacock, of Melbourne, whose first novel, "Black Valleys," is reviewed to-day.

wishing to make a good impression with the younger generation, and at the same time to get quite a lot of pleasure in a more selfish fashion, should certainly mark down "The Box of Delights" as a certain Christmas present. One can never guarantee these things, of course, but it will register in the right way in at least seventy-five per cent. of cases. (Reinemann; our copy Moore's Bookshop. 7/6.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"ADVICE LIMITED." E. Phillips Oppenheim. This book is small fry, compared to some of the work from this novelist. It consists of a series of episodes, or cases conducted by a successful investigation agency, "Advice Limited." The personnel of this organization is not known to the general public, but it has for its leader a woman, Clara-Baroness Lins—a fascinating person, whose knowledge of international affairs is above the ordinary. A light and pleasing book for an idle hour. (Hodder and Stoughton. 2/6.)

"THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVERS." Margaret Widdemer. A group of people in a country village were invited to tell the truth about their love affairs. This book comprises their individual stories, and is a very human little tale, portraying, as it does, a variety of types and a wealth of experience. (Rich and Cowan. 4/-.)

"BLACK VALLEYS." By M. W. Peacock. This is a story that leads one from Melbourne, in the late 'seventies, to the Bathurst district of New South Wales, and thence to Prague, Bohemia. Commencing with Edward Ludlow and Anniska, his lovely foreign wife, as the central figures of the plot, the spotlight moves, on the death of these two, to Berta Ludlow, their younger daughter, who, after an unsuccessful marriage, escapes with her child to Prague to her mother's people.

A second marriage follows here, but happiness still eludes the ill-fated Berta. Her husband, Karel, is a Czech patriot, intriguing against Austria. When the Great War breaks out he leaves home, journeys to Russia, and does not return for six years, during which period he undergoes incredible hardship.

Berta, in the meantime, has had her own share of horror. Being English, she was taken to an internment camp, where she had to suffer most brutal treatment.

One would imagine that, with these two lovers reunited everything would progress smoothly. This, however, is not so. Not until the last pages of the book is everything ironed out, and Berta, after years of travail, able to look forward to a period of undisturbed peace.

Mrs. Peacock has written a story that moves swiftly and is full of incident. Her main fault lies in her tendency to advance her action or solve the problems of her characters by resorting to death or accident. This might be all right once in a while, but when it is resorted to several times it is far too much. This, we understand, is Mrs. Peacock's first novel, and readers will look forward to her future work. (Angus and Robertson. 6/-.)

"GREASE PAINT." Leonard Stephens. We are told not to judge a book by its cover, and it is a wise rule to follow. But in the case of "Grease Paint," the attractive cover is but a fitting preparation for the work within its folds. Many will remember Mr. Stephens' portrayal of the traveller in "Bird in Hand." He knows the stage, and he understands dramatic effects. Some of the short sketches in his booklet are very good, and the verse, too. Harold B. Herbert has written the foreword, and the frontispiece is his work. The illustrations are by Campbell Copelin. (All booksellers. 5/-.)

"THE BARBARIANS." Virginia Faulkner. This is written in the same breezy style as the author's former story, "Friends and Romans." It is a sophisticated type of humor that is not everybody's meat. "The Barbarians" are a company of poverty-stricken artists who live for the day, unhampered by any convention, and apparently suffering no great hardship from their lack of funds. The book is full of smart quips, risqué and absurd situations, and humorous dialogue. (Arthur Barker. 7/6.)

'BRAN TUB' No. 21

IN APPEARANCE IT IS OF A

OR 3 magni tude.

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-worded paragraph about A CELESTIAL VISITANT, which appeared in an Australian paper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "In appearance it is..." will tell you what it is all about—and, for the rest, the wording is simple and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two or three words, but not more than three.

Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution in INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to: "BRAN TUB" No. 21, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Sealed Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Truth" Ltd., Sydney. A postal note for £1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/1 in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal note. Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on Saturday, November 16.

£50
WON

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 24

The winning competitor in this competition was:—

Mrs. L. Manson,
36 Church Street,
Ryde, N.S.W.

Her entry containing only One error was the most nearly correct, and the prize of £50 is therefore awarded to her, and will be posted on Friday, 8th November.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 24

Here you can see the effects of war in all its ghastly ugliness. Whole blocks of houses were battered down, and are still lying in ruins. Here and there a house or a villa has been rebuilt.

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY

The COUNTRY of the Blind



"But she is ugly!" sighed fat Madame Lemoine to her friend, as she watched the little midnette struggle through the swinging doors of her smart establishment—out into the bustling boulevard.

"She has not the chic, this Marie D'Estrees—all angles and points, pahl! The people turn to stare at her as though she was a show—she is so thin. It is the bad advertisement for La Maison Lemoine. I shall get rid of her—you see!"

But whether it was that she forgot, or decided that little Marie worked harder than another girl might for her meagre wage, the notice was never given, and the plain little creature continued to be the butt of those others at Madame's to whom Dame Nature had been more kind.

At the top of a block of tenements in a vile-smelling slum Marie rented a tiny room. From its single window she could watch the great city exult in the gift of life beneath her. She could hear the faint hum of traffic, the distant sound of laughter, and sometimes, nearer, the cry of tragedy.

Sometimes she would sit here in the evening, and, cupping her plain face in her thin hands, watch the long shadows creep over the mean streets. Then, presently, one by one, the windows opposite would spring into light like so many eyes staring unblinkingly at her—staring as "they" did—the people in the streets who derided her ugliness.

And sometimes, in bed, she would cry a little and there would come a tiny ache inside her, and she would long for something yet know not what it was. And when she said her prayers, as her dimly-remembered mother had taught her, into them would creep a traitorous petition of her own, scarcely breathed, so audacious did it seem—*"Dieu—le bon Dieu—please—please send someone to love me!"*

After all, she was only seventeen. But there were happy times, times when the good Madame Lemoine gave her an afternoon to herself.

"Run along," she would say, "go and meet your lover," and as Marie colored and with a muttered "Merci, Madame," went out, the proprietress would throw

Blind

BY ..

Guy Preston

up her fat arms and repeat to the listening world: "Dieu! But she is ugly, that little one!"

And Marie would go back to her room and change into her best hat, the pink one, and take the children of Madame Brun for a walk.

Madame Brun lived on the floor below with her children, Pierre, little Jeanne and the new little one, Nicolette.

On her eighteenth birthday Marie had a holiday, and decided upon a treat. She had saved some money, and together, she, Pierre, Jeanne and little rosy Nicolette took the train to a quaint little wayside station a few miles out of the town.

Here, under the rustling leaves and overhanging branches of a wood they played, while the bright sun overhead sent shafts of golden light dancing amid the leafy boughs. Later, when they had eaten all that they had brought, the four children lay down together on the soft green earth and told stories till the sun went down behind a curtain of opal and gold.

"And so the prince took the woodman's daughter by the hand and kissed her on the lips, and they were married—"

"And lived happily ever after!" chimed in Pierre and Jeanne, laughing together; "that was a lovely story! Tell us another one, Marie."

"La! No, mes petites! It is quite dark! Gather the things, Pierre; we must make haste home or your good mother will think something dreadful has happened."

Childish protests were raised, and

the man who had crept up unnoticed in the darkness smiled to himself behind the big tree where he lay hidden; but Marie was adamant, and presently the four of them began to retrace their steps through the wood towards the station.

It was only when they found themselves back at the spot where a crumpled paper bag and some crumbs proclaimed the recent picnic that the overpowering truth dawned on them. They were lost.

Little Jeanne began to whimper, Nicolette was already asleep in Marie's arms. Only to Pierre did the affair seem a joke. Now was the chance to camp out like Indians did, but Marie crushed his suggestion as soon as he offered it.

"No, Pierre! We must get home and quickly. Your poor mother would be distracted," she cried. Then she stood as though turned to stone.

From somewhere quite near at hand a violin began to play. Softly, sweetly at first, the notes trembled on the night air, like fairies piping. Had she heard of Pan she might have been afraid. Instead, she hushed the children and stood there, wrapt, at the exquisite cadences which followed. The music rose and fell like water tumbling down a mountain side, now gently and mysteriously, now throbbing and seductive, till finally it swelled to a great crescendo; a whirlpool of sound through which all the time there recurred a simple melody that reached the heart with its pitiful simplicity.

It was like a single truth trying to make itself heard above a clamor of subterfuge.

Marie felt herself borne on invisible wings to a land where all women were beautiful and she was the fairest of all, and she stretched out her hand to some ghostly lover who paid homage on his knees at her feet.

The music ceased.

"You like my playing?"

With a start Marie came out of her dreamland and turned.

A tall man stood beside her, his violin tucked under his arm, the bow held in his other hand. The moonlight failed to penetrate the trees and his face was hidden from her gaze, but she could just see that his hair was long and silvery.

She nodded.

There was a pause, then he asked again, with a note of elegance:

"Don't you care for my music?"

Marie realised then that she, too, was in darkness, and that he had failed to see her assent. She answered softly with a catch in her voice.

"It is beautiful—beautiful—like a garden of flowers in the midst of desert waste—like a deed of kindness in a world of cruelty."

"You, too, are beautiful—radiant as an angel in the heart of Hell."

His voice was the murmur of the sea as it surges about a coral shore, yet each word stabbed like a dagger thrust into her aching heart. She was grateful for the darkness. She sought for new words.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

The man swept his arm out in a great gesture.

"The world is my home," he replied, "over there is my caravan, Bernadette and I own no master save God."

Her heart sank.

"Who is Bernadette?"

His laugh was the echo of thunder in the great hills.

"Bernadette is my horse, my counsellor and my friend."

The rising wind shifted a branch far overhead, and for a space a tiny moonbeam filtered through. His face was lifted to the skies, and Marie saw that his silver shock was lying; that he was supremely young, and the moonlight glinted on his white teeth. She smiled a little sadly.

Presently little Jeanne, afraid of the dark, began to whimper.

"The frightened—I want my mother!"

And Marie, comforting her, heard the tall man sigh.

Please turn to Page 50

PAINFUL
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You cannot be too careful of insect bites and stings, they are often dangerous, and cause serious skin eruptions.

The FREE 36 page Index First Aid Book tells how to treat insect bites and other mishaps. Clip and post this advertisement with your name and address for your copy. The Index Co., 131 Palmer Street, Sydney.

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epic romance and glamorous spectacle with
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LUNG TROUBLE

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There is an ever-growing number of very grateful people, many of whom have endured years of suffering from Lung and Chest complaints in various stages, and who regularly report WONDERFUL RELIEF, STEADY PROGRESS, and ULTIMATE FREEDOM from their complaints.

Here is a typical report from one of the many cases. The lungs and bowel were affected, and he also had bronchitis:—
"I was examined by the Bureau doctor, who said the disease was very quiet. I'm also happy to report further progress, and will be guided by those who have used the size, and it is considerably less painful. It seems hardly believable, comparing it with what it was like 12 months ago. Good results settle all arguments."

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RECOVERY WITHOUT OPERATION

If you are suffering, or have suffered for years, from any of these complaints, and have tried one thing after another without success, and will be guided by those who have used MEMBROSUS Dry Inhalation Treatment, you can obtain similar relief, lasting and permanent. Many reports that reach us daily prove that Membrosus is the one treatment which does give PERMANENT results.

Because the dry fumes of Membrosus enter the blood stream and actually clear away toxins and germs which cause these troubles, this INHALATION TREATMENT is able to definitely conquer such complaints WITHOUT OPERATION.

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ASTHMA
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Membrosus Dry Inhalation Treatment has proved invaluable for these complaints. Sufferers report that they can now breathe freely at all times without shooting of breath, walk up steep hills and play games without getting tired . . . lie down and sleep at night without fear of attacks . . . bring the mucus easily away . . . stop the wheezing. Attacks become less frequent and recovery gradually but surely complete. With Membrosus many chronic cases of up to 40 years' standing report complete recovery without recourse.

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Summer Time
is TEA TIME



Miss Jocelyn Howarth
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"I love every minute of my work in the studio—it's so fascinating it never loses interest. It's very gratifying to feel that you've played a scene really well—but it's strenuous, too. Far more strenuous than you may imagine, so I eagerly welcome a cup of good tea in between scenes."

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Hot or Iced

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TEA

stimulates
quenches

RECIPE FOR "CARAVAN" ICED TEA

Put two teaspoonfuls of a good quality tea (to each ½ pint of water) in a jug and then pour the necessary amount of COLD water over same. Place the jug in the refrigerator or Ice Chest overnight. To serve—first stir the leaves thoroughly—then pour through strainer into another jug and serve into glasses with slice of lemon. Add icing sugar to taste. This recipe produces a beautifully clear and palatable Iced Tea.

RECIPE FOR CREAMED ICED TEA

2 tablespoonfuls good quality tea
1 quart boiling water
½ pint of cream (or ½ pint milk)
3 ozs. castor sugar
1 lemon
Put tea in teapot, previously heated, pour the boiling water over the tea, allow to infuse for 5 minutes then pour off into a jug. Place jug in freezer for two hours, then mix the tea with the sugar and cream (or milk) and place in freezer for further two hours. Serve with thin slices of lemon.
Always be careful to strain tea carefully.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



PAT O'BRIEN
IS NOW A "TOUGH
GUY" ON THE
SCREEN, BUT
WAS ONCE
A CHORUS
BOY!



FRANCES DEE
NEVER GOES ON A CLOTHES
SHOPPING TOUR WITHOUT
HER HUSBAND, JOEL MCCREA,
WHO PASSES ON EVERY
DRESS SHE BUYS.



FRANCIS LEDERER
HAS ENROLLED MORE
THAN 50,000
MEMBERS IN HIS
WORLD PEACE
FOUNDATION.

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 5

THE door was opened before she had time to knock on it by an old woman with wispy grey hair, and the rather vacant look in her eyes which belongs to the very deaf. She dropped a curtsy to Judith, and in the same breath begged her to step in, and to excuse her not hearing very plainly.

Judith swung round to face her cousin, her brows drawing close over the bridge of her nose. "Peregrine?" she said sharply.

He laid a hand that shook on her arm. "Go in, cousin, I cannot explain it to you on the doorstep."

She saw his coachman leading the horses round to one of the barns at the back of the house. Her eyes darkened with suspicion. "Where is Peregrine?"

"For God's sake, Judith, let us go in. I will tell you everything, but not before this woman!"

She looked down at the deaf woman, who was still holding the door, and nodding and smiling at her, and then stepped over the threshold into a narrow passage with some stairs at the end of it. Bernard Taverner threw open a door and disclosed a low-pitched but roomy apartment with windows at each end which was evidently the parlor. Judith went in without hesitation, and waited for him to close the door again. "Peregrine is not here?" she said.

He shook his head. "No. I could think of no other way to bring you. Do not judge me too harshly! To deceive you with seeming heartlessness has been the most painful thing of all. But you would never have come with me. You would have gone to town with Audley, and been tricked into marrying him. You must—you shall forgive me!"

"Where is Peregrine?" she interrupted.

"I believe him to be dead. I do not know. Do you think if I did I would not have led you to him? Worth made away with him—"

"Worth!" she said. "No, not Worth! I am asking you! What have you done to Perry? Answer me!"

"Judith, I swear to you I know no more than you do what has become of him. I had no hand in that. What do I care for Peregrine, or his fortune? Have I proved myself so false that you can believe that of me? It is you I want, have wanted from the day I first saw you! I never meant it to be like this, but what could I do, what other course was open to me? Nothing I could have said would have prevented you from going to London with Audley, and once you were in his and Worth's hands what hope had I of saving you from that iniquitous marriage? Again and again I have warned you not to trust Worth, but you have not heeded me. Then came Peregrine's disappearance, and once more you would not listen to me. Even so I should have shrunk from taking this step had I not seen the marriage licence in Audley's possession. But I knew then that if I was to save you from being the victim of Worth's fiendish schemes I must act drastically—treacherously, if you will—but yet because I love you!"

She sank down on a chair beside the table and buried her face in her hands.

"What does that matter?" she asked. "I do not know whether you are speaking the truth or not. I do not care. Perry is all that signifies." Her hands fell. She stretched them out to him. "Cousin, whatever you have done I can forgive if you will only tell me Perry is not dead!"

He went down on his knees by her chair, grasping her hands. "I cannot tell you. I do not know. It was not I who made away with him. Perhaps he is not dead. If you will marry me we will—"

"Marry you!" she cried. "I shall never marry you!"

He rose and walked away from her to the window. With his back to her he said: "You must marry me."

She stared at him. "Are you mad?" He shook his head. "Not mad. Desperate."

SHE said nothing. She was looking about her as though she had just realised the significance of this cottage, lost in the Weald. After a moment he said in a quieter tone: "I must try to make you understand."

"I do understand," she said. The fingers of her right hand clenched and unclenched. "I understand why I was not to leave a message for Mrs. Scattered; why you would not change horses on the road. The woman who lives in this place—is she in your pay?"

"Yes," he replied curtly.

"I hope you pay her handsomely," she said.

"Judith, you hate me for this, but you have nothing to fear from me. I promise you!"

"You are mistaken; I do not fear you."

"You have no need. I want you to be my wife—"

"Would you want me to be your wife if I were not possessed of a fortune?" she asked scathingly.

"Yes! Oh, I shan't deny I need your fortune, but my love for you is real! Too real to allow of my doing anything now that could set you against me! I am aware how much I have injured my own cause by this step I have taken. It is for me to show you in what respect I hold you. I shall not presume even to touch you without your leave, even though I must keep you here until I have your promise to marry me!"

"You will not get it, I assure you." "Ah, you do not understand! You have not considered! That I should be obliged to point out to you—but it must be done! Judith, do you not know that a fortnight—a week—spent in my company, hidden away from your friends, must make it impossible for you to refuse? Your reputation would be so damaged that even Worth himself must counsel you to marry me! In plain words, cousin—"

A voice from the other end of the room interposed coolly: "You need not speak any more plain words. Mr. Taverner, you have said quite enough to compromise yourself."

Judith gave a cry, and turned. The Earl of Worth was seated beside the window-sill at the back of the room. He was wearing riding-dress, and he carried his gloves and his whip in his hand.

Please turn to Page 16

Gay 'Nineties were Not So Gay!

Look now on this picture—

—and on this!



THE MODERN girl insists on having her vanity case even when driving a car.



THE ultra-fashionable yachtswoman of thirty years ago.



WHEN bicycles were introduced to Australia, the girl who turned out in cycling bloomers was bitterly criticised for her "daring" costume.



ABOVE: A popular and happy modern sport that would have given grandma apoplexy

LEFT: Even the snow is invaded by the hardy sports-girl of to-day.



THE AIRWOMAN of 1935, complete with cigarette.



FANCY appearing on a beach anywhere in Australia in this costume to-day—a typical example of the "neck-to-knee" era.

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A.W.W. 2135

As Judith started up from her chair he swung his other leg over the sill, and stepped quickly into the room, tossing his gloves and whip on to the table.

"You!" The word burst from Bernard Tavernier's pale lips. He had spun round at the sound of the Earl's voice, and stood swaying on the balls of his feet, staring across the room, for one moment before he sprang.

Miss Tavernier uttered a shriek of terror, but before it had died on her lips it was all over. At one moment the Earl seemed in danger of being murdered by her cousin; at the next Bernard Tavernier had gone down before a crashing blow to the jaw, and was lying on the floor with an overturned chair beside him, and the Earl standing over him with his fists clenched, and a look on his face that made Miss Tavernier run forward, and clasp her hands about his arm. "Oh, no!" she gasped, "You must not! Lord Worth, I beg of you—"

He looked down at her, and the expression that had frightened her died out of his eyes. "I beg your pardon, Clorinda," he said. "I was rather forgetting your presence. You may get up, Mr. Tavernier. We will finish this when Miss Tavernier is not by."

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 14

Bernard Tavernier had struggled on to one elbow. He dragged himself to his feet, and stood leaning heavily against the wall, trying to regain full possession of his senses. The Earl picked up the fallen chair, and handed Miss Tavernier to it. "I owe you an apology," he said. "You have had an uncomfortable sort of a morning, and I am afraid that was my doing."

She said: "Peregrine!—he said it was you who kidnapped Peregrine!"

"That," said the Earl, "is probably the only correct information he has given you."

She turned very white. "Correct!"

"Perfectly correct," he said, his gaze resting mockingly on Mr. Tavernier's face.

"I don't understand! Oh, you could not have done so!"

"Thank you, Clorinda," he said with a faint smile. "But the fact remains that I did."

She glanced towards her cousin, and saw that he was staring at Worth with a mixture of horror and incredulity in his eyes.

She got up. "Oh, what are you saying? Where is Perry? For God's sake, tell me, one of you!"

"By this time," said the Earl, "Peregrine is probably in Marine Parade. Don't look so surprised, Mr. Tavernier. You cannot seriously have imagined that I should permit you to ship my ward off to the West Indies."

"In Marine Parade?" Judith repeated. "The West Indies? Bernard! Oh, no, no!"

Bernard passed a hand across his eyes. "It's a lie! I did not have Peregrine put away!"

"No," agreed the Earl. "You did your best, but you reckoned without me. However, you may console yourself with the reflection that your careful arrangements were not wasted. The master of that highly-auspicious vessel off Lancing was quite satisfied to receive Tyler in Peregrine's stead. In fact, I am inclined to doubt whether he even appreciated that an exchange had been made. I was quite sure, you see, that you would not expect to see Tyler back again in Brighton. That would have been too dangerous, I feel. So it was really very safe for me to dispose of him precisely as he meant to dispose of Peregrine."

"Lord Worth, you may attempt to foist this monstrous story on to me if you please," Mr. Tavernier said. "You will find it hard to prove."

"I might have found it hard to prove had you not so obligingly abducted Miss Tavernier to-day," said the Earl sweetly. "That error of judgment, my dear air, has made it so easy for me to prove the rest that I am confident you will not put me to the trouble of offering my proof to a Grand Jury."

"I had several reasons, Miss Tavernier, all of them good ones."

Bernard Tavernier lifted a hand to his cravat, and mechanically straightened it. He moved across to the empty fireplace, and stood by it, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece. An ugly bruise was beginning to disfigure his face; he looked to be very much shaken, but he said with all his customary calmness of manner: "Pray, continue! You are blessed with a lively imagination, but I fancy that any 'jury' would require more precise information than this before convicting me of so wild a crime. You accuse me of contriving that duel, but I should be interested to hear what proof you would offer to your Grand Jury."

"If I could have brought proof to bear you would not be at large to-day, Mr. Tavernier."

Judith was looking at the Earl in wonderment. "When did you suspect that the duel was brought about by my cousin?" she asked.

"Almost immediately. You may perhaps remember bringing me word once of Peregrine's being got into a bad set of company. You mentioned Parnaby's name, and it crossed my mind that I had seen Parnaby in your cousin's company once or twice. At the time my only suspicion was there might conceivably be a plot on hand to bleed Peregrine of his fortune at cards. I dealt with that by frightening Peregrine with a threat to send him him back to Yorkshire if I found he had contracted debts of honor above what his allowance would cover. I thought also that a discreet inquiry into the state of Mr. Tavernier's finances might not be inopportune. I admit, however, that I was so far from suspecting the truth that I committed the imprudence of sanctioning Peregrine's betrothal to Miss Harriet Fairfax. In doing that I undoubtedly placed him in jeopardy of his life. While Peregrine remained single there was no pressing need to be rid of him. I imagine that before he arranged for the boy's death your cousin would have made sure of you, had his hand not been forced. The betrothal made it necessary for him to act quickly. Mr. Parnaby was hired to shoot Peregrine in a duel, and might well have succeeded had he chosen a less public spot for the forcing on to that quarrel. Upon learning from my Tiger what was intended I set him to discover the surgeon Fitzjohn meant to employ. The rest was simplicity itself."

She exclaimed: "It was you who stopped the duel? Oh, fool that I was! But you did not tell me! Why did you let me think it was my cousin who had done it?"

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"Almost immediately. You may perhaps remember bringing me word once of Peregrine's being got into a bad set of company. You mentioned Parnaby's name, and it crossed my mind that I had seen Parnaby in your cousin's company once or twice. At the time my only suspicion was there might conceivably be a plot on hand to bleed Peregrine of his fortune at cards. I dealt with that by frightening Peregrine with a threat to send him him back to Yorkshire if I found he had contracted debts of honor above what his allowance would cover. I thought also that a discreet inquiry into the state of Mr. Tavernier's finances might not be inopportune. I admit, however, that I was so far from suspecting the truth that I committed the imprudence of sanctioning Peregrine's betrothal to Miss Harriet Fairfax. In doing that I undoubtedly placed him in jeopardy of his life. While Peregrine remained single there was no pressing need to be rid of him. I imagine that before he arranged for the boy's death your cousin would have made sure of you, had his hand not been forced. The betrothal made it necessary for him to act quickly. Mr. Parnaby was hired to shoot Peregrine in a duel, and might well have succeeded had he chosen a less public spot for the forcing on to that quarrel. Upon learning from my Tiger what was intended I set him to discover the surgeon Fitzjohn meant to employ. The rest was simplicity itself."

She exclaimed: "It was you who stopped the duel? Oh, fool that I was! But you did not tell me! Why did you let me think it was my cousin who had done it?"

"I had several reasons, Miss Tavernier, all of them good ones."

Bernard Tavernier lifted a hand to his cravat, and mechanically straightened it. He moved across to the empty fireplace, and stood by it, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece. An ugly bruise was beginning to disfigure his face; he looked to be very much shaken, but he said with all his customary calmness of manner: "Pray, continue! You are blessed with a lively imagination, but I fancy that any 'jury' would require more precise information than this before convicting me of so wild a crime. You accuse me of contriving that duel, but I should be interested to hear what proof you would offer to your Grand Jury."

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"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"Ha! Ha! I pulled the wrong cork."

TALKATIVE WIFE: I wonder what our voices sound like to the people in the next flat?

HUSBAND: A monologue.



MODERN HUSBAND: Where's the egg-beater?

MODERN WIFE: I don't know, darling, I'm a stranger here, too!



FIRST THUG: What do you make in a night now?
SECOND THUG: About two bob a head.



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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WOMAN (visiting prisoner in his cell): And what brought you here, my good man? Was it drink?
Prisoner: "Struth, no, ma'am. Pancy me mistaking this place for a pub."

"WHAT are you doing now, Bill?"
"I have a job with a firm of engineers, and they make calculations to thousandths of an inch."
"How many thousandths are there to the inch?"
"Hanged if I know. There must be millions."

SMITH: Why is that young lady so nice to the hotel clerk?
Brown: Because opposite her name on the register, he wrote—"Sultie 17."

"YOU seem to have plenty of intelligence for a man in your position," sneered a barrister, cross-examining a witness.
"If I wasn't on oath I'd return the compliment," replied witness.

"WELL, Sandy, how do you like your new wireless set?"
"Well, mon, it's a right tae listen to, but they bulbs are nae good tae read by."

ORCHESTRA LEADER (to host at party): Would you like something Scotch, sir?
Host: By all means. Something that goes with a swig.

PROFESSOR: What connection is there between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?
Pupil: Hash.

JUDGE: Have you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is passed upon you?
Prisoner: No, your Honor, except that it takes very little to please me.

Kills nothing but RATS and MICE!

Harmless to all else!



POSITIVELY NON-POISONOUS

and harmless to humans and to all domestic animals—cats, dogs, birds, etc. We unreservedly guarantee the absolute safety and effectiveness of "Squilltox."

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* 16-30 OXFORD ST., SYDNEY.....

GAY Adventure

Continued from Page 16

JUDITH pressed her hands to her cheeks. "It is too terrible! Too shocking! Ever since that day Peregrine has been in danger!"

"Hardly that," replied the Earl. "I have had him carefully watched ever since then. I believe Ned Hinkson has never been a favorite with you, Miss Tavernier, but you will admit that his prompt action on Pinchley Common last year compensated for his lack of skill on the box. He is by profession a pugilist, and though I have reason to believe that my Tiger—a somewhat severe critic—doubts his ability to shine in the ring, I myself feel that, given a patron, he may do very well indeed."

"Hinkson!" Miss Tavernier exclaimed. "Oh, I have been blind indeed!"

"I am aware that an attempt was once made to hold my cousin up on Pinchley Common," Bernard Tavernier said contemptuously. "Is that also to be put to my account?"

"I am quite sure that it might be put to your account," replied the Earl, "but I scarcely think a jury would be interested. But they might be interested in a certain jar of snuff at present in my possession, and still more interested in the effects of that snuff upon the human system."

Bernard Tavernier's hand closed convulsively on the edge of the mantelpiece. "I fear I am far from understanding you now, my lord," he said.

"Are you?" said the Earl. "Have you never wondered why that snuff did not seem to affect Peregrine? I concede you a certain amount of foresight in thinking of a means of poisoning your cousin through a medium on which I am known to be an expert; but you might have considered, I should have thought, that while I might certainly be suspected of having put up the snuff, if its being poisoned were ever discovered, there was also a strong probability that I should be the very person to make that discovery. The circumstance of the mixture being heavily scented was enough to make me suspicious. I found the opportunity, while he was staying in my

house, to abstract Peregrine's snuff-box. It was a little difficult to determine the exact proportions of the three sorts used in making the original mixture, but I believe I succeeded fairly well. At all events, Peregrine detected no difference."

"His illness in your house!" Miss Tavernier cried. "That cough! Good God, is this possible?"

"Oh, yes," said the Earl in his matter-of-fact way. "Scented snuffs have long been a means of poisoning people. You may remember, Miss Tavernier, that I found an excuse to send Hinkson up to Brook Street while you were at Worth?"

"Yes," she said. "You wanted the lease of the house."

"Not at all. I wanted the rest of Peregrine's snuff. He had told me where the jar was kept, and Hinkson was easily able to find an opportunity to go up to his dressing-room and change the jar for another, a similar one, that I had given him. Later, when I was in town again, I visited the principal snuff shops in the whole of London—a wearying task, but one which repaid me. That particular mixture is not a common one; during the month of December only three four-pound jars of it were sold in town. One was bought at Pribourg and Treys's by Lord Edward Bentinck; one was sold by Wishart to the Duke of Sussex; and the third was sold by Pontef, in Pall Mall, to a gentleman who—"

"For it on the spot, and took it away with him, leaving no name. The description of the gentleman with which the shopman was obliging enough to furnish me was exact enough not only to satisfy me but also to embolden me to suppose that he would have no great difficulty in recognising his customer again at need. Do you think a jury would be interested in that, Mr. Tavernier?"

"Very well," said the Earl. "We must pass on then to your next and last attempt. I will do you the justice to say that I don't think it was—ne you would have made had not the fixed date of Peregrine's marriage in it. It is imperative for you to get rid of him at once. You were hard-pressed, Mr. Tavernier, and a little too desperate to consider whether I might not be taking a hand in the affair. From the moment of Peregrine's wedding-day being made known you have not made one movement out of your lodgings that has not been at once reported to me. You suspected Hinkson, but Hinkson was not the person who shadowed you. You have had on your heels a far more noted figure, one who must be as well known as I am myself. You have even thrown him a shilling for holding your horse. Don't you know my Tiger when you see him, Mr. Tavernier?"

Bernard Tavernier's eyes were fixed on the Earl's face. He swallowed once, but said nothing.

The Earl took a pinch of snuff. "On the whole," he said reflectively, "I believe Henry enjoyed the task. It was a little beneath his dignity, but he is extremely attached to me, Mr. Tavernier—a far more reliable tool, I assure you, than any of your rot very efficient hirelings—and he obeyed me implicitly in not letting you out of his sight. You would be surprised at his resourcefulness. When you drove your gig over to New Shoreham to strike a bargain with that seafaring friend of yours, you took Henry with you, curled up in the boot. His description of that mode of travel is profane but very graphic. I am anticipating, however. Our first action was to introduce a creature of your own into Peregrine's household, a somewhat foolhardy proceeding, if I may say so. It would have been easier to have risked coming into the foreground at that juncture, my dear you. You should have disposed of Peregrine yourself. Well, you made arrangements to have Peregrine transported out to sea. Was he then to be dropped overboard? It would be interesting to know what precise fate lay in store for him. I can only trust that it may have been better. Tyler, whose task was undoubtedly to have overpowered Peregrine at a convenient moment during his drive to Worthing, and to have handed him over to the captain of that vessel."

"To make doubly sure, Tyler tried to drink Hinkson under the table before setting out. But Hinkson has a harder head than you would believe possible, and instead of remaining under the table he came to me. I waylaid Peregrine on the West Cliff, and requested him to come back with me to my house on a matter of business. Once I had him under my roof I gave him drugged wine to drink, while Henry performed the same office for Tyler. Hinkson then drove Tyler to the rendezvous you had appointed. Mr. Tavernier, and delivered him up to your engaging friends



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- 4 ozs. Rolled Oats
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- 3 ozs. Pure Copha
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- Pinch of Salt

Soften the Copha, then mix all to a dough, roll into small balls, place on greased tray, flatten slightly, and bake in moderate oven. Chopped nuts and sultanas may be added for variation.

There are two things you really should do. The first is to send for the Copha Recipe Book—the second, send for the Copha Vegetable Cookery Folder. The Recipe Book will give you all sorts of new ideas in cooking, and though you can use Copha in all your own recipes, you'll be glad of these very special ones.

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Please turn to Page 32

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

WOMEN'S WISDOM

IT is problematical whether the state of things existing to-day would have obtained if the magic touch of the gentler sex had been allowed to have made itself more manifest.

Viewing the successful attempts of notable women of the past and present eras in their efforts to cope with difficult and colossal undertakings, intelligent people are tempted to embrace the doctrine that women should be given more opportunity to share in the more important world-wide problems.

It cannot be denied that in the social, educational, nursing, and in almost all of our national life their presence has been felt. Is there any reason, then, to suspect that it would be otherwise if entrusted with some of the problems that are taxing the minds of statesmen of all countries to-day?

Past history records many instances where the far-seeing and gentle influence of women have solved and saved many difficult situations.

Child and maternal welfare would appear to lie exclusively within the category of women's interests.

E1 to W. J. Bayes, 24 Olive St., Launceston, Tas.

DANCE ETIQUETTE

AT a small country town I dwell in recently, I noticed that after a dance the girls almost invariably thanked their partners. This I have always believed, is not "the thing," as it is the man who is honored with the dance. I stuck to my creed and never thanked a partner till one night a girl friend remarked on my custom, and a rigorous debate took place—I was outnumbered by seven to one. However, they failed to convince me, and I continued being ungrateful. In no other locality have I encountered this practice. What are the experiences of other readers?

Evelyn Harvey, c/o Mrs. J. Condie, Wooroon, via Murgon, Qld.

"Bring Out Your Bicycles" Say Our Readers!

MRS. C. B. HADAWAY inquires whether there is anything funny in a woman riding a bicycle. As secretary of a cycling tourist club for women I can assure her that there is nothing at all ridiculous in such a sensible, cheap, speedy, as well as pleasurable means of transport. Also, a bicycle affords healthful exercise which otherwise might be unobtainable. For those working in offices and employed in such sedentary occupations the ride to and from work, as well as the sport indulged in on weekends, keeps them fit as well as preserving the figure.

Cycling is very quickly attaining supremacy as a sport among modern girls, and the establishment of cycling touring clubs throughout Australia is rapidly popularising the recreation.

Miss F. E. Wilson, No. 6 Melton, 116 Victoria St., Poks Point, Sydney.

Too Timid

REFERRING to Mrs. C. B. Hadaway's letter (12/10/35) re cycling for women, I certainly do not see anything out of place in such an accomplishment. Probably those women who laugh and stare are too timid to ride themselves.

I have noticed, too, that it is mainly in N.S.W. that people find it out of place. In England many women are able cyclists, from the rector's wife to the daughters of nobility. In Newcastle fifty per cent. of the cyclists are women on the road are women. And no one ever takes any notice of it.

I say to women cyclists "Good luck." R. H. Jones, Braemar, 51 Gould St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

A Little Jealousy

IN reply to Mrs. C. B. Hadaway's letter (12/10/35), I would advise her, and every other woman cyclist, to obtain all the pleasure they can out of their bicycles, and to ignore the laughs and stares of those poor creatures who simply must display their bad manners, and, even in this modern age, act like the proverbial yokel.

If asked the reason for their laughs or stares, they would probably be unable to give a satisfactory answer, so console yourself with the thought that you are doing something to stir an otherwise dull mind.

I would also suggest that the little streak of jealousy in us sometimes finds an outlet in ridicule.

Miss E. C. McWhirter, 61 Macquarie St., Merewether, N.S.W.

Is Motherhood All Self-Denial?

LET not a mother, but a girl, try to tell you that you have not failed.

Miss Fraser.

If our mothers try to do all the good things they resolve to do for us, and succeed, that is when they are failures. Why? For the reason that we come to expect the same from everyone, and receive more knocks in this world than are good for us.

On the other hand, treat us humanely, act naturally, including the shouting and spanking, and we children will become fine men and women, like our parents before us.

Miss Nettie Caust, Desmond Street, Cessnock, N.S.W.

Smiling Through

CHEER UP, Mrs. Fraser. Women who start out with such high ideals as yours seldom turn out failures. (The Australian Women's Weekly, 5/10/35).

Just at the present you are feeling like despondent Elijah of old, who lay down under a juniper tree, and prayed that God would take his life. But God did nothing of the kind. He gave him a good meal after which the prophet went forth to do better work than before.

You, too, may be needing a rest and holiday. Also, you may be too introspective. Don't look inward upon yourself, but look outward upon the world.

Take things as they come, doing your best at the moment, and leaving the rest.

Ever read Browning? You turn up his lines on "falling to rise." They will do you more good than a tonic.

Dido Durno, 40 Dornoch Terrace, West End, South Brisbane, Qld.

WHO CHOOSES THE RING?

I HEARD recently a discussion re engagement rings. One of the parties considered that as the girl wore the ring she should have the right to choose, while the other party thought as the man paid for the ring, and it was a gift from him, he should choose it. What do other readers think?

Mrs. J. Dyer, 54 Windsor St., Paddington, N.S.W.

Not So Different

IF you have failed, Mrs. T. D. Fraser (8/10/35), then hundreds and thousands of other mothers have. May I quote an instance bearing on the subject? Some years ago, a girl friend of mine, who was to be married, said to me: "Well, my marriage is going to be different from that of other women. I refuse to get careless about my appearance. I shall always keep nice and tidy for my husband. My children shall be model children."

She spoke to me the other day. "Remember those words I spoke when I was single? Look at me now. I've had that box of powder there for over a year. What's the use of me wanting to 'dress up'?" At that moment a little child ran in, and clutched at her frock with grubby fingers. She stroked her head with one hand, and her frock with the other, murmuring sadly, "What's the good of having pretty frocks? Oh, what's the use of anything," and here her voice rose. "Don't you see, I am like those other women. Oh, you'll get like that, too, if you get married."

As I came away, I found myself thinking what a tragedy it all was. Somehow, I couldn't think of it as "a failure."

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

Sacrifices Too Much

ANY woman who sacrifices her appearance and her whole life to her children can, without fear of contradiction, call herself a failure.

I have two little daughters, and I still find time to cultivate my hobbies. After tea (between 6 and 7) I play with the kiddies, but during the day they must amuse themselves, whether they like it or not. If a kind neighbor offers to "keep an eye" on my cherubs while I go shopping, I jump at the chance of getting out without them. And the same applies to a dance or other night entertainment.

That is how I, too, was reared, and when I grew to womanhood I loved my mother more because she had not lost her looks or her zest for life.

Mrs. E. Fletcher, 184 Burwood Rd., Belmore North, N.S.W.

Musical Clocks in Tune with the Times

WELL, K. G. Porter (12/10/35), they were invented more than 20 years ago. My grandmother had one. The alarm used to play the chorus of "Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond" and "Bonnie Mary of Argyll."

When one is about to wake, the subconscious mind wonders, "What is this lovely music?" but with time one gets used to it, and then it is just the alarm saying—"get up!"

Nell Allan, 20 Prosper St., Rozelle, N.S.W.

Prefers Bell

WHAT else do some people want? K. G. Porter certainly wants to do things with a flourish.

Isn't it bad enough having to be awakened by the bell of the alarm clock without hearing some poor tune being "murdered"?

Can you imagine being roused by the National Anthem and then, when fully awake, remember you have to do a full day of hard work. How would you greet the National Anthem next time you heard it played?

I know that if I had to be awakened by an alarm I would prefer the bell, no matter how harsh and strident, rather than hear some poor composer's work "murdered."

Miss F. Harrower, 39 Alfred St., Valley, Brisbane.

Sweet Music

IN answer to K. G. Porter's par (12/10/35), I would like to say when my husband returned from England in 1902 he brought back a small musical alarm clock. The sleeper was awakened by a voice such as "Pans of the Sea" and "The Children at Home." Visitors remarked on arising about the sweet music they heard in the night.

Mrs. E. Wilson, 105 Gipp St., Carrington, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Change Outlook

IN reply to K. G. Porter's letter (12/10/35), I quite agree with the writer. I think there is nothing so unpleasant as to be awakened with a noise like a fire alarm. We have a musical clock that we brought from France. It is about 27 years old, made in Germany. It certainly gives one a better start for the day to be awakened with its cheery tune. Evidently they are not favored in this country, as I have never seen one. Here's hoping some buyer will change our early morning outlook.

Mrs. C. Miller, Lodge St., Toowoong, Qld.

TRUE FREEDOM

IN considering the news presented to us to-day, it occurred to me that the little freedom we have is being menaced by clouds which seem to grow blacker almost every day. I feel that the time may come when the battle for such little freedom as we have may have to be fought all over again. What we do need to make us capable of real freedom is the right kind of education, and we should see that in future children should be told the truth about economic and financial matters.

Parliament never went a step further than public opinion pushed it. So if we set as our goal the giving of real freedom to humanity, not merely freedom of Press and freedom of speech, but also emancipation from economic stress, then we will have contributed to the welfare of humanity and the advancement to a higher civilisation.

Mrs. Pauline A. J. Budge, Hambleton, 29 Agnes St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

CROONING

IS crooning an art? Many say it is. Others say, "An art! Why anybody can croon." But can they? One has only to listen-in to various amateur programmes to realise that everybody cannot croon.

Yet the leading crooner is said to have never had a singing lesson in his life. Crooners (good and bad), judging by their popularity, are here to stay, and I personally think that it is a gift, and I might add, a rare gift.

Miss Enid Carr, Marsden Park, via Riverstone, N.S.W.

HOUSEWIFE WONDERS

CAN our efficient mouthpiece, The Australian Women's Weekly, find out why a housewife buys a pound of the ordinary polished rice for 3s.6d., and yet has to pay 4s. for a similar quantity of the unpolished variety?

By all ordinary laws of economy the untreated article, in its almost natural state, should be cheaper than the processed commodity. It would be interesting to hear the finding of our Housewives' Association on this point—as well as on others—the greater cost of whiteness, flour and meal, for instance, and the intricacies of our much-exploited tea trade.

Perhaps this is treason! But the housewife is beginning to wake up to the tricks of the trades.

D. Notling, 17 Cliff St., Manly, N.S.W.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Now she has become POPULAR

She is surrounded by admirers wherever she goes. Her sunny disposition, her zest for all she undertakes, her clear skin and radiant glow of health are irresistible! Yet not long ago she was dull, irritable and unpopular. What brought the change?

Constipation was stealing her freshness, she had headaches, slept poorly. At last she tried Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, eating daily two tablespoonfuls of this delicious, ready-to-serve cereal in cold milk or cream. Her health improved rapidly and her popularity with it.

ALL-BRAN contains "bulk" which clears the system of poisonous waste naturally. It promotes appetite and makes rich blood. It is not harsh or habit-forming like pills or drugs. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

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HOSIERY

What Women Are Doing

Naturalists' Excursion

AS identification of Australian vegetation is her special work, nobody could have been more fitted to lead the excursion of the Field Naturalists' Association of S.A. than Miss Constance Eardley, B.Sc., of the University of Adelaide and the Waite Institute for Agricultural Research. Although she is one of the Association's younger members, she was quite an authority on her subject—Botany.

Miss Eardley is also preparing an address for the Field Naturalists, which she will deliver in the early part of next year.

Promoted to the Rank of Brigadier

FOR the last thirty-seven years Matron J. E. Louf has been a valued member of the Salvation Army, and has recently been promoted to the rank of Brigadier.

Her kindness and humor have stood her in good stead, and it does not come as a surprise to learn that many of the 4900 young girls that have passed through her hands at the Shamrock (N.S.W.) Rescue Home, where she was in charge for twenty years, write to her of their joys and sorrows, and call her "Grannie."

For the last eleven years Matron has been in charge of the hostel for girls at Moore Park, where every effort is made to meet the needs of girls who are not earning a sufficient income to keep them in moderate comfort. Their full board is given them for £1/1/- per week, and a room is obtainable for the cost of 7/6 a week. The latter includes use of the extensive lounges, libraries, and sewing machines.



Brigadier Louf.

Helped With Holiday Scheme For Outback Families

THE Country Women's Association in S.A. expect that a seaside holiday home they are having built for country women and their families will be ready by the coming summer. This scheme of providing seaside holidays for "out-backers" has been close to their hearts for about two years, and all branches have contributed to it.

During the recent important conference held in Adelaide one of the most prominent figures was Mrs. H. S. Hadd, the president of the Metropolitan branch, which, being the largest branch, contributed most toward the home. One of the decisions at the conference was to build a rest room for the Association members in the Showgrounds in time for the Centennial Show next year, for the room usually hired is far too small to accommodate the country visitors who visit it during Show Week.

Girl Flier Who Has Achieved Success

NUMBER 13 holds no terror for Miss Peggy Doyle, of Brisbane, for on that date in July, 1930, she had her first lesson in flying, instructed by Captain Charles Matheson at Eagle Farm. After passing the test for an "A" licence, she joined the Aero Club to take advantage of its fleet of planes, and so to do cross-country flights. On November 14 she carried her first passenger, her father, to Gatton College.

In April, 1932, Miss Doyle won a landing competition at Archerfield and a Derby at Maryborough on July 23. This was so Miss Doyle understands the first time in Australia that a lady pilot had won a race.

Further success came Miss Doyle's way last year when she won the Min-8000s Derby at Tenterfield. Later in the year Miss Doyle flew to Rockhampton with her father, who is 74 years old and prefers flying as a means of transport better than any other way.

No Stranger to the Bench

MRS. N. C. LONGLAND, who was recently appointed a special magistrate for the Children's Court at Caulfield, Victoria, is no stranger to the Bench. She has been a special magistrate at Flemington for seven years.

She went to England three years ago to investigate methods in dealing with the problem of mental deficiency.

She is on the board of Travancore special school for mentally retarded children, formed the first Travancore auxiliary, and was its first president.

Qualified in Many Arts Apart from the Stage

MEET Miss Evelyn Gardiner, the golden-haired dramatic contralto of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Co., now playing a Sydney season at the Theatre Royal.

During her last visit to Australia Miss Gardiner determined to see as much of the country as possible, and after having accompanied Sir Charles Kingsford Smith over a large part of Australia, she determined to qualify as a pilot and take out her certificate. This was granted to her in West Australia, and Miss Gardiner had many solo flights in Australia, and afterwards in South Africa.

Now she is taking out another pilot's ticket and hopes, if finances can stand it, to make a leisurely flight back to England at the conclusion of the present opera season.

Here are just a few of the activities of Miss Gardiner which distinguish her from the average actress. She rides to hounds, sails a yacht, drives a car, is an authority on precious stones and pearl grading, and has qualified as an interior decorator.

Headmistress for Seventeen Years

MISS A. E. CROSSER, who retired this year after serving as headmistress to the Buranda State School in Brisbane for the last 17 years, was the guest of honor recently at a party when, in the presence of hundreds of ex-pupils and their parents, she was presented with a cheque.

Miss Crosser was appointed headmistress when the school opened in 1918. The roll-call then was 158, and during her years as headmistress 4473 pupils passed through her hands.

Two of her Plays Were Produced Within a Week

MISS ISOBEL HANDLEY, of Melbourne, who has been writing plays in her spare time for some years, and having them produced as well, broke her own record this month, when two of her plays were produced in Melbourne within one week.

The Chamberwell Charity Chums presented "Hand-Claps for One," and Tinkers Old Girls played "House to Let."

Miss Handley's work is so well known that when one of the competing dramatic clubs in the Dramatic Festival advertised that they were presenting Hugh MacRae's "Flat to Let," many people confused it with her "House to Let."

Recently Miss Handley's delightful short, play in verse, "The Garden Party," was produced in Darwin, but this is by no means the furthest afield that her work has gone.

She receives frequent royalties from America, for when Mrs. Frank Apperley went there a while ago she carried with her a good selection of Miss Handley's eight long and ten short plays.

Mrs. Apperley is one of the producers for the Little Theatre called "The Work Shop," in Richmond, Virginia, and she has introduced these Australian plays to many interested folk in that State.

Wife of New Chief Justice of High Court of Australia

LADY LATHAM, wife of Sir John Latham, K.C., the new Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia, is herself a person of importance to Australia.

When Sir John (the Hon. Mr. Latham) was Attorney-General, and set out on a goodwill mission to the East last year, he was accompanied by his wife, whose personal charm contributed much to the success of the mission, just as it has contributed to the success of several European missions.

Lady Latham has been on the executive of the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, for many years, and has been president for the last two years.

During her husband's parliamentary days, she devoted much of her time to the various committees in his electorate, and they still claim her active interest.

Her fellow-workers on the building committee of St. George's Hospital still remember with amazement the two-day fete given at Flore, her Malvern home, a couple of years ago. No less than £2200 was raised.



Two Hobart Artists Set Up Printing-press

TWO Hobart artists, Misses C. L. Allport and Elizabeth M. Hood, have embarked upon quite an interesting venture, for they have set up their own printing-press, and they hand print their own designs for calendars and Christmas cards.

They have named it "The Bolt Press," after Bolt Court—the L.C.C. School of Photo Engraving and Photography, Fleet Street, where Elizabeth Hood studied printing processes, and at which Miss Allport was a member of the staff. On October 30, they hope to hold the first exhibition of their work at their studio at 8 South British Chambers, Lower Collins Street, and already they have been encouraged by receiving an excellent order for Christmas cards from a Melbourne firm.

Inspector of New South Wales Baby Health Centres

NEW South Wales is very proud of its Baby Health Centres, and of the nurse inspector, Miss Lucy Spencer.

Here is not an easy job, for there are a forty-six centres in the metropolitan area and ninety in the country, with a total of 145 nurses employed.

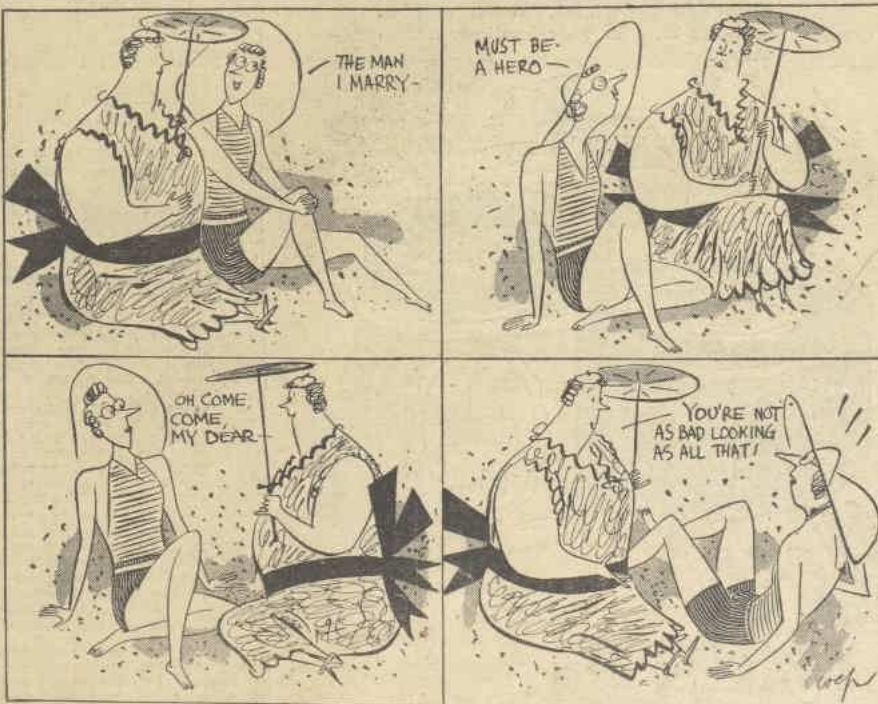
The magnitude of the work is rather overwhelming. Even the statistical figures for the year—total attendances of mothers, 540,000; number of individual mothers, 47,000—are impressive. But when one realises that these 540,000 attendances represent an individual personal interview, some idea can be gained of the busy life of the nurses.

The attendances at the centres have more than doubled in the last seven years.



Miss Lucy Spencer

IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP



Woman Has Success On Racecourse

TO own successful racehorses does not fall to the lot of many women, but Mrs. E. E. Jolly, of Adelaide, is the owner of Beamish Boy, who won the S.A. Derby in equal to record time recently, and she has entered him for the Melbourne carnival.

Mrs. Jolly has been racing horses for about seven years, and Beamish Boy is not her only winner, for Tricorne has done well on several occasions.

Her husband has a fine string of horses, but his wife runs her own without his assistance. Her other interest is golf, and she is a member of the Royal Adelaide Club.

Is Assistant to Photographer Husband

THE wife of an artist-photographer can have quite an exciting life, touring through the lesser-known parts of the country in search of beautiful scenery, and Mrs. H. Cazeaux has made many trips with her husband into the wilds of Australia.

Although much of his best work has been "shot" in New South Wales, he is a South Australian, and they have visited the Flinders Ranges. As soon as his exhibition in Adelaide closed last week they arranged to go to the ranges again for a few weeks. With a car of their own transport difficulties are no worry to them, and they will be able to stop just when and where they like, to catch some lovely effect of light and shade in the bush.

Mrs. Cazeaux is not a photographer herself, but she is enthusiastic about her husband's work, and has learnt to be very useful to him on his trips.



The Newest Methods in the Oldest Art



IN ancient Egypt, in medieval Europe, as in modern times, feminine beauty has been enhanced and preserved by cosmetics. But the amazing advance of science—particularly in chemistry—in recent years has given to every MODERN woman advantages which world-famous beauties of by-gone days would have given untold treasure to possess.

Even in the last ten years, new methods and new formulae have been discovered, which are already being used in the most expensive beauty salons.

Hedley's Beauty Aids are based on these recent scientific discoveries in the care and nourishment of the complexion and each formula has been critically tested chemically and experimentally. Each of these new products is far in advance of older (and now obsolete) preparations, yet the difference is in the NEWNESS, not in the COST, of the ingredients. Hedley's Beauty Aids are, therefore, priced to be within reach of every intelligent modern woman.

Nine hundred chemists and stores in New South Wales have ordered Hedley's Beauty Aids in anticipation of the demand that will follow the appreciation of these new and vastly improved preparations.



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QUEEN-MOTHER to Rear ROYAL CHILDREN

Heir to Belgian Throne Happy when "Helping" Gardeners

By Air Mail, from Mary St. Claire, Our Special London Correspondent

Definite plans have now been made at Brussels for the rearing of the three royal children who so tragically lost their beautiful young mother, Queen Astrid.

They are going to live with the Queen-Mother, Queen Elizabeth, at the summer palace of Laeken, just on the outskirts of Brussels.

THE children have always been devoted to Queen Elizabeth, and on her frequent visits to the palace in Brussels during Queen Astrid's lifetime, the eldest of the family, little Princess

motherless little ones is that Queen Elizabeth is in delicate health, and the care and supervision of three rollicking children may prove too great a tax on her strength.



THE LATE QUEEN ASTRID with her children.

Queen Elizabeth spoke about it to me the other day when she returned from Batavia. "Having my grandchildren to live with me will certainly be a great joy," she said, "and I shall be so happy watching over their development and education. But, as you know, since my husband's death I have been far from strong, and having the children with me, as well as attending to all the other duties that may fall to me as my son's official Queen, may prove too much for me. However, I shall do all I can for the children, as I feel so deeply for them in their terrible bereavement."

Prince Baudouin, heir to the throne, had his fifth birthday a few days after his mother's death. He is a vivacious little boy with sparkling brown eyes, and is never so happy as when he is "helping" the gardeners in the grounds at Laeken.

Josephine, used to follow her about like a shadow.

The only drawback to the arrangements which the young King Leopold has made for his

The Queen-Mother is just the sort of personality to mould such a youngster, for she is calm and just, with a sense of humor and a great understanding of and love for children.

ENGLAND'S Rancher Earl Will He Return to Ancestral Home?

By Air Mail—From Our London Office

The story of the young Earl of Egmont, who prefers the simple life in Canada to residence at the ancestral home, Avon Castle, in Hampshire, England, is being featured in London papers.

THE Earl has just attained his majority. "Will he take up life in the old home?" is the question that villagers of Ringwood ask themselves as they pass the lonely mansion, with its shut doors and windows and its roofs half-hidden behind "tufted trees."

The young man of 21 is the son of a Canadian rancher. Seven years ago his father inherited the title and took up residence in the family home in England. By all accounts he was unhappy; the change to a shut-in life after the open spaces of Canada did not suit him.

Then, in 1932, he lost his life in a motor accident, and the title descended to his eighteen-year-old son, who also pined for the freer life and the wider horizons he had known as a child.

He went back to his native Canada, leaving the family home in Hampshire untenanted, but making provision for its upkeep.

Now he is 21, a married man with an infant child, and report has it that he is returning to England, and that Avon Castle is to wake from its long sleep and have a live Earl and Countess as tenants.

PIANO JAZZ

No matter where you live, you can now learn in your spare time, by means of my wonderful new Postal Course. Hundreds of successful pupils in America, Canada, England, and South Africa taught through branches of my Schools in New York, Montreal, London, and Johannesburg. The very same course is now available to you! Send 2/6 (P.N. or stamps) for my handsome, new, illustrated, 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopeation," and special demonstration gramophone record.

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Baking
is a
pleasure
if you
use

Fountain Self Raising Flour



"BIGGER, BRIGHTER, BETTER, and more numerous birthdays," is the motto of the Dionne quintuplets. To celebrate their birthday the quints are shown having a "milk party." And are they enjoying it?

Woman Expert Tells How to Avoid Unhappiness

By Air Mail
From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

"Medical examination and the education of couples about to marry are the two most important means of preventing unhappy marriages from wrecking lives."

THIS is the opinion of Mrs. M. L. Seaton-Tiedeman, 73-year-old ex-Sunday school teacher, who has been re-elected honorary secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union of Great Britain for the 24th year in succession.

"Nearly 85 per cent. of unsuccessful marriages are due to ignorance or physical incompatibility," she says. "There would be fewer matrimonial tragedies if children in the senior forms in our schools were taught something about the facts of life."

"With the laws as they are, there is a terrible stigma attached to divorce, literally thousands of people are suffering mental torture rather than go to court. Either they are afraid of losing their jobs or are frightened of the effect divorce will have on their social life."

"I don't believe in trial marriages. There is no need for them. Sensible people can find out whether they are suited mentally and spiritually without them."

"Separate holidays every year are, I know, advocated frequently, but I think they are a great danger to happiness. The man may meet a woman who attracts him, and if she is a schemer he is finished."

"Educate youth in the full implications of marriage. Teach them what it means, its rights and responsibilities, and much unhappiness will be prevented."

Don't Forget

The concert to be given by the famous violinist, Leo Chermiavsky, at the Town Hall, on October 28, in aid of the Far West Children's Health Scheme.

Combined Bibles Exhibition, in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution, November 19, to 24, at the Grace Building, King Street.

The bazaar sale, November 7 and 8, in shops conducted by Harbor Trust, opposite Rock and Kirby's Quay store, George Street North. Sale in aid of members of Australian Flying Corps Association who are in need. Gifts of all saleable articles to be sent to Mr. Winslow, City House, 184 Pitt St.

The garden sale at Quambi, Ocean Bl., Edgecliff, October 28, in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of N.S.W.

The dance at the Tennis Club, October 28, arranged by the Younger Set of the Travellers' Aid Society. For reservations ring 31998.

The Bennett and Barkell charity dance at the New Dongovan, Martin Place, October 28. For reservations ring MARIL.

The exhibition of paintings and etchings by Robert Gallup at Farmer's Blackland Galleries. Exhibition open until November 1.

LAUGH AT THE HOTTEST DAY

-put on



An irresistible, joyous Step-in that keeps you cool right through the hottest day. Kayser's NEW Heavy "Dullette" fabric—shaped style—Brassiere top—side fastening. AND trimmed with Alençon lace and insets. Tea-rose, Blue, White. Ask your draper for Style 9277.

Style No. 9277

9/11

Give them a model of Flash (Speed) Gordon & Dale Arden's ROCKET SHIP IT'S ABSOLUTELY FREE

By completing the Reservation Form below your children will receive this working model, 15 inches long, from Santa Claus this Christmas.

Laten to
FLASH GORDON
(Speed Gordon)
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DALE ARDEN'S
Adventures,
21 W. SYDNEY.
Sundays, 7.30 p.m.
Thursdays, 8 p.m.



Beware of that Languid Feeling. Junipah Mineral Spring Salts will revitalise the system. They act quickly yet gently.

In sponsoring this remarkable free offer, Junipah Mineral Spring Salts wish to give your children happiness this Christmas, just as they have made thousands of adults happy in health.

All you have to do is send the Reservation Form at once, enclosing 2d. stamp to cover postage and the booklet from a 2/- packet of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts.

RESERVATION FORM:

TO THE GROSVENOR LABORATORIES LTD.,
Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

Please see that Santa Claus keeps a model of Flash (Speed) Gordon and Dale Arden's Rocket Ship for my children and sends it to them this Christmas.

I enclose 2d. stamp for Postage and the Booklet from a large packet of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts.

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ADDRESS

STATE

R.L./W.W. 28/10/35

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Let it polish your silver and brass ware; let it furbish your jewellery, clean your paint-work, crockery, glass or porcelain. There's a score of uses for this wonderful cleaning agent.

New available, are Scrubb's Ammoniated LIQUID BATH SALTS, perfumed in Eau de Cologne, Pine, Rose, Jasmine or Lavender. Delightfully refreshing and far superior to Bath Crystals in water-softening, cleansing and perfuming properties.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH!



MEN AIR New Models at the Spring CARNIVAL

Higher Stakes and Bigger Betting Show Prosperity Has Rounded the Corner

Regardless of the announcements of poets or weather bureaus, Victoria refuses to accept as official the arrival of spring until the spring racing carnival begins.

With the two Caulfield meetings, the Guineas and Cup, run, the bashful vernal goddess may now consider herself "arrived."

RACEGOERS have not yet become accustomed to the new tote opened last year for the visit of the Duke of Gloucester. On the opening day last Saturday at Caulfield £1000 went on the first race at the old tote and only £37 at the new one. To cope with the situation the committee appointed an emergency "spruiker" who entertained punters with his amusing, persuasive speeches. "Put your money on in comfort at the new tote, ladies."

"Don't slip on the stones and spoil your new hat."

The men were as courageous about airing their new models as the women. Mr. J. D. Dennison, a tall Englishman out here on a business visit, favored the mode for rich brown. Mr. Dennison is so enchanted with our racecourses, our race-horses, and their habit of bringing home his winnings, that he hasn't missed a race meeting since he arrived.

Pierre Fornari, who only goes to the races when it is too late to go to golf, chose a light grey outfit, and General Blamey appeared in a close-fitting grey model. Mr. F. E. Elshausen, the new secretary of the V.A.T.C., who manages to look perpetually jovial though he rarely backs a winner, chose black with a white pin-stripe.

Then there was the man from the Gulf of Carpentaria who wore a red rose in his buttonhole. The man from Carpentaria had not seen a race meeting for years, and in spite of numerous adventures getting here, culminating in the temporary loss of his voice, he was determined to enjoy the racing carnival if he spent every cent he had.

Brian Corbett wore the prevailing navy sweater with his grey suit, and achieved a nice contrast in color by clutching a woman friend's red umbrella for luck. Remoult and blue iris decorated the tables at the committee's luncheon, to which were invited the Governor (Lord Huntingfield), Lieut.-Col. Helme Pott and Captain Barbour, the Lord Mayor, Parliamentarians, committee members of other racing clubs, and various racing celebrities from other States, also Mr. R. T. Guinness, another "tall, dark and handsome" from England.

Lady Huntingfield, the Hon. Mrs. Helme Pott, and the wives of other guests were also present at the luncheon. The programme this year departed from the usual picture of a racehorse, and was the artist's impression of the crowded grandstands looking along the course from the new stand.

Stakes and bets at the two Caulfield meetings are some indication of returning prosperity. The £42,000 paid into the tote for the Caulfield Guineas was the largest total ever handled for any race except the Cup. The stakes for the Caulfield Cup remained at £8000, but stakes for minor races were all increased, no prize being less than £500.

Caulfield is not only the stage for the first act of the spring racing drama, but also for the first shy appearance of spring fashions.

Navy and White

DRESSING at the two meetings suggested that navy-blue is still almost a uniform, and that white organdie is almost a uniform accessory. There must be thousands of floral patterns in the silks sold in Melbourne shops, and apparently there are also a thousand military modes. At Caulfield there were Salvation Army bonnets, haloes, wide-brimmed, square-crowned fella, peaked postman's caps, and shady straw.

Mrs. Tom Gels chose a becoming black velvet hat, the brim much wider in the front than at the back. Mrs. Charlie Lyon favored one of the 16 hats she brought back from abroad—a navy toque with lacquered silk leaves clustered round it, and the forget-me-not queen, Freda Connolly's shady straw was trimmed with a bunch of field flowers.

Then there was a white cap like a gnome's with the point turned down in front and weighted with a tassel. Quite the most eccentric and delightful hat was a navy rush straw with the brim turned up all round and caught to the crown with four flat bows.

Moonee Valley is the setting for the second act of the racing drama, on Saturday, October 26. The course is so fragrant with the scent of roses that, if the horses' nostrils are dilated, it will be not so much nervous excitement as artistic appreciation.

The new straight will be used for the first time. The Cup stakes, increased by £800 to £5000 last year, will be the same again this year, and include a gold cup valued at £200.

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NINE GIRLS Together and Not a SINGLE TIFF

Australian Touring Party Ruled Without Rules

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Correspondent.

The golden rule for successfully managing a touring party is to have no rules.

This is the theory of Miss Margaret Gilruth, the young Melbourneite, and daughter of the first Administrator of the Northern Territory, who has just arrived in London after shepherding a party of eight Australian girls on a hiking tour through Europe.

MISS GILRUTH is used to roughing it and to dealing with people. She has already travelled as sailor in a Norwegian tramp steamer, and hiked from Naples to London on a minimum of money.

Two schoolmasters interested in psychology rang her up when she reached London to ask her about the psychological aspect of nine girls of varying ages travelling amicably together for a protracted period.

"As a matter of fact, there is no psychological aspect," she said. "Tiffs and disputes simply didn't happen. The girls were all most awfully nice and we got on admirably . . . that's all there is to it."

"We were school-teachers, society girls, farmers' daughters, bank clerks, and so on, and we were all eager to see as much as we could and to get the very best out of our holiday; perhaps that

Ada Reeve Seeks Fame as Britain's Marie Dressler

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special London Representative By Air Mail

ADA REEVE, who was such an outstanding success on the Australian stage, made a triumphal appearance recently at a dinner in her honor at Frascati, where she made her theatrical debut at the age of twelve—forty-seven years ago.

Most of the leading stage and film stars were present, and she told me that she has made a test picture for a British concern under an assumed name. Her ambition is to become the Marie Dressler of British films—and there is a fair chance of her succeeding.

after midnight, just to see the river by moonlight.

"And now we have all separated. Some of the girls have gone back to Australia, others are visiting English or Scotch relatives, and others have joined their parents here. But it has become quite a tradition that on the night before they leave London for any jant each of them sleeps at my flat."

Miss Gilruth herself is slim, young, and fair-headed—younger, in fact, than the majority of her charges.



MISS EILEEN SNOWDEN, who will be assisted by her sister, Kathleen, at the novelty "lemon tree" at the Quambi Pete, October 26. Proceeds in aid of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of New South Wales.

was the secret of our good comradeship. We sort of dropped into doing certain things to benefit us all.

"THEN we always tried to do everything together, and the strange part of it is that the party never seemed the least unwieldy, although there were nine of us, with ages ranging from seventeen to thirty."

"We had several birthdays on the trip, a couple on board ship and one in the Austrian mountains. That was a real thrill, as we had an awful job to get the cake and make a party in the little inn where we were staying on that day."

"In several towns we visited we were met by societies interested in travel, and we were shown quite a lot of the life of the various countries by members of these organisations. We all walked about Frankfurt, piloted like this, long



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OH, CAPTAIN, I'M SO NERVOUS WILL THERE BE A VERY BIG BUMP WHEN WE HIT THE EQUATOR.

TELL ME, CAPTAIN, WHERE DOES THE DOG WATCH FROM? I'M TAKING HIM THIS LITTLE BONE.

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All entries must be postmarked not later than
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The first prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct. Should no correct solution be received the prize money will go to the competitor who has the greatest number of correct names. In the event of Ties the prize money will be equally divided, but the full amount will be paid.

A postal note of 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and 6d. each additional entry. Keep a record of the numbers, and make postal notes payable to "PICTURETTE PUZZLES". Stamps will not be accepted.

Alternatives in single entries will be disqualified.

Additional entries must be written out separately, any number of attempts may be sent in, provided they are enclosed in the SAME ENVELOPE containing the INITIAL ENTRY, and the additional entry charge of 6d. is included for each attempt.

Each entry is checked separately. Alterations cannot be accepted.

SEALED SOLUTION AND £50 PRIZE MONEY is deposited with "TRUTH" and "SPORTSMAN" Limited, Sydney.

Look out for Next Week's Contest

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR RESULTS OF THIS CONTEST WHICH WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON 16th NOVEMBER, 1935. Contest No. 1 Result will appear 2nd November. Contest No. 2 Result will appear 9th November.



PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ THE CRUSADES

Henry Wilcoxon, Loretta Young (Paramount.)

I GROW old; a melancholy thought, but true. Shades of "Intolerance" and "The Birth of a Nation" rose and glibbed as I sat watching their successor, "The Crusades," and it is paralysing to think how many years ago these two films were first shown.

"The Crusades" is the direct lineal descendant of the great Griffith productions. De Mille has used the same technique, the same masses of people, and the perennially spectacular effect of soldiery attacking a walled city to the accompaniment of twanging bow-strings, burning pitch, crashing, warrior-laden ladders, flaming wooden towers and the clang of cutlery.

As a production, the picture fully deserves the three stars allotted to it. The acting, too, is excellent; all the chief male figures of the cast are good, while Wilcoxon, as Richard the Lion-Hearted, is far better than I would have anticipated from any Hollywood star in the role. It would be difficult to fault his presentation of the character of the proudest of the Plantagenets.

Loretta Young is not altogether a howling success as Berengaria. Decorative, very, but a quivering lip and a limpid eye are not quite enough for this part.

There will be the inevitable quibbling about the historical accuracy of the picture. Pay no attention to it. The spirit of the times has been well reproduced; that is the main thing. For the rest, it is good entertainment.—Prince Edward; com. Oct. 23rd.

★★ STORMY WEATHER

Tom Walls, Yvonne Arnaud, Ralph Lynn. (G.B.)

THERE are no reservations about this: If you want to have a really good laugh, go and see "Stormy Weather." Farcical situations, really funny dialogue, and as good a collection of comedy players as anybody could expect in one film make it a show that all hands and the cook will enjoy.

I won't go into the story; in comedies it is not the story so much as the treatment of the story that counts. Sufficient to say that the situations give ample scope for laughter-making, and that Walls, Lynn and Yvonne Arnaud, to say nothing of minor participants, do not pass up any opportunities.

If one or two of Ralph Lynn's recent pictures have given you the idea that he is going off, this film will correct that impression. He's as funny as ever he was. Indeed, one can say of him, in compliment, what many an actor would receive as a deadly insult: He's a perfect fool.—Embassy; showing.

★★ LOOK UP AND LAUGH

Gracie Fields (B.E.F.)

BEFORE we start, let me admit that this is my first experience of Gracie. Now, after seeing and hearing her, I can sympathise with both parties: those who swear by her, and those who swear at her.

For the first quarter of an hour I squirmed. Then the famous Fields personality started to get me—and, believe me, this star of the music halls has a personality. Thereafter, I plunged about between the extremes of laughter and boredom.

This is a patchy picture. Parts of it are very humorous, but, unfortunately, the director will indulge in that deadly English propensity to play a situation to its final, bitter drama, so that what begins as a laugh often ends as a moan of despair. This is particularly noticeable in the long sequence showing Gracie in an aeroplane; a horrible anti-climax after her really side-splitting adventures as wreckers of a department store.

All the same, the good far outweighs the bad. And, reverting to Miss Fields: she is, one imagines, the reincarnation of everything that made up a music hall toast of the 'nineties.—Lyceum; showing.

★ FLIRTATION WALK

Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Pat O'Brien. (Warners.)

YES, fair enough entertainment for those who enjoy musical comedy transferred to the screen, with the notation that, in this case, the story is somewhat more probable than in most stage musical comedies, while the amount of song is rather less.

I have it from a very reliable source (domestic) that Dick Powell is a favorite among the ladies. His stock won't suffer a reverse because of this picture. As a nice-looking young private in the U.S. Army who, crossed in love, decides to become "an officer and a gentleman," he should be romantic enough to suit all tastes.

Ruby Keeler is not my idea of a good actress—even musical comedy actress. She is adequate, but only just, while her voice wouldn't win a prize at the Bogzanga Entertained. Still, she gets through, and that's the main thing in a show that will entertain most of those who go to see it.—Regent; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

★★ THE SILENT PASSENGER

Peter Haddon, Mary Newland, John Loder. (B.E.F.)

WHEN Dorothy L. Sayers writes a murder story, it can generally be depended upon to be good. "The Silent Passenger" is no exception. Apart from the fact that it is well constructed, interest is added by reason of the audience being made aware, from the beginning, of the identity of the murderer. The action and excitement arise from Lord Peter Wimsey's efforts to discover who the real killer is, despite Scotland Yard's assurance that they have the culprit.

Peter Haddon makes an excellent job of the role of Wimsey, the unconventional, aristocratic detective. Mary Newland passes muster, while John Loder, big, broad and handsome, will cause a flutter in many a susceptible breast.—Lyceum; showing.

★ CHINATOWN SQUAD

Lyle Talbot, Valerie Hobson. (Universal.)

THE test of a really good mystery story is whether, at the end, when the murderer is unmasked, one can sit back and say: "Why, of course! Now why wasn't I as smart as Sexton Blake (or whoever the master-detective might be)? The clues were all there, but I didn't see them."

"Chinatown Squad" does not survive this test. There are the usual half-dozen people at whom suspicion points at one time or another, but there has been little effort on the part of author and director to build up a well-knit, logical story that would leave everybody feeling satisfied as hero and heroine come together in a last fade-out.

On the credit side this picture moves swiftly, is tolerably acted, and does not lack excitement.—Capitol, King's Cross; showing.

★ THE GOOSE AND THE GANDER

Kay Francis, George Brent. (Warners.)

SOME comedy situations—whether in books, on the stage, or in film—never seem to pall. How often have we seen a couple (not in real life, of course), supposedly man and wife, faced with the choice of sharing a bedroom or confessing their real relationship? Don't let's count up; often, will cover it; and yet we (you and I) can still laugh.

The same position arises in "The Goose and the Gander," and it will get as many chuckles from the sophisticates of 1935 as it did at the first gala performance, 3000 B.C., when a cave represented a bedroom, a roaring fire was the footlights, and the audience sucked marrow bones between acts.

Humor is plentiful in the first half of the story. It slackens off towards the end, which, in fact, is spoilt by the entrance of a detective who does not even approach being funny. On the whole, however, the film is very well up to average. George Brent is good, while Kay Francis, in addition to filling her part convincingly, fills her clothes equally well. A luscious creature.—Regent; showing.

THE DIVINE SPARK

Marta Eggerth, Phillips Holmes. (G.B.)

A SINCERE and painstaking desire to find the divine spark in this production failed to locate it. There was not even an ordinary spark; it was just too, too dull. Dripping with badly-acted sentimentality, the first half of the picture seems merely to be an excuse for Holmes to carry on in marvellous fashion without getting anywhere, and as for the Bellini Cantata, belted lustily from a couple of hundred throbbing Italian throats, my impression is that it will leave most audiences as it left me—cold.

Why the century-dead Vincenzo Bellini was selected as the central figure for a modern film passes comprehension. Even by romanticising his life unmercifully, the scenario writer has failed to construct a story worth two hoots while, as for his music, there is included a sample of the cantata aforesaid, and one Bellini aria; Rossini is called in for the rest of the musical relief.

Worse coloratura soprano than Marta Eggerth have been heard on the screen, but a few trills never have made a good picture.—Embassy; showing.

ANOTHER Spectacular DEMILLE PRODUCTION

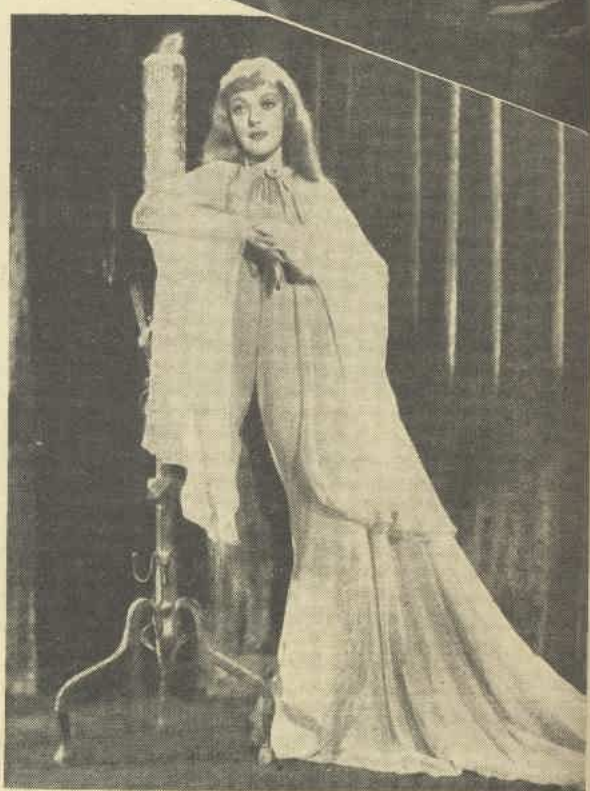
Saladin and Richard
Coeur de Lion . . . in
the Romantic Third
Crusade!



ABOVE: Henry Wilcoxon as Richard the Lion-Hearted. A striking scene from "The Crusades." Christian warriors entering Jerusalem on the signing of a truce.



HANDSOME Katharine DeMille, who enacts the role of Alice, Princess of France.



BEAUTIFULLY POSED: Loretta Young, as Berengaria, in DeMille's latest spectacle

THE King of France, with 40,000 men, marched up the hill and marched back again.

The King of England, with 500 men, has lately been spending a lot of time marching up to the walls of Acre and marching back again. Not King George V, however. King Richard I, and it is all for art's sake.

KING RICHARD in this case is Henry Wilcoxon, who is playing that role in Paramount's "The Crusades." With his 500 men he parades up to the walls of Acre, energetically defended by the Saracens, under the watchful eyes of Cecil B. DeMille.

The historians failed to leave any accurate picture of what happened at that Third Crusade, so Mr. DeMille is leaving posterity a flaming picture of that era, he hopes, as a bit of lusty entertainment.

A King's Face

An expert at bringing the historic spectacle to the screen, he was anxious to present his latest opus with authenticity. Paramount's research department diligently burrowed into something like 473 books on various subjects connected with the world of that time. The results were a little astonishing and amazing.

All agreed that there was a King Richard I, that there was a city called Acre, and that the Saracens defended it under the leadership of Saladin. But what did Richard look like?

The Studio Research Department uncovered no fewer than eleven different

pictures of the King, and no two were alike. There were steel engravings, paintings, drawings, and sketches. In some Richard had a moustache and in others he was clean-shaven.

Armor, swords, crossbows, pick-axes, and the like were comparatively simple. The Research Department located extensive volumes dealing with those subjects. Harold Lamb, writer and authority on the era, got more pictures from the University of California library. So Richard and his 500 men were properly clad and armed, no matter what he looked like.

The walls of Acre presented an embarrassing problem. No sketches of the place had been made at the time Richard stormed the city. The Research Department eventually located and photographed two pictures of Acre, drawn several hundred years after the historic siege had taken place. From these, from drawings of other Oriental towns, and from his imagination, Mr. DeMille created his own Acre and decked its walls with fiery Saracens.

Came time to "shoot" the valorous

dash of the Christians up to the walls. With military precision, Mr. DeMille lined up his Christian troops. He grouped them around his four-ton catapult, his thirty-five-ton siege tower, his flame-throwers, his moving barriers, and his scaling ladders. Knights, armored troops, crossbowmen, and ordinary men-at-arms were drilled to perfection.

Two Thousand Killed

Although money was spent like water to make this film for movie audiences, non-paying outsiders were really the first to see some of the spectacular scenes. Filmed at night, the lights drew out thousands of spectators, who saw much of the battle from the roofs of their automobiles. The fighting looked like the real thing to them, especially when the stretcher-bearers began to carry off the fallen. The scene called for casualties of two thousand killed by flames, arrows, and bombs. Except for a few bruises, nobody was actually hurt. The extra players with bandages and synthetic wounds rolled out wearily after midnight.

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

North European cooking meets with Walter Pye's approval? Has quite an extended knowledge of subject.

Countess of Bective

MELBOURNE is welcoming return of Countess of Bective to native shores. . . With her is twelve-year-old daughter, Muffet Clarke. . . Muffet is fair of hair with blue eyes, and already shows promise of mother's beauty. . . All those up in news remember Countess of Bective living in Sydney when married to late Sir Rupert Clarke.

Nimble Feet

HOW those Cranbrook boys dance. . . Best exhibition of nimble toes for many a night seen at Cranbrook annual ball on Saturday. . . Modified rumba all the vogue. . . General and Mrs. Iven Mackay never ceased looking after guests with cheery word for everyone. . . Mackays abounded, Mrs. W. A. Mackay looking particularly handsome. . . Many gardens in Double Bay district robbed of choicest flowers for decorations, and larders must also be feeling draft.

Season just commencing in Ceylon. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fraser, of Riversdale, Tumbalong, leave by Otranto this week for holiday trip to much-favored isle.

Thousands of Miles

AFTER completing two weeks' jaunt of three thousand miles, Mrs. Matt Sawyer, O.B.E., arrived in town in time for fete at Hopewood House arranged by Eastern Suburbs branch of C.W.A. . . Lady Hore-Ruthven took interest in party and was received by executives. . . Agile little girls in purple tunics did daily dozen with lovely lawns and gardens for stage effects. . . Bridge players held aloof in well-filled ballroom.

Last week-end Yvonne Jay and Harry Edmondson motored from Sydney to Beechwood to receive family congratulations on brand-new engagement.

Season's Last Concert

LAST of series of State Symphony Orchestral concerts given during week. . . Conductor Dr. Bainton attracted numbers of musicians to Town Hall. . . De Abravanel, Gerald Walenn, Ewart Chapple, Raymond Lambert, Albert Cazabon all gave professional interest to compositions. . . Mr. Justice Street and Mrs. Street represented legal fraternity. . . No concert complete without Lady King and Professor Francis and Mrs. Anderson, who were also present. . . Oh, those hard chairs!

Agnes Goodsir, Australian artist, is making great headway in Europe. Recently exhibited at International Art Show, Paris, and pictures hung in place of honor.

Running Shoes Needed

RUNNING shoes were needed at smart party at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital early in week. . . From spectacular fork luncheon guests made off to laying of first foundation stone by Mr. H. P. Fitzsimmons. . . Dr. Bertie Schlink's turn came next for limelight by laying foundation stone number two. . . Lady Street declared open Solarium for Children. . . Generous donor remained anonymous. Mr. Stevens and Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven laid more foundation stones with well-handled trowels, and the last date on programme was tea served on tennis courts. . . "Gift" heartily congratulated on successful venture.

George Farrell's Debut

GEORGE WELSH FARRELL'S concert a great success, the lad playing quite divinely. . . George's father accompanied him, and also played several piano solos. . . Must be unique in our musical annals to have father and son in such roles. . . Both won most enthusiastic applause. . . Laurel-leaved ladder of fame among many gifts heaped on the fourteen-year-old genius of the violin. . . Most unusual of gifts from his admirers was a rifle. . . George has a passion for weaponry and already has a fine collection of fearsome antique pieces in his home at Mosman.

John Wood's Progress

MRS. WOOD, mother of film-minded John, thoroughly enjoyed trip to Hollywood. . . Was entertained at Auckland and Suva en route. . . John at present playing Laertes in "Hamlet," with part in "Ivanhoe" next on programme. . . Home formerly belonged to artist, and setting of Vista del Mar, with outlook on Hollywood hills, most entrancing. . . Movie colony making Australians feel "at home."

Travels With Stove

HONEY from purple heather said by Mrs. Leo Cherniavsky to be best in world. . . Among amazing collection of cooking accessories brought from England are bottles and packages of French and Scotch honey, paprika from Hungary, tea as favored by Earl Grey, and special flour. . . For luscious Viennese cake, Mrs. Cherniavsky has brought a special brand of maraschino, also kirsch for an almond cake which is made entirely without flour. . . A large stove accompanies the traveller on all wanderings, and is waiting to be unpacked at Hampton Court.

violinist may have been called "Ginger" and "Blue" in days gone by, but lovely waved auburn hair is decided asset to stage appearance. . . Lady Gordon every reason for delight at success of recital. . . Hall quite filled with social Sydney and audience included Lady Hore-Ruthven, Lady Knox, Sir Phillip and Lady Street, Mrs. A. C. Davidson, and Sir Thomas Bayin.

Mrs. Alreema Samuels already coated in tan for Palm Beach season. Has spent winter at favorite resort and has done iceberg act throughout year.

Wild Waves Singing

WILD waves at Manly play symphony that appeals to Dr. Ford, of London, whose lifelong study has been music. . . Mrs. Ford accompanies him. . . Travellers have wandered extensively over Australia and much impressed with Queensland tour. . . Hotel Pacific will provide roof-tree for short while left in Sydney. . . Oswald Cheeke also guest at Pacific, and is seen waving surfing towel on way to breakers every morning before breakfast.



MISS JOAN BADGERY takes a stroll in the park prior to a busy day's trousseau shopping. Her marriage to Major Harry Guinness will take place on November 12 at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst.

—Women's Weekly photo.



Snow and Ice

ANTHEA MACK is hoping to take part in winter sports in Switzerland before returning to Sydney early next year. . . Was naturally disappointed at missing sister Charmian's wedding, but is having splendid time to make up for loss. . . After strenuous time in Sydney, where Queen's Club was headquarters, Mrs. George Mack looking forward to quiet time at country home. . . Her mother, Mrs. Mason, of Tumut, will return with her and then will motor home, accompanied by Mrs. Mack. . . Tumut looking at its best this season, with much publicised English trees in full leaf.

Mrs. Doll Clayton finds Sydney racing season strenuous enough. . . Does not intend following favorite sport by going South for Cup.

White Fir-Cones

DR. AND MRS. HOLLOWAY welcomed back from world-wide honeymoon tour by cocktail party at Hotel Australia. . . Dr. F. Gregory Roberts host, and guests welcomed in private room gay with flowers for occasion. . . Mrs. Holloway sported white fir-cones on navy hat by way of trimming. . . Ensemble severely tailored and becoming. . . Dr. Bertie Schlink, Dr. and Mrs. Garnet Halloran, Dr. and Mrs. Sterling Lewis, Elise Budge, and Mr. and Mrs. Fraser among partakers of cocktails and savories.

All branches of sport well represented at Olympic Ball on Saturday. James Taylor, president of Olympic Federation, entertained large party. Mrs. B. S. B. Stevens received fifteen debts.

Musicians' Gala Week

SYDNEY dull last week for all but musically-minded. . . They had surfeit of good things. . . Intelligentsia in full force at Budapest String Quartet recital at Con. . . Professor and Mrs. Dakin, Sydney Ure Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax, and Dr. and Mrs. Silverton among audience. . . Strange bursts of applause in between movements marred first half of programme. . . Such solecism not heard for long time. . . Cello player Mischa Schneider's fleeting but vivid expressions well worth watching.

Marjorie Neald, Australian soprano, has signed on dotted line for fifty-pound-a-week contract. Jack Hylton, famous dance-band conductor, has secured singer for long term.

Fiance from Harvard

LETTERS from America tell of Patricia Paxton's engagement to young Harvard student. . . All information in hand except name of lucky man. . . Pat is daughter of Edward Paxton, former American commissioner for agriculture in Sydney. . . On returning to native land Patricia enrolled at University in Washington, D.C., and has been burning midnight oil in search of knowledge.

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Jane Anne

POSTAL BARGAIN CORNER

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BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

And Now for the Melbourne Cup Carnival

By BETTY GEE

Yes, thank Heaven that, although everything was ready, Dickie's work kept him from going to Melbourne, and we waited for City Tattersall's at Randwick.

Did you ever in your lives, girls, see such a succession of outsiders as there were at Caulfield on Saturday? That's what makes me so grateful that we didn't go.

"THINGS without names," as Dickie said, were rolling home in race after race, and to cap it, Palfresco for the Caulfield Cup. And Alf Levy told us that he is owned by a barber of Caulfield. No wonder the bookies "barbered" the poor punters. I'm told they were left without a whither to fly with.

One thing I did right was to back Fidelity for Caulfield. Somebody heard Sir Colin Stephen tell a friend that his filly was expected (with emphasis on the expected) to win, and was worth half a sovereign. But I'll bet my last year's costume to the one I haven't got yet that Sir Colin didn't expect to see her second favorite at 5 to 2.

Of course they were terrible odds but she won and no woman can expect more.

It was funny how I got to hear about it, too. You know, there are all sorts of people in City Tattersall's—book-makers' clerks, punters, bookies, and the real "heads" of the game. And, of course, being in possession of Randwick, which they rented on Saturday for the meeting from the A.F.C. at £500 for the day, they reckoned they could go anywhere.

An Inspiration

One wandered into the holy of holies and heard "a bloke with a top" tell another that "Bailey Payten thinks Fidelity is a really good thing to-day." And there you are. They are most obliging some of these pencilers you know, and when I very graciously thanked this particular one for my ticket on Tackler for the Novice, he winked and whispered, "Go and get a few bob on Fidelity in Melbourne, Minnie!" And I did.

Tackler ran third to a real roughie, Antelope. Why don't I back these things on the tote? But when Fidelity came through the winner, that squared that.

What made me back Fidelity's Switch for the Two-Year-Old Stakes was seeing Drury Falkner, one of the Riverina wool kings, in close confab with his trainer, Joe Cook. They needn't have whispered. I wasn't listening.

But I said to myself, "Now, why isn't Otis down in Melbourne hitting the high spots at the Cap instead of at the tote? And then, of course, I remembered Fidelity's Switch. Well, my dear, what an inspiration! Got 4 to 1, and he started at nearly half those odds, and, of course, just strolled in.

N.Z. Prejudice

OTTIE, I believe, has a soft spot in his heart for the Switch. He bred him by his horse, Friarsdale, and I remember Jim Seobie, who trained him, telling us at a wine party one night how he won a packet—£8000 in a little welter race—over Friarsdale for Otis some years ago. So he has mellow memories of him.

I also had a little on Windbird for the Flying Handicap, because I believe The Marne to be the most in-and-out horse that ever lost a woman her money, and Silver Jubilee, being a New Zealander, I hate hacking on principle. Well, bless you, I couldn't choose anything else but Windbird, could I?

I noticed all the boys of City Tattersall in the seats of the mighty, being, of course, the executive for the day. Gus Mooney (chairman), and Pat O'Leary (the new secretary), Sam Peters, Tommie Handley, Hock Johnson, and Hubie Schachtel.

Hubie Schachtel is a very good book-maker, and a very good Jew, and I noticed that he was one of the very few of his religion who kept up Yom Kippur and stayed away from the racing on Metropolitan Day to miss a good winning harvest of outsiders. But I sup-



BAILEY PAYTEN, who helped save the day for Betty GEE.

pose that that sort of thing is all in the game.

Isn't it funny how Mr. Theo Trautwein's hot-post all go astray since he got elected to the Upper House? He used to put some "bottlers" over in years gone by, but the boys wake up to his bones now, and both his were favorite for their races on Saturday—Royal King at 6 to 4, and Rembrandt at 2 to 1.

I didn't touch Royal King, but I did have a flutter on Rembrandt, because Dickie told me this was something to bet on, in fact, that I could put the savings for the Melbourne trip on it. I didn't—just £1 was enough, and what happened if I don't know. Simply went west when it should have been coming east, perhaps. Somehow, I think the Hon. Theo has lost the key to the game.

A Hot Shot

And this racing business needs to be properly attended to. Don't I know it, because I almost did the purse to-day, but Fidelity and Windbird saved me, and so I go to Melbourne by the boat, and Dickie's coming on later by train. This will give me a few days' freedom I hope to put to good purpose.

Erin Marsden told me to get square on Hot Shot in the Moonee Valley Cup next Saturday, and I know that Young Idea's going for the Cox Plate, because Alex Hunter owns him in partnership with Percy Miller, and my Dickie saw a letter to somebody here to say that that would be his next flutter, and Dickie gave me £10 to put on him at the Valley. So I hope he wins, because if the worst comes to the worst I shall have something to play with until he arrives and asks for it.



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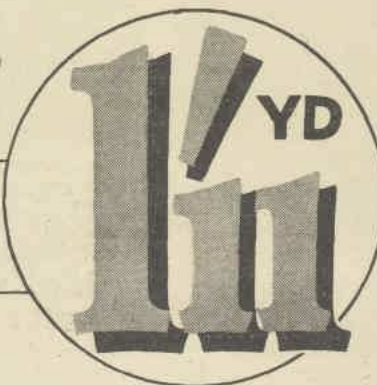
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Felton, Grimwade & Duerdins Ltd., Melbourne

RADIO Romance Under a Gum Tree Marriage of Aunt Val of 2GB

Radio's most unusual wedding took place last Saturday, when Aunt Val (Miss Muriel Valli), of 2GB, became Mrs. Herman Bredero.

Instead of the ceremony taking place in a church, or even before a microphone as might have been expected, it was celebrated in the bush underneath a towering gum.

As a child, Miss Valli always thought that, should she be married, she would like it to be under a tree in a great garden. Later that feeling was strengthened by reading a little book, "The Kingdom of Happiness," in which the author spoke of God as living and breathing in the trees, and raising protective arms above, and of the sense of protection gained from being close to these great living, silent, creatures.

But when it came to getting married, the choice of a tree proved more difficult than the choice of a husband. A doctor friend, whose garden is noted for its lovely trees, offered them the use of his grounds for the ceremony, but on visiting it they found English trees in one corner and Japanese trees in another. As nothing but Australian trees would suit, a long tramp and much climbing over rocks looked imminent. "This will never do," Aunt Val decided. "My tree would be ruined before the ceremony began."

So a grove of trees at Dural, in the

2GB Highlights

SATURDAY, October 26.—7.30: Breakfast Club. 11.0: Hall of Song. 7.15: Pinto Pete. 8.20: Frank and Archie in Hollywood. 8.45: Kraussmeyer and Cohen. 9.30: New Mayfair Orchestra.

SUNDAY, October 27.—2.15: Glen Southern. 3.30: Highlights in Literature. 7.20: Miss Earle Hooper—"A Messenger From Mars is Shocked." 7.40: Dr. A. H. Martin—"Inferiority and Temperamental Difficulties." 8.15: George Edwards—"Portrait of a Lady."

MONDAY, October 28.—1.45: Storyteller. 2.0: Happiness Club. 6.35: Newspaper Adventures. 7.50: The Laughing Cavalier. 9.15: Travel with Music. 9.45: Musical Memories.

TUESDAY, October 29.—11.45: The Australian Women's Weekly Feature. 6.45: Romance in the Retail. 9.15: Story of Your Suburb. 9.45: Cyril James—"Wonderful London." 10.0: Trial of Doctor Lamson.

WEDNESDAY, October 30.—9.0: Dorothy Jordan. 5.30: Krazy Kollege. 9.0: Kingsmen. 9.0: Easy Chair Music. 9.15: "Let's See Your Driver's Licence."

THURSDAY, October 31.—9.30: Harmony Highlights with Cyril James and Jack Lumsdaine. 9.45: Fireside Phantasies.

FRIDAY, November 1.—3.15: Fashions, Fads and Fancies. 9.15: The Radio Rascal. 9.30: International Affairs.

Parramatta-Castle Hill district, close to an orange grove and a running brook, was decided on. Aunt Val and her friends had often picnicked here, and had named the spot "The Cathedral." And here, under a towering tree, Aunt Val was married.

The choice of the spot was all the more appropriate since it is in the vicinity of the old family home, Aunt Val's great-grandfather was James Mehan, Deputy Surveyor-General to Governor Macquarie, who surveyed the site for St. Mary's Basilica.

Macquarie granted Mehan a property of 500 acres that became known as Macquarie Fields, and reverted to the Crown a few years back on the death of his daughter, Elizabeth Barker.

A long romance was associated with this radio marriage. Aunt Val and her husband were childhood friends, and that friendship continued through the years she spent abroad in America, where she appeared on the dramatic stage with leading producers, later partnering her brother in a burlesque mind-reading act on the Orpheum circuit, and still later running a "Hidden Talent Club" for children in Chicago and San Francisco.

When Aunt Val returned to Australia, and founded the Bluebirds session on 2GB for the younger children,

NEW HAIR for ALL



Wonderful NEW DISCOVERY
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"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week. Well, I can beat that easily, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head. It's growing like wildfire. I might mention that I never gave your treatment a very fair go, either."

(Signed) E. J. REYNOLDS, M. N.S.W.

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NOW, you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid you of dandruff, or any other hair trouble, you suffer from within 30 days, it COSTS YOU NOTHING!—not a penny. But you must hurry; this offer may never be repeated; it places you under no obligation; all you have to do is to post that coupon NOW!

J. Kelso Murchison Will Banish Your Baldness — OR NO COST!

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What I Discovered About Hair

IT does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried! I know you have not used the RIGHT method! My own hair fell out in handfuls until I fast began to go bald. I tried everything; but now I have a thick, lustrous growth of hair—thanks to the important discovery that—

Hair 'Seeds' Still Live in Bald Heads

I have proved as in actual cases quoted opposite that the hair "seeds" frequently remain alive in bald heads for a number of years. In the greater majority of such cases, new hair can be grown, provided that the real causes of the trouble are known, and the correct scientific treatment applied. Hundreds of men and women from all over Australasia have grown new hair this wonderful new way. Just read the letters opposite received from these grateful people—surely this is proof enough.

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THEY never have—because it is impossible! There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—that principle is involved in the new Kelso Murchison Treatment! It's a new way—entirely different, and successful. It approaches baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight!

Don't waste more time and money on worthless "tonics" and "hair restorers," but accept my great offer and watch your hair grow! Get this special offer coupon in the post to-day!

It Does Not Matter

IT does not matter how long-standing your hair loss or scalp trouble may be, it does not matter what you have tried—J. Kelso Murchison is prepared to PROVE to you beyond all doubt, and without your risking one penny, that YOU CAN DEFINITELY GROW NEW HAIR—if you send the coupon below NOW!

J. Kelso Murchison, Laboratory 12
Lombard Chambers, Pitt St., Sydney.

Read This Convincing Proof from Grateful Men and Women!

PROVES OTHER TESTIMONIALS—BY HIS OWN RESULTS.

"I have carried out your instructions and have had wonderful results. Before having anything to do with your course myself, I was very dubious about the results other people have achieved. But now I know all those letters to be true by my own experience. My dandruff is gone, and my hair has regained its sheen, and oh how wonderful it is to have a clean scalp and not to be afraid to take off one's hat for fear of showing thick dandruff!"

M. HARDWICK, S. N.S.W.



WAS BALD FOR 16 YEARS—HAIR NOW GROWING.
"Hair has started to grow over the bald parts, which have been bald for 16 years."
G. L. HORTON, O. S.A.



A luxuriant growth of lovely hair, vibrant with the charm of health, may now be obtained if you post the coupon below now!

£1000 GUARANTEE I guarantee that all testimonials published in this announcement are genuine letters or extracts from reports received by grateful men and women who have used the Murchison Method successfully. These letters, together with hundreds more, are open for inspection at our offices at any time.

"I wish to thank you for your wonderful method for hair. I started with your method on the 1st of Dec., and on the third my hair had almost stopped falling out, and now the new hair is coming rapidly." S. A. McDOON, S. N.S.W.



LADIES! Protect your greatest social asset. Banish Dandruff, Itchiness, Falling Hair, Bald Patches, etc. Post the Coupon below away to-day.

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"I have been using your treatment for the past five weeks, with wonderful results. I am pleased to say that the dandruff has entirely gone, and my hair has taken on new life again, getting thicker and stronger each day."—G. LORZ, G. S.A.

BALD PATCHES GROWING HAIR.
"Before I started to use your hair treatment my hair was falling out that much that I thought I would be bald in a short time. Thanks to your wonderful treatment, the bald patches on my scalp are growing hair very rapidly, and I would recommend your hair treatment as the best in the world. It has cured my dandruff, and my hair is 100 per cent better."—W. A. FEARSON, P. N.S.W.

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Address

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30 Days AMAZING TRIAL Offer!

Romantic Marriage of Heiress and Poor Man

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

Near relative of a duchess, and heiress to £500,000, Miss Violet Mary Craven astonished English society the other day by marrying a poor man in the parish church of Saxlingham, Norfolk.

THE bride is cousin of the Duchess of Northumberland and granddaughter of Lady Mary Craven, who was a famed Victorian beauty.

Miss Craven, who is described as a shy, gentle, blonde, will inherit the Craven

estate, which includes a large part of the London suburb of Paddington. It is estimated to be worth at least half a million pounds. The husband is Mr. Rowland C. Wim-bush, motor salesman, of London. Unlike most rich-girl-poor-man love stories, this one has run smoothly from the outset.

"It is unusual for a rich girl to be able to marry a poor man," said the newly-married Mrs. Wim-bush, "but I've been lucky. After all, I am twenty-seven and he is thirty. I am able to do as I like, and all my friends are glad to see me happy."

"My husband and I met at a sherry party. It was love at first sight—on his part."

After the honeymoon the husband will carry on his motor business in London.





Mandrake the Magician



MEET THE CHARACTERS IN THIS NEW ADVENTURE.

MANDRAKE: The world's greatest magician, has come to northern Arabia for a holiday accompanied by **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian slave. No sooner, however, do they descend from the train than they are surrounded by armed police, under the command of **DUFFY:** Who endeavors to arrest Mandrake, addressing him as

SAKI: A man apparently who ranks as the greatest thief in the world, and is a master of disguise. By assuming various shapes, Mandrake convinces Duffy that he is not Saki, and the two adjourn to lunch to discuss this criminal whom Duffy is chasing. Duffy expresses the wish for a cigar. Read on.



"A WEALTHY RAJAH VISITING HERE HAD A HUGE DIAMOND WHICH SAKI HAD PUBLICLY ANNOUNCED THAT HE WOULD STEAL. WE HAD A THOUSAND MEN GUARD THE PALACE."





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FREE RECIPE BOOK. The Kraft Recipe Book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It," contains scores of ideas for unusual new dishes. Write to Kraft Foods Co., P.O. Box 1, Riverside Avenue, Melbourne, or 38 Clarence Street, Sydney, for your copy.

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rich milk to make
a single pound of
Kraft Cheese...*



K3/30C

The Fortunate FACULTY

Continued from Page 6

"TAKE me now," he smiled. "I am like that, too. And in more ways than one. For instance, I do not believe in false pity or false sentiment. I do not understand sentiment at all. It is quite beyond me."

"Logic, yes; and reason. Clear, intelligent reason. That I can understand, and like, and believe in. But I have no misdirected sympathy for things or people."

"If I thought there was a good and sufficient reason for destroying anything, I should proceed to destroy it. And I shouldn't know regret or pity. I suppose it is a faculty scarcely possessed by civilised people."

She stood up, very straight and pretty, and Jan knew she had taken rather a dislike to him. But that was merely because she did not really understand him.

"You saw the Shanghai City on fire, Mr. Stewer?"

"Just call me Jan," he smiled. "Everyone in the Malay Archipelago calls me that. Yes, I saw her on fire."

"You—you saw no one on board, then?"

He looked up at the sky for inspiration. It was pale green in color. Ribs of gold were streaked across it.

"Just saw her—blazing," he said. Her lips trembled a little; she gave a sharp shudder.

"Do—do you think there is any possible chance that he might have escaped?"

"Such things have been known." "It—it's so terrible," she said, sighing, "not to know."

Slowly he nodded. He took her back to the yacht. There were a man and woman there; aunt and uncle, he thought. But he didn't care much for either of them.

The man was soft—a weakling. The woman was artificial, a perfect product of this thing called civilisation.

Jan got off the boat without ceremony. The man stared at him as if he were some monstrous creature which had suddenly emerged out of the ocean from nowhere. Jan went back through the jungle.

As he stole almost silently through the blackish-green shadows, the moisture dripped on his bare neck and shoulders.

John Hamilton was there, pacing up and down, his face twitching nervously. He had been at the bottle again. He swung round.

"Well?" he said.

Jan cut a fresh piece of sept and stuck it in his mouth.

"I like your wife, John," he said.

"Don't be funny... What did she say?"

"You saw us talking together?"

"Of course. Well go on, man! Tell me."

Jan shrugged.

"She did not say much."

"But she said something, didn't she?"

He made violent gestures.

"She came in the hope of making sure whether you were dead or alive, John."

He flung himself down and stared sullenly into the jungle.

"What did you tell her?" he asked.

"Nothing, John; or next to nothing."

"Why?" He started up and stared with angry suspicion. "What's your little game, Jan?"

"You know I don't play games, John."

John drew away, perhaps noticing the expression of Jan's eyes.

"You—you give me the creeps sometimes, Jan." His voice slurred weakly.

At heart he hated the very sight of Jan. But he was also very frightened; and his fear was greater than his hate.

He took out that gold watch of his and stared at it, although there was no reason at all why he should wish to know the time.

"I'll give you a case of gin for that watch, John," Jan said. The other started to laugh rather idiotically.

"Confound the watch! It's my wife I want to talk about."

Jan felt disappointed.

"What do you want to know?" he asked, with a trace of John's own sullenness.

"I don't suppose you'd understand," he replied, and there was a sort of sneer in his voice, "what this means to an ordinary civilised human being, Jan, I'm going off the drink. I'm going to show myself to her."

Jan smiled sardonically.

"Strong words off a weak stomach, John."

"What the devil do you mean by that?" He almost snarled.

"The booze has got you, John. You could never give it up—now. Besides, she thinks you're a hero, John. Think you stuck to your blushing ship when the crew deserted you. Quite a pretty fairytale, don't you think? Why spout it now?"

John got up, quivering with rage, and shook his fist under Jan's nose.

"Anyway, it's none of your business, so keep out of it. D'you hear?"

Jan took another chew of sept and watched the jungle grow black.

There was a moon when he went



Ware Hawk

A BROWN hawk comes a-hunting
In our thatched shed.
And when the sparrows see him
In fluttered haste they flee him.
For hawks they dread.

Close under brake and binder
They crouch so still;
From buggy springs are peering
Those frightened birds, all fearing
The hawk's swift kill.

They must outwear his patience,
So, till he's fled,
There's not a sparrow sitting
For every one is sitting
Still as the dead,
When the brown hawk comes a-hunting
In our thatched shed.
—Mariel Lee.

down to the beach. Near the Vesta, on which lights twinkled, lay another craft, long and lean, rather sinister. A destroyer.

Jan saw a pinnacle put out, with a young naval officer in it. He saw him board the yacht and stand for a long time talking animatedly to John's wife. She was smiling at him under the moon...

Next morning, as Jan wandered idly along the beach, he saw John's wife and the young naval officer together. She was sitting on a bit of rock. He lay beside her, looking up into her face, and his eyes were adoring.

Jan squatted down near them and began to throw pebbles into the sea. "You're the Mr. Stewer Mrs. Hamilton's been telling me about, I suppose?" the officer asked. "My name's Ratcliffe—Lieutenant Ratcliffe."

Jan looked at him hard. He was a man. His eyes were grey; there was no fear in them. His chin was strong; there was no weakness in it.

Then Jan stared at the black shape of the destroyer. It was called the Sparrowhawk.

"Yes, I'm Jan Stewer."

"Queer place to spend one's life," Ratcliffe observed, staring up and down the beach.

"Perhaps—only, you see, I like it. It is wonderful for a man to be able to do just what he likes, don't you think?"

"Oh, I dare say you're right. I suppose you can't tell us anything about Captain Hamilton?"

Jan stared at the sea.

"No."

Please turn to Page 3.

£25 Cash Must Be Won

"Search For Film Stars" Competition No. 8

£25 CASH WILL BE AWARDED TO THE COMPETITOR WITH THE GREATEST NUMBER OF NAMES CORRECT. IN THE EVENT OF TIES PRIZE MONEY WILL BE DIVIDED EQUALLY.

This list below, 16 names, is made up of 16 names of featured film players, the first letter only of the Christian name being given. The surname is jumbled with the addition of one unnecessary letter. See example No. 1, STAN LAUREL, the extra unnecessary letter being "S." Include this name in your solution as Number 1. You are required to give the names of the remaining 15 film players. NOTE: (1) Additional entries must be written out separately. (2) Alterations cannot be accepted. (3) MISPELT NAMES COUNT AS ERRORS. IMPORTANT: Use the diagram for working out your solution and, when you have solved the names, write your list in order on a sheet of plain paper (one side only). Enclose a Postal Note for 1/- as entry fee—additional entries will be charged 6d. each—(stamps will not be accepted) and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, NOT LATER THAN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1935 "FILM STARS" COMPETITION, G.P.O. Box 1334T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

No. 1. STAN	ALLURES LAUREL	No. 9. B	QWYCKSTAN
" 2. O	OYHARD	" 10. A	OUENJO
" 3. A	RADOBY	" 11. R	NARROVON
" 4. H	SONGIBS	" 12. S	ALIVESUMMERL
" 5. Z	SPITT	" 13. G	SONYSWAN
" 6. K	NARDMAYO	" 14. A	RAKDOR
" 7. F	CHARMS	" 15. J	LOWHARD
" 8. N	BLEERY	" 16. M	SONEROB

Prize Money and Sealed Solution are deposited with "Truth and Sportsman" Ltd.

Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final.

RESULTS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THIS PAPER ON ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 16th.

"Search for Film Stars" Competition No. 6

RESULTS:

Two Entrants sent fully correct solutions, and therefore share the prize, £25 cash, each receiving £12/10/-.

L. S. WILSON, 21 Wellington Street, Chippendale.
S. DOUGLAS, 52 Cook Road, Randwick.

SOLUTION.—1, Jack Hulbert; 2, Herbert Marshall; 3, Robert Montgomery; 4, John Gilbert; 5, Frank Morgan; 6, Frances Day; 7, Ben Turpin; 8, Nancy Carroll; 9, George K. Fox; 10, Babe Driscoll; 11, Mary Astor; 12, Moll Hamilton; 13, Diana Wynyard; 14, Frances Yarn; 15, Dick Powell; 16, George Cooper; 17, Luita Lane; 18, Gene Gerrard; 19, Barry Jones; 20, Mische Ave.

Results of No. 5 Competition appeared in issue of October 29.

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FAT
reduce EASILY
SAFELY
QUICKLY
BY
DETOXICATION
THE BONKORA METHOD

In the vast majority of cases obesity is due to a toxic condition... to the presence of poisons in the system. These poisons are created through faulty elimination, over-eating, drinking, etc. Until your body is free from them and your organs function properly, excess weight cannot be naturally reduced.

BonKora Eliminates Poisons.
Detoxication is essential—and the safe, natural and rapid treatment is BonKora. BonKora cleans and tones the system and causes excess fat to disappear. It reduces your weight without the aid of starving methods or intricate diets. Yet there is NO THYROID in BonKora. It contains no harmful ingredients on the contrary, every element in BonKora is a health-building element—medically tested.

Reduce Weight—
Improve Health.
Case records are available showing how BonKora has reduced up to 35

The Fortunate FACULTY

Continued from Page 34

RATCLIFFE frowned. "Mrs. Hamilton thinks there's just a possibility he may still be alive," he hinted.

Jan began to see things, then. He was in love with John's wife. That was perfectly obvious. And she?—Well, Jan scarcely knew, then. He watched her face, trying to read its expression; but, somehow, it eluded him.

"That's what brought me here, really," Ratcliffe said, nodding at the clumsy bulk of the burnt ship. "We've had orders to sink all dangerous derelics by gunfire. Peril to shipping you know."

Jan turned and stared at the jungle. It was bright green, splashed with gold and silver. Where was John?

"That's what brought me here, really," Ratcliffe said, nodding at the clumsy bulk of the burnt ship. "We've had orders to sink all dangerous derelics by gunfire. Peril to shipping you know."

Jan rather liked the stern, authori-

tative ring in his young voice.

"When?" he asked. "To-morrow," Ratcliffe answered. "Immediately it's light."

They talked of other matters, then. Jan left them still sitting there together, close to the sea. He thought what a pretty pair they made.

From the jungle, later, he spied on them shamelessly. He saw how her eyes looked at him, so gently, so caressingly, when they were alone. And yet there was no suggestion of love-making. He understood that, too. They were both loyal about it.

Jan went back through the jungle, very slowly, and deep in thought. He sat chewing sepi and watching John. In comparison with that clean-limbed young officer on the beach John disgusted him more than ever.

"What's the matter with you?" John said. "Lost your tongue, Jan?"

"I saw your wife again to-day," Jan told him off-handedly.

John snatched up a bottle and gulped down more liquor, wiping his mouth with the back of a not very clean hand.

Suddenly, with an oath, he flung away the half-empty bottle and jumped to his feet. Jan, too, got up.

"Where are you going, John?"

"To my wife, and I should advise you not to try to stop me."

Jan laughed in his face. "Going to your wife—in that state?"

John halted, staring down savagely at his dirty, ragged clothes.

"Wait until to-morrow, John," Jan said, putting a hand gently on his arm.

"But why should I wait? She's my wife, isn't she?"

"To-morrow," Jan said, smiling at him. "I'll lend you some of my clothes. They may be rather big, but they'll be clean and new, John. You can bathe and shave and wait for the liquor to get out of your system."

Sullenly, muttering to himself, he sat down again.

"How long were you married to her, John?"

"Only a couple of years. Scarcely had time to know each other, really."

"She's fine, John," said sweetly. John glared resentfully.

"Meaning I'm not, I suppose?" Jan shrugged.

"You don't love her, John," he said gently.

"Don't talk like a fool!"

"I'm not, John. I'm talking sane, cold reason. You merely want her because the stupid ideas of civilization have bound her to you."

John found the bottle and started to drink again.

"You don't know what you're talking about!"

"I do, John. If you really cared for your wife, how could you ever think of going to her in such a condition?"

John didn't make any reply to that. Jan let him drink, and went with him down to the beach. He was staggering. He paused when he saw the dim shape of the destroyer.

"Hallo," he jerked out. "What the devil does she want here?"

Jan pushed him into the small boat and began to row. It had started to rain heavily. The sea and the two ships were blotched from sight.

"Looking for smug?" Mrs. Hamilton, he said.

Jan helped him on board the blackened hulk. John was so drunk by that time that he had to be carried almost. Jan put him in the bunk and covered him over with some blankets.

He began to snore almost immediately. Half-way up the perilous hanging companion Jan remembered something. He went back and got it.

It was still raining heavily as he rowed to the shore. No one, he knew, could have seen...

JUST before dawn he rowed out to the destroyer. Lieutenant Ratcliffe himself met him at the gangway. He was looking for somebody. She arrived a minute later, smiling, excited.

The dawn grew suddenly; the gun-crew stood ready. John's wife stood beside the young officer. He was laughing and explaining the complicated mechanism to her. But Jan kept his eyes fixed on that dark hulk.

Then he turned and looked at John Hamilton's wife.

"When I give the command," said the young officer, "you just press that button there..."

Jan looked at it curiously. It gleamed brightly against the dawn. He heard a voice giving a short, sharp series of figures. The turret-gun swung round, the black muzzle of it came down slowly.

An order was shouted. John's wife leaned forward. The tip of a slender white finger pressed the gleaming little button.

The ship seemed to shiver. Jan heard a screaming noise in the sky. Through the clearing smoke he saw a tremendous explosion on board the hulk, a livid flame whose reflection blinded him for an instant.

Bits of the hulk flew in fragments across the sea. He saw a big mass lift

itself a moment, then sink from sight. And, when he looked again, the hulk was gone.

John's wife turned, and her eyes were dancing in the sun.

"A gallant shot," she cried, and clapped her hands.

The night was very quiet; only the crooning murmur of the dark reefs glistening under the starry sky.

Jan looked at her face and said: "I should have told you this before, I suppose. Mrs. Hamilton, your husband is dead."

She stood very still. "You're sure?" she asked.

"Quite sure," Jan said. "I saw him die with my own eyes."

She turned quickly. "Poor John," she said, and her eyes were wet. "But why didn't you tell me in the first place?"

"It was not a pleasant thing to have to say," Jan replied softly. "I put it off to the very last."

Back he went across the beach. The night was warm. The stars were big and bright in the sky. He took the gold watch from his pocket and smiled at it.

Jan was quite untroubled; his conscience slept like a little child. There was peace in his heart, and quiet satisfaction.

(Copyright)

A little whiff of fashion news...



FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

ARE FOUND IN

SUMMER-BREEZE

New Corded Cotton Fabric

36 ins. wide and only 1/11½ yd.

● "Goodness — what a day I've had! And now, imagine — got to take off my own socks and shoes! Work — work — work! . . . Lucky I'm always in the pink-and-white of condition."



● "Now — let's see — do I pull or push? Pull, I guess. Yeave-ho! . . . Nope—didn't work! Guess I'd better pull in the other direction. Oh, dear — I'm getting hot and cross! . . . Get ready with that Johnson's Baby Powder!"



● "Oops! There she comes! Pretty smart of me to figure that out! Now for the other foot. And then — oh boy! — my bath and a Johnson's Baby Powder rub-down! And I want to say this to every mother listening in . . ."



● "Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find some powders are gritty — but Johnson's is so soft and smooth you can't believe it!"

● Johnson's is the softest powder made; and by far the best for baby's skin. For complete protection, use also Johnson's Baby Soap, and Johnson's Baby Cream.



Johnson's BABY powder
BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

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Now 9d. Per Tablet

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for furniture and woodwork. Dries in a few hours with a rich, lasting, washable gloss. Also use "QUICK" Stain—"QUICK" Silver—and "QUICK" Clear Varnish.

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BLISS
Free from Mosquitoes

APPLY LIKE
A FACE CREAM

FOR BLISSFUL SLUMBER...FREE FROM MOSQUITOES

THE CHANGE Gives Children a Chance

Perhaps you have tried all kinds of ways to keep a child's bowels in proper condition, and failed.

Yet, a child who has been convalescing in a hospital will usually come out with bowels working like a well-regulated watch.

The average mother gives any laxative the family may be using, while doctors give children a liquid laxative of suitable ingredients, suitable strength, and in suitable amount.

Try This Way:

Avoid all use of mineral drugs, whether they are salts, pills, tablets, or "candy" form. Even once a month is too often to give any child a cathartic strong enough for adults. Use a liquid laxative containing senna (a natural laxative). California Syrup of Figs has the right amount for children's use, and this rich, fruity syrup does not upset a child's system.

Doctors Say This:

A liquid laxative is safest for children of any age, because the dose can be regulated, and its action controlled. It is not wise to give a laxative of adult strength to a child, just because you give it less often or in small amounts. Stomach, spleen and bowel troubles of growing boys and girls can often be traced to this mistake.

When you change to pure California Syrup



of Figs instead of harsh medicines, you risk no more violence to your child's appetite, digestion, and general physical condition. You'll have a safer, more satisfactory result, too. Those little squeals and complaints just disappear as a rule and the child is soon normal again. Try it.

The "Liquid Tea"

This is the way to relieve occasional sluggishness or constipation, in a child of any age:

First: Select a liquid laxative of the proper strength for children. Second: Give the dose suited to the child's age, and condition. Third: Endure the dose, it appeared, until the bowels are moving without any help at all.

An ideal laxative for this purpose is California Syrup of Figs, which every chemist keeps in stock. Be certain that it is the genuine product, with "California" on the bottle.

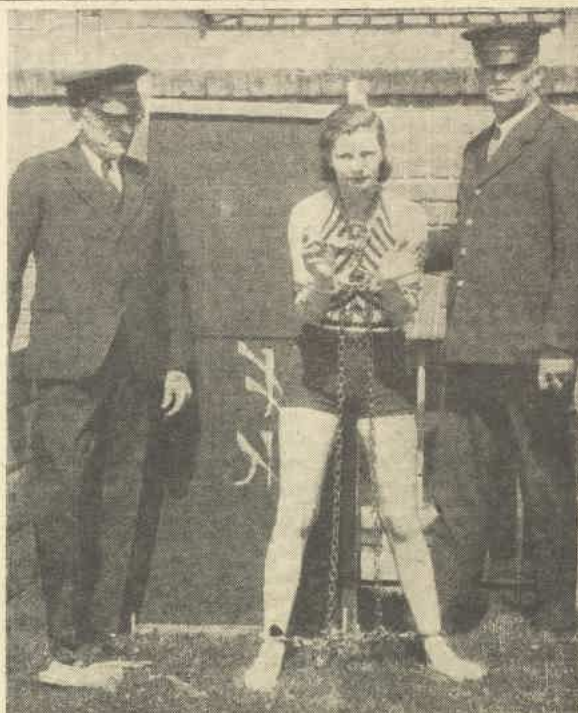
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FOR YOU!



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124 Liverpool St., 1st Floor (opp. Snow's), SYDNEY. Phone M4306.
HOURS: Monday to Thursday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Friday, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Saturday, 9.30 a.m. to 12 noon.

Listen-in to Mr. McHugh's talk on Skin Diseases from Station 2SM every Wednesday evening at 7.15 p.m.



HOW DOES SHE DO IT? An American girl, Miss Millicent Cazan, 21, claims to be the logical successor to the late Houdini, and to prove her claim she visited the Washington State Penitentiary. She is shown with two of the prison guards who had handcuffed her and chained her, and placed her in a box, the lid of which was nailed down. In two and a half minutes she was out of the box, and the top lid had not been removed.

IS WOMAN an Inferior ANIMAL?

Victorians Say She Is and Win Debate

Six men—only two of them married—debating the subject of "Woman," attracted a large audience to the Assembly Hall, Melbourne, on Friday night.

It was the third of a series of debates held between a Victorian and a New South Wales team, the first interstate debates ever held here. The third debate attracted an audience more than twice the size of earlier debates about application of sanctions and lotteries.

THE N.S.W. team paid woman the tribute of treating the subject rather earnestly, while the Victorians, who asserted that "woman is an inferior animal," showed a distinct tendency to frivolity.

Mr. R. A. Smithers (Victoria) heroically opened the attack, and based his argument on the fundamental differences between the superior and inferior animal.

These differences, he asserted, numbered three—lack of reasoning power, lack of power to distinguish between right and wrong, and lack of full appreciation of the arts.

Adam's Recovery

To illustrate woman's lack of moral sense he told several stories, including the one about an eminent K.C. questioning a woman witness. Having asked her a number of questions as to whether she had written a letter to the defendant, and whether she had stated certain facts—to all of which she replied, "No"—he produced a letter and asked was it in her handwriting. To which she replied, "Mother is a mean thing. Why did she give you that?" Mr. Smithers suggested that the woman was more distressed that her mother had let her down than that she herself had lied.

To prove his third assertion he said that only very occasionally did a woman rise above the inferiority of her sex and become outstanding in any of the arts.

Mr. K. A. Ness (Vic.), whose dandee was in the audience, suggested that experience of history justified Mr. Smithers' case. In the beginning woman was a side-issue of man. When Eve tempted Adam she apparently did not reason about it. Adam reasoned, saw that he was wrong, but still did wrong.

With this victory over Adam's reasoning, Eve started off with a flying advantage, but had failed to follow it up. Once ejected from the Garden of Eden, Adam mended his ways, exercised his superior reasoning, and reduced woman to the inferior occupation of sewing on buttons and wadding a broom.

Mr. Ness' final bombshell was a very

small cracker. Woman's attitude to the marriage question was another proof of her inferiority. She recognised her inferiority as an economic provider by spending 30 years of her life making sure she would be secure for the next 30 years.

The N.S.W. team rose manfully to the attack with the statement that while in certain limited spheres—for example, muscular strength—woman was inferior, in her own sphere, which centres round the maintenance of the home, she was considerably superior to man.

The trend of woman's thought had been stabilising and refining, which could not be said of men. Woman's undoubted efficiency in maintaining the home and family was the very basis of civilisation, and that argument alone would provide sufficient evidence that she was not inferior.

Woman had undoubtedly taken her place in the world outside the home, and was successfully maintaining it—another proof that she is not inferior.

The adjudicators, Messrs. Fullagar, K.C., J. Harrison and L. B. Davies, awarded victory to Victoria.

Jibe at N.S.W.

MR. SMITHERS, the first Victorian speaker, expressed surprise that three men from the State which had de-throned the chaperon and abolished the blush should think woman not inferior. They often heard the remark that "Mrs. So-and-so wears the trousers," indicating that she was not inferior, as normally skirts represented inferiority and trousers superiority.

Mr. Hutton (N.S.W.): "What is your authority for saying we have abolished the blush?"

Mr. Smithers: "I think it would be impossible for a lady to blush beneath the sun-tan gained on Sydney beaches."

Mr. Ness (Victoria) said that having listened to Mr. Hutton's championing of woman he concluded there must be a special brand of woman in New South Wales, the like of which had not been seen in any other civilisation.

Victoria, having won the three debates, was given the silver cup presented by E.Y. Mr. Robison received a cigarette box presented for the best debater in the New South Wales team.



MOTHERS! Give your children their milk-quota in tempting fresh fruit Junkets!

If your children won't drink milk, give them their daily requirement in the form of Hansen's delicious fruit Junkets! The colour, fragrance and real fruit flavours of these dainty Junkets encourage young appetites. Easily and quickly made with Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence, they solve the sweet problem for busy mothers.

Order some Hansen's Essence for Making Fruit Junket to-day from your grocer—serve Fruit Junkets regularly to the family!

• If you prefer plain junket, you can get Hansen's Junket Tablets at all grocers.

HANSEN'S Essence for making FRUIT JUNKETS ORANGE—LEMON RASPBERRY—VANILLA



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Quite apart from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, stomach acidity is the cause of almost all illness. Excess acid disturbs the alkaline balance of the system and reveals itself in such conditions as HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, CONSTIPATION and even RHEUMATISM. For perfect health and vitality it is essential to neutralize excess acid and stop food fermenting in the stomach. If you take, immediately after meals, a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the stomach remedy which doctors prescribe and hospitals use, you will quickly overcome indigestion and other painful conditions due to stomach acidity, your health will improve and you will feel better in yourself and with the world in general. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, powder or tablets, from your chemist and start your recovery to-day.

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A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Bismarck' Trade Mark.

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SET ON TOP of a swell of tender green, this delightful Spanish-Mediterranean home of Otto Kruger, M.G.-M. player, illustrates perfectly the incomparable beauty of well-kept lawns as a setting for a home, and the charm of a gently-modulated green rising for a situation. Light walls catch the morning sunshine, dazzling contrast to their green setting.

Make it a Stream of Tender Turf!

Green Lawns are a Perfect Setting for a Home and Colorful Flowers . . . Says the OLD GARDENER!

HERE are some things that must be lost to be appreciated, and of such a nature is a well-kept lawn. It is, perhaps, the only time we really appreciate the value of a trim, velvety carpet of healthy, close-growing grass, when we see rough, weedy lawns, forming totally inadequate settings for lovely flowers.

TO-DAY the Old Gardener has an eye on fathers, brothers, and other official tenders of lawns, for he tells how to make

and care for the lawn—a man's prerogative!

In all gardens there is nothing more attractive nor more refreshing than a well-made lawn, and now is a good time for the work.

When marking out the lawn, you must take into consideration the size of the house. A very large home would require extensive sweeping lawns, banks, and so on. Should the homestead be small with large grounds, design it with hedges, a summer house, bush house or pergola to break up the bare appearance, and give an evenly-designed effect.

The greatest tragedy to-day in and around our large cities is the building of flats like rabbit burrows, with no facilities for gardens and lawns. The small space which we see at the back for drying is just a strip of grass put down in a slipshod fashion, with very little or no sun whatever. The result is that in a very short time the grass intended for a lawn dies out, and there is nothing left but a mass of winter grass and weeds. The front of these flats has no room for lawns.

The land where a lawn is to be made should be trenched from two to three feet. Always remember when making a lawn that it is there for all time, so take a little longer to do the work thoroughly, and you will be well repaid for your trouble.

Deep cultivation will give the grass a chance to send the roots down in search of moisture and food, and the further down the roots can go the longer the grass can stand up to drought conditions, and the less water required to keep it on the move.

When the trenching is completed, the whole plot is made perfectly level. This is done by securing a perfectly straight board, and using it as a straight edge. Stand the board on its edge with one person at each end, then move the board straight along. This will give a perfectly level bed.

Turfing

Lawns can be made from either sowing the seed, turfing, or planting runners. For buffalo lawns, runners or sods are used; also in many couch lawns, sods cut into one-foot squares are used. This is a very quick and efficient method, for when done carefully and with method, a complete lawn can be had within a couple of weeks.

After the whole of the turf has been laid, packing them as close together as possible, bump down with a rammer or an ordinary hand roller. A good watering about half-an-hour before rolling is advisable, then a very light top-dressing with rich, loamy soil after rolling. Then rub well in with the back of the rake or a board made in the form of a scraper until the blades of grass show through the top-dressing. Watering and rolling should be continued for several weeks, by which time you will have a perfect lawn.

Another method of lawn-making is by sowing the seed, English mixed lawn grass, couch, or creeping bent need being used. The seed is broadcast, then covered very lightly, and kept moist by constant watering. After the grass is well up, continued rolling is necessary. This not only breaks up any lumps and levels the ground, but also firms the soil in such a way that the tiny roots

can take a firm hold in the soil. Constant watering is necessary. The turf must on no account be allowed to dry out.

To keep a lawn in good condition, it should be top-dressed annually, either with well-decayed manure, thoroughly broken up, or with rich, loamy soil and a sprinkling of bonedust, superphosphate, or blood and bone. Weeds should be removed as soon as they appear.

A good quick-acting tonic for lawns is sulphate of ammonia—1 lb. to ten gallons of water, sprayed on with a water-can, using about four gallons to nine square feet. The grass may go a little brown for a few days, but soon revives again, and grows luxuriantly free from all weeds and clover.

The proper method of sulphating lawns is to have two lines three feet apart, stretching the full width of the lawn. Mark off in sections from 3 to 6 feet in length. When this has been sulphated with the watering can, change the back line over the front one and continue this operation until the whole lawn is completed. By this method no portion of the lawn is missed, and, when completed, will give that rich-green appearance that will be the envy of everybody.

KISSABLE LIPS



Men say so!

Men want to kiss lips—not lipstick. There's no danger of "paint" spoiling the illusion with Tangee—it never coats lips with a layer of lipstick. Instead it blends with your lips . . . intensifies your own natural coloring. Its cream base soothes and protects chapped lips.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade, Tangee Creme Rouge changes color to suit. Waterproof, Greaseless.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look, make the face seem older. **PAINTED**—Don't risk that painted look! It's coarsening and men don't like it. **TANGEE**—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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DARLINS are excellent for both garden decoration and cutting. We offer readers the following collection at the reduced price of 1/-, postage 1/- extra. N.S.W. 1/- 1/8. **MAURETANIA**—Fawn, shading to salmon buff. 2/6. **MIMOSA**—Bright canary yellow. 2/6. **RIVERDALE**—Rich creamy yellow. 2/6. **DAILY MAIL**—The most popular variety, with petals of deep brown and yellow at base, and changing to orange shaded. 1/6. **MAVIS JONES**—Golden bronze. 2/6. **D.L. JENNY**—Salmon buff and copper shaded. 1/6.

We consider the shades mentioned are the most popular, and they would give an abundance of flowers.

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Complete set of Nine Leaflets, 1/-, including postage.

Name . . .
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DRESS THEM LAVISHLY!

A dozen different ways of decorating all manner of cakes for teas, parties and suppers

ONCE upon a time, birthday and wedding cakes were the only kinds to carry any elaborate form of decoration. To-day, clever cooks evolve all sorts of attractive coverings and garnishings for the small as well as the large variety.

These recipes and hints, therefore, will be joyfully hailed by housewives not fully versed in the art, but who, naturally, wish their cakes to look tempting and carry the professional touch.

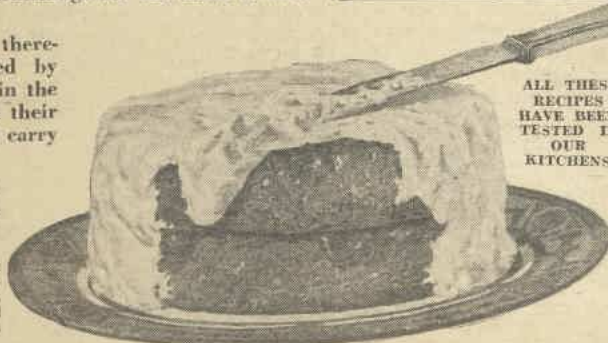
ICING is by no means a difficult task—requiring only practice for your cakes to display that professional air.

The amateur may think, watching one well versed in the art, that the professional touch is beyond her scope, but with perseverance, good recipes and expert suggestions at hand, she can master the most intricate embellishments.

By Ruth Furst

Cookery Expert in The Australian Women's Weekly

ALL THESE
RECIPES
HAVE BEEN
TESTED IN
OUR
KITCHENS.



ABOVE: Showing a cake being decorated with seven-minute frosting. See recipe. At left: Caramel slices are delicious. Any butter sponge is suitable. Cover first with caramel icing, sprinkle with chopped nuts, or coconut, and then cut into slices as shown.

monometer is used at 240 degrees. Beat the white of egg stiffly, add very gradually to it the syrup. Beat till white and thick enough to pour over the cake.

MARBLE ICING.

Make some fruit-flavored warm icing. Divide into 3 cups. Leave one portion white. Color second pink, and the third brown. Place in horizontal bars across the surface of the cake 1 inch wide. In the opposite direction, with the point of a skewer, draw up and down full length of the cake 3 inch apart. The colors are drawn together.

CARAMEL ICING.

One cup brown sugar, vanilla, 1 cup milk or water. Boil the sugar and water in an enamel saucepan till it hairs or reaches a temperature of 240 degrees. Remove from the gas and beat till thick, then add the vanilla and pour over the cakes.

VIENNA ICING.

Four ounces butter, 8oz. icing sugar, essence. Cream the butter and add the sifted icing sugar gradually. Beat till quite white and smooth, then add any essence or flavoring as required.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING.

White 1 egg, 7-8th cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, 2 tablespoons water, essence. Put the sugar and cream tartar in a basin, add unbeaten white of egg, water, and essence. Whisk over boiling water for 7 minutes. Cool slightly. Pour over cake.

ROYAL ICING.

White of 1 egg, 7 or 8oz. icing sugar, few drops lemon juice. Add the well-sifted icing sugar gradually to the unbeaten white of egg. Add the lemon juice and beat well till free from lumps and quite smooth. Then use for decorating. Have coating icing slightly thinner than for piping work. When not in use cover with a slightly damp cloth.

DRESSING the SALAD ...

A tangy dressing can raise the most mundane salad to delectable heights.

INDIAN SALAD

Indian salad is appetising in hot weather. It consists of a lettuce with a dressing made of chutney—about 1 tablespoon—a good pinch of all-spice, 2 tablespoons of vinegar and, if preferred, 1 tablespoon of claret. The lettuce is put into the middle of the salad bowl and around it are placed thin slices of hard-boiled egg, a few shrimps and slices or quarters of lemon.

DRESSING FOR LETTUCE SALAD

One quarter cupful of vinegar (preferably wine vinegar), 1 cupful castor sugar, 1 level teaspoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon salt and dash of cayenne, 1 teaspoon finely chopped raw onion, 1 cupful salad oil.

Mix vinegar, castor sugar, celery seed, salt and cayenne well together and allow to stand for one hour. Just before serving, add the finely-chopped raw onion and the salad oil. Stir well, pour over the lettuce and turn, so that each leaf is evenly coated.

A MEAL
IN A MINUTE Pick's
ANCHOVETTE
THE MOST POPULAR FISH PASTE
IN AUSTRALIA!



ABOVE: Warm icing in various colors and flavorings decorates the attractive dish of petit fours showing above. Crystallized cherries and chopped nuts make delicious garnishings. At left: Genoese cake. Stand on a rack before pouring over white warm icing. When cool decorate with pink royal icing.



ALMOND PASTE.

Half pound ground almonds, 1lb. icing sugar, yolks 2 eggs, 2 table-spoons sherry, few drops lemon juice.

Sift the icing sugar, add the ground almonds. Mix well. Beat the yolks, add lemon and sherry. Then add to the dry ingredients, making into a dry dough. Turn on to a pastry board well sprinkled with icing sugar. Roll out to size and shape required to cover the cakes.

TOFFEE ICING.

Sugar, chopped nuts.

Put about 1 cup of white crystallized sugar into an aluminium saucepan, place over a low flame, and allow it to slowly melt. When a pale golden brown, remove from the heat and pour over the cake. Sprinkle with nuts. Leave till firm before cutting.

FROSTING.

White 1 egg, 8 to 12oz. sifted icing sugar, essence, coloring. Beat the white stiffly, add the icing sugar gradually, beating all the time. Then add essence and coloring to taste. Spread roughly over the cake.



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TOMATOES FOR SOUP OR FOR COOKING for 6 people for one penny. Delicious Pears, Peaches, Apricots, or Plums for 6 people for twopence. Get your Outfit, and start saving now. Stocked by Ironmongers, Stores and Grocers.

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CLEVER RECIPES Win Prizes FOR READERS

All May Enter Our Comprehensive Best Recipe Competition!

There is nothing like competition to improve the general standard of a thing—whatever it may be. And so with our recipes. Each week hundreds of enthusiastic readers send along entries. Of these only the very best are chosen and published, thus ensuring a new and varied menu for our readers each week.

SEND along without further ado your favorite recipe—you know the one, the one the family are continually asking you to make more of. Do not think the dish must be elaborate and expensive. Nothing of the kind. For instance, if you can do anything different with that good old breakfast food, the egg—if you know of a clever way with fruit, with meat, with tomatoes—anything—send the recipe along, it may win you a cash prize of £1, or a second prize of 10/-, or, again, one of the consolation prizes. Here are this week's prize recipes:—

HEDGEBOG

One sponge cake, stewed fruit, 1 wineglass sherry, 4 eggs, 8oz. castor sugar, 2oz. almonds, whipped cream. Place an oval sponge cake in glass casserole, scoop out centre to almost bottom, and fill with well-cooked stewed fruit. Pour over sherry or half cup fruit juice. Make a meringue with egg-whites and 8oz. castor sugar. When well beaten spread over cake, covering it entirely. Make a small head with centre of cake, and form eyes and feet with strips of chocolate. Shred 2oz. almonds and place in meringue to form bristles. Place in oven to brown slightly. Serve when cold with whipped cream. Delicious.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. J. Byrne, Gladstone St., Pimlico, Townsville, Qld.

BAKED CHOCOLATE SOUFFLE

One ounce chocolate, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 1oz. flour, 1oz. butter, 1 gill milk, 2 egg-yolks and 4 whites, vanilla. Grate the chocolate and dissolve in a small quantity of milk. Take off the fire and add remainder of the milk. Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in flour and cinnamon, and when blended add the chocolate milk. Bring to the boil. Cook this till the mixture leaves the sides of the pan, keeping well stirred. Then take off fire. Add sugar and vanilla flavoring. Beat in the yolks of the eggs one at a time. Lastly, fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites and turn the mixture into a buttered souffle dish (about two-thirds filling same). Bake till well risen and nicely browned.

Serve immediately. It is cooked with a vanilla custard which can be made with the remaining yolks of eggs and barely half-pint of milk, adding sugar and vanilla.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss Z. Dawson, 7 Glebe St., Hobart.

DUTCH CAKE

Cream together 1 cup butter with 1 cup sugar; add 1 egg. Add 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt. Divide in half. Line two sandwich trays with the pastry, leaving a little to put on top, then spread raspberry jam.

The apothecary mixture: Cream 2 tablespoons butter with 4 tablespoons sugar; add 4 tablespoons milk, vanilla, 2 eggs; add to this 8 tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, and 2 teaspoons cocoa, also a few chopped walnuts. Beat a few minutes, and pour into

Economical Hint

LEFT-OVER stewed fruit can be utilised this way—to form the basis of an attractive sweet for next day's dinner. Take a jelly the same color as the fruit and dissolve it with the heated juice. Pour this over the fruit, and set. Serve with cream.

sandwich trays; put a few strips of pastry on top, crosswise, and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes. Before turning the cakes out, leave in this a few minutes and they will turn out without breaking.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. M. Eckert, Coonoor, Barraba, N.S.W.

MOULDED SHEEP'S TONGUES

Boil six corned sheep's tongues till tender; skin, and trim. Line a basin or mould with sliced hard-boiled eggs and beetroot. Arrange tongues in mould. To two cupsful of liquor in which the tongues were boiled add seasoning to taste and one dessertspoon of powdered gelatine; when dissolved, pour over tongues. Put in ice-chest to set. When set, turn out on dish and garnish with parsley or lettuce leaves. Serve with salad and mashed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to H. Padrola, 292 Canterbury Rd., Campbell, N.S.W.

FAIRY BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 5oz. self-raising flour, almonds, essence.

Put the butter in a saucepan and heat it until it becomes a light brown color. Take off the stove and let it cool, but do not let it set. Beat in the sugar, then the egg, and when thoroughly mixed add the flour, sifted with a pinch of salt, and the essence. Drop half a teaspoon of the mixture on a cool, greased oven tray a little distance apart, as these biscuits spread. Place half an almond on each one, and bake in a moderate oven till done.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Biggins, Meribah, S.A.

SALMON PUFFS

Mash a small tin of salmon with liquor in the tin, and add 2oz. of self-raising flour, 1 saltspoon salt, pinch of cayenne, a dessertspoon of chopped parsley; finally mix in two well-beaten eggs and add sufficient milk to make mixture the consistency of sponge sandwich dough. Drop in dessertspoonfuls into very hot fat and fry a golden brown. They puff up beautifully, and are nice served with mashed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. A. McDonald, 395 Howard St., Ballarat North, Vic.

Petty's Hotel for Comfort and Service

When you visit Sydney, stay at Petty's Hotel. Enjoy this atmosphere of quiet comfort. Take advantage, too, of its convenient position, its easy access to all centres of business and social activity. York Street, Sydney.

Wire or Write for Reservations.

R. J. Langley, Manager.

Betty's ready for 8 hours Beauty sleep...

What about her SKIN?



Let's hope she removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way. Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause ugly Cosmetic Skin.

BEAUTY SLEEP'S important—for you and for your skin, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty. Many a girl who thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder still in the pores. It is this choking of the pores that causes ugly Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

A LEVER PRODUCT (270.1)



STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "PRIVATE WORLDS"



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Snappy Beach Bag and Shoes

Made from Colored Raffia, they'll give your Bathing Kit that Smart and Fashionable South Sea Island Touch.

ALL you girls who desire to get away from the ordinary will seize upon this idea—make in readiness for those gorgeous, care-free days ahead this novel matching set.

Materials Required: 1 lb. natural raffia, 1 threepenny bundle each of royal, jade, red, mauve, and black; 1 pair wooden handles 12in.; 1 pair 3's leather soles; 1 piece oil balse, 15in. x 23in.

Bag in Garter Stitch: Using No. 7 needles, cast on 64 sts. K. 32 rows in natural, 16 rows black, 16 jade, 2 black, 16 mauve, 2 black, 16 red, 2 black, 32 blue, 2 black, 16 red, 2 black, 16 mauve, 2 black, 16 jade, 2 black, 32 natural. Cast off.

To Make Up: Carefully push any visible knots through to the wrong side. Press well with a very damp cloth and a hot iron on the wrong side. Join up the sides open for 2in. Join up the knitted piece on the wrong side to 3in. of the top. Slip the oil balse bag inside the raffia one, turning in and tacking the open edges. Overcast the 3in. openings, tack the top together, slightly



GOLDEN GIRLS of the beach—how smart they are today in their perfectly-cut swimmer, in their choice of gay beach accessories. And here's a bright suggestion—bag and matching shoes in colorful raffia. They'll give individuality and chic to any outfit.

garter. * K. 8 m. 1, k. 2 tog. k. 1, * k. 7 rows garter and repeat * to * k. 6ins. garter and cast off. K. the 11 sts. on the other side of the shoe to match.

To Make Up: Press the piece on the wrong side. Join up the back, sew the lower edge to the edge of the leather sole with strong thread. Make a single chain of natural raffia with a coarse crochet hook (or a fine 3-strand plait) and thread through the four holes, leaving ends long enough to tie in a secure bow (about 20in.). As the soles are shaped, be careful to make left and right, and not two for one foot.

gathering the 15in. to fit the 12in. bag handle, and sew the bag to the handle with strong double thread.

The Shoes in Garter Stitch: Using No. 7 needles, cast on 8 sts. with royal, k. 2 rows plain. Then k. these stripes, knitting twice into the first and last st. of every other row. Four blue, 2 black, 4 red, 2 black, 4 mauve, 2 black, 4 jade, 1 black. Then k. 11 black, cast off 10, k. 11. Join on natural and k. 4 rows

Lost 25 lbs. Fat

REDUCED HIPS 5 INCHES AND DID NOT DIET!

Never felt so well or so full of energy in her life



The immense success of Thalco Thermal Salts in assisting stout people to reduce has brought numerous letters from grateful women all over Australia. Below is printed a letter from a lady who lost 25 lbs. in weight and reduced her hips by 5 inches, without any dieting whatever. This wonderful change was brought about solely by taking Thalco Thermal Salts regularly every morning. Read this letter:

Dear Sirs,
It gives me great pleasure to let you know of the benefit I have received from taking Thalco Thermal Salts. My age is 30 years and before taking Thalco Thermal Salts I was 10 stone 12 lbs. After taking Thalco for six months, I have reduced to 9 stone 1 lb. I might mention I was carrying most of the weight on my hips. Thalco Thermal Salts reduced my hips by 5 inches; furthermore, I have never felt so well and full of energy in my life. I have recommended Thalco Thermal Salts to quite a number of my friends.
I forgot to mention that I did not diet myself while taking the salts.
Yours faithfully,
Mrs. G. W.

NO DANGEROUS REDUCING PROPERTIES

Thalco Thermal Salts are a combination of salts similar to the principal salts found in many of the Thermal Springs of Europe and other parts of the world. They make it possible for stout people to reduce not because of any dangerous or other reducing properties in the salts themselves, but by assisting the internal organs each day to rid the system of waste products which, if not regularly eliminated, are liable to be converted into fatty tissue. Thalco Thermal Salts gently and naturally clear the system of fat-forming wastes and also of uric acid and impurities which give rise to Bad Complexion, Skin Blemishes, Rheumatism, etc., etc.

NO RESULTS—NO PAY We invite any stout person to purchase a 1/6 jar of THALCO THERMAL SALTS from the nearest Chemist. Begin taking Thalco Thermal Salts to-morrow morning—a teaspoonful in a big glass of hot water before breakfast—and continue until you have used two jars. If you are not then satisfied with the result, simply send the two empty cartons to the distributors—Parry, Barker and Co., 18-20 Martin Place, Sydney—and the full purchase price, with postage added, will be refunded to you at once without question or controversy. You need, therefore, take no financial risk whatever in giving Thalco Thermal Salts a thorough trial and proving to your own satisfaction what they will do for you.

You too can reduce your waistline, hips and weight. You too can possess a slim, stylish figure—and without drastic dieting. Thalco Thermal Salts not only assist you to reduce your weight, but give you radiant health, a clear glowing skin and sparkling eyes.

THALCO THERMAL SALTS

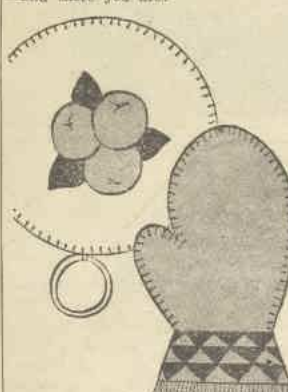
PRICE 1/6 PER JAR AT ALL CHEMISTS

Two Little Christmas Gifts!

Kettle-holder and Kitchen Gloves in Felt

How many homemakers would appreciate one or both of these—made so easily by your own hands? It is not always the expensive gift that pleases, as most of us have found.

The smart little kettle-holder, a necessity in every kitchen, is simply two circles of felt buttonholed together and decorated with odd scraps of felt or cretonne. The fruit and leaves are simply stitched on in self colors. A small curtain ring is attached as shown—and there you are!



HEAVY FLANNEL could be utilised instead of felt for the handy kettle-holder and house-gloves. They are the very simplest things to make, and yet, with bright trimmings, look most effective.

A pair of kitchen gloves, like the one illustrated, would be a boon to anyone in the house. Cut double and button-hole together all round as shown. The cuffs can be ornamented with bright colored wools, and finished with a wool fringe.

For the sake of service, it is advisable to cut gloves from a dark soft felt or heavy flannel.



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IF YOU WANT TO ENJOY MORE LEISURE To Save Money Bright, Clean Pots & Pans A Cool Kitchen Perfect Cooking YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY

30% REDUCTION

In rates for all who cook Electrically.

To every house in which an Electric Range (4 k.w. and over) is installed, secondary kilowatt hours (units) of electricity will now be supplied at 3d (sevenpence) of a penny) per unit, instead of 1d (one penny) per unit, instead of 1d (one penny) per unit, instead of 1d (one penny) per unit, instead of 1d (one penny) per unit.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

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(up to a cost of £5)

Users of approved Electric ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.

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The Electricity Department

The Municipal Council of Sydney . . . Town Hall, Sydney EP:18

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(REGISTERED)

makes your hair glorious

Sub "GRO-GROW" is slightly with finger-tips to the hair roots then brush freely and briskly. Five minutes' daily brushing with "GRO-GROW" works wonders. Get the wonderful effect to suit!

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We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

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TAKEN 'DAILY DOSE' for 20 YEARS

To Keep Rheumatism Away

78-Year-Old Woman's
Tribute to Kruschen

It was when she was 58 that this woman had rheumatism. She took Kruschen Salts to relieve it. And here she is now—still free from rheumatism—still taking the little daily dose of Kruschen—as she has done for the past 20 years.

"I am very pleased to tell you," she writes, "that I have been using Kruschen Salts for over twenty years—first in England, and then over here for seven years. I started it in England for rheumatism—and found it doing me good, so continued with it. I have had no rheumatism since coming here. I am in my 78th year, and shall go on using Kruschen as long as I live, just the small daily dose, as recommended."—(Mrs.) E.H.

Rheumatism has its origin in intestinal stasis (delay)—a condition of which the sufferer is seldom aware. It means the unsuspected accumulation of waste matter and the consequent formation of excess uric acid. If you could see the knife-edged crystals of uric acid under the microscope you would readily understand why they cause those cutting pains. And if you could see



how Kruschen dulls the sharp edges of those crystals, then dissolves them away altogether, you would agree that this scientific treatment must bring relief from rheumatic agony.

The remarkable effectiveness of Kruschen in cases of rheumatism, and similar complaints, has created for it a world-wide sale. Kruschen is taken by the people of 119 different countries. In none of those countries is there anything else quite like it—nothing else that gives the same results.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/9 per bottle.

For Summer "Vitality" insist on

HORLICK'S

"COLD"

it's more than a drink, it's a food!



"We always used to have Cashmere Bouquet at our house when I was a little girl. My mother loved nice things and she adored its wonderful fragrance..."

FOR more than three generations the delicate perfumed Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet has lent its subtle charm to the allure of lovely women...

Its exquisite fragrance—the blended perfume of 17 rare and costly scents—has ever bespoke the daintiest and loveliest of soaps. Its creamy purity has always made it the instinctive choice of women who love fine things.

Why not give your skin the complexion care that only a soap so pure and fine as Cashmere Bouquet can offer?

Use it for your bath as well as your complexion. It costs very little—and it's long-lasting. Why not decide to buy a cake of Cashmere Bouquet to-day?

Colgate's
Cashmere Bouquet
The Aristocrat of Toilet Soaps



FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS The Three-Year-Old

By MARY TRUBY KING

Bodily and mental development should always work hand-in-hand with the growing child.

It is of little use to concentrate solely on baby's physical progress and neglect his emotional life, for each bout of unhappiness retards him physically, just as each physical illness has its effect on his mental health.

THE child of three is beginning to make some return by little acts of affection for the love you have bestowed upon him since he came. Every child is sensitive to the mental atmosphere of his home. Adult caprices are not a sound background for his impressionable brain. He needs to have his day planned on a more or less regular basis of bath, food, play, rest, food, mothering, exercise, food, bath, and sleep. No one day should differ very much from the rest if the child is to make normal, natural progress.

The child who is given to storms of temper, fits of weeping, refusing his food, and general sulks, is usually the child of parents who are unhappy themselves, full of fussy over-anxiety, and given to airing their differences in the presence of their children.

Some mothers, in a valiant attempt to carry out every slightest detail of advice they have received from mothercraft centres and through mothercraft text books, fail to take into account "the rounded whole"—they fail to get that which they strive after through an over-insistence on detail.

It is such people whom one hears saying, "I don't know why I take so much

trouble. Mrs. Next-door's children just run wild, and look at them!—healthy, rosy cheeks, and never a squeak out of them."

But probably, did one study the lives of Mrs. Next-door's children, one would find they conformed to a perfect daily rhythm of good, plain food, plenty of outdoor joyful exercise, and at night long, sound sleep.

THE pre-school child should be drilled in the rhythm of bodily functions. Now is the time to insist upon a regular daily bowel movement, preferably just after breakfast. Make this visit to the lavatory a rule of the home, and you will be establishing a habit which will last for life.

Meal-times should be regular. Three good meals a day, and no biscuits or sweets between. The following is a sample menu for a child of this age.

ON WAKING: A drink of water and piece of raw, ripe apple.

BREAKFAST: Wholemeal bread, butter, and honey. Drink of milk and water. Fruit. (N.B.—No egg or meat dish till the child goes to school.)

DINNER: A small helping of meat (NOT pork or veal), two vegetables (one green and one root, such as French beans and parsnips), potato, a little butter over the vegetables, a little meat gravy, a simple steamed pudding with golden syrup, or stewed fruit and milk or cream.

OR THIS ALTERNATIVE (once or twice a week only): Poached egg on

Science Solves Surplus Problem

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

A SCIENTIFIC discovery of great commercial importance has been made at the Daniel Sieff Institute in Rehoboth, near Jaffa.

A German-Jewish professor, Dr. Bergmann, has found a way of extracting pectin, a gelatine used for gum, from the white inner skin of oranges.

The discovery is expected to cause a revolution in the orange by-products market, and to solve the problem of the disposal of surplus fruit production.

spinach. Crisp toast and butter. Stewed fruit and milk, or piece of raw, ripe apple.

IN AFTERNOON: Drink of orange juice.

TEA: Sandwiches made with lettuce, tomato, Marmite, dates, or raisins. (Use wholemeal bread.) Drink of milk and water. Small piece of plain, home-made butter-sponge or Madeira cake.

One pint of milk a day is ample for a child of three who is taking good meals and has a healthy appetite.

Some mothers make the great mistake of feeding children of this age almost entirely on milk, to the exclusion of the solid foods they should be having.

The child who has been allowed to drift into this bad habit should not be given milk to drink at all until the meals have once again become normal. In the meantime, milk may be given in the form of milk jellies and junkets, etc., but the child must be re-educated to take bread, toast, meat, vegetables, and fruit.

Sleep Important

THE toddler's bedtime should be punctual. A child of three requires about 13 hours of sleep out of the 24. An hour or two of this may be taken in the daytime. The three-year-old should be in bed by 6 p.m.

If the child has grown out of its daytime sleep, do not forget that the rest which he gets by lying on the bed and looking at picture books or playing with toys is very valuable.

Physically he is growing quickly, and mentally he is growing more quickly still, and requires plenty of time for relaxation in order to counter-balance his ceaseless nervous energy.



It's
much more
economical
to SEW with
SILK

IT'S hardly worth the trouble or the cost of the material if you sew with an inferior thread. There's no substitute for silk! The brands below are famous for their strength, evenness, and lovely lustrous shades. You'll find a grade for every dressmaking need in the special cabinet at your favourite store.

CHOOSE FROM THESE
FAMOUS BRANDS.

- **IMPERIAL**, 50 yds.; 50 Silk; for fine fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **EXTRA SUPER** 50 yds.; 50 Silk; No. 40; for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **BULL'S HEAD**, 50 yds.; 50 Silk; No. 40; for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **VERA**, 50 yds.; 50 Silk; 100/3; for medium fabrics. Per reel, 3d.
- **STEAMER**, 1 oz. 50 Silk; 22-30; for heavy materials. Per reel, 11½d.
- **REGINA**, 50 yds.; 50 Silk; 130/3; for fine fabrics. Per spool, 2½d.
- **REFORM V**, 200 yds.; 50 Silk; 130/3; for fine fabrics. Per spool, 10d.

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2 Cavendish Sq., London W.1



4am AND ANOTHER
SLEEPLESS NIGHT

YOU cannot sleep if your nerves are jangled, or if you are worried by distressing pain. Get deep, restful sleep with Nyal-Esterin. It soothes away pain. It brings peaceful slumber. Nyal-Esterin comprises ingredients which are regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. In addition it contains Esterin Compound; a new safe sedative agent which acts directly on the nerve centres. Take Esterin for headaches, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatic and all nerve pains. Obtainable in tablet or powder form. All chemists.

**NYAL
ESTERIN**

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal-Esterin in The Nyal Compound 4177, Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____
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WV90/10/18

Those Unightly Grey Wisps
Beautiful hair provides one of the chief allurements of femininity, and Allen's Mousse Walnut Shain restores the natural shade with such perfection that it is used exclusively in the leading beauty salons. Application is so easy that private treatment is safe and sure. Allen's hair provides an inexpensive way to make the hair rich and glorious. All Chemists, 4/- per bottle in brown or black. Made by Pelton, Ormskirk, and Thurding, Ltd., Manchester.

Our FASHION SERVICE and Free PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.



SHADY BEACH HAT
WW542A.—When you trip down to the beach for a dip and a sunbake you will need protection for your face. This is a smart, shady beach hat, very becoming with its dip over the eyes. Pattern for 21 and 23-inch head. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

VERY DRESSY STYLE
WW543A.—Soft, diaphanous georgette will make of this pattern a lovely summer frock. Shirring is introduced in flattering ways, on shoulder-line and skirt. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

THESE SPECIAL FEATURES
WW544A.—Many features make this frock very pleasing and chic. The piece skirt, with its rounded lines, is very unusual; the wide, befrilled collar, slightly cowlled, is a very special

feature. The cuffs are bordered with pleated frilling to match. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

YOUTHFUL MODEL
WW545A.—This pretty, simple style is very attractive for the growing school-girl. It is in one from neck to hem, with the side pieces attached separately. Pattern for 12 and 14 years. Material for 14 years: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR TWO AND FOUR
WW546A.—This pretty style for the little girl has smocking or shirring where the material joins the yoke. Work embroidery in the scallops round the base. Pattern for 2 and 4 years. Material for 4 years: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

USEFUL SKIRT
WW547A.—Useful for tennis or beach wear, this wrap-over skirt has fastenings down the front, which may be left open or sewn down. Material for 31-inch waist: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 27 and 29 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

INDISPENSABLE FOR SUMMER
WW548A.—Nothing is more popular for sports wear than shorts and shirt. Every girl will admire the fitting elegance of these shorts, and the simple blouse style. Material for 36-inch bust: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SNAPPY, TAILORED STYLE
WW549A.—The skirt of this model is very lovely and graceful. It has a seam from the waist and pleats from the two hip pockets. Bodice carries out the tailored idea, but with fullness from the dropped yoke. Sleeves are in one

with the yoke. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

DAINTY AND CHIC
WW550A.—You simply must make this style up in one of these new, beflowered

summer materials. Raglan sleeves are full and breezy. Bodice fullness is gained by the shirring on the front where it joins the sleeves. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of the postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," in any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 588A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 108F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4133A, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-110 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 26/10/35.



Free Pattern

for the Matron

THE matron will be delighted with our free three-in-one pattern this week. Three different bodice styles, three different sleeves with a slimming, panelled skirt, are provided, and you may make your choice of one or all. Pattern is for 40-inch bust.

Material: No. 1 frock: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. No. 2 frock: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. No. 3 frock: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Collar, ½ yard, 36 inches wide.

Turnings must be allowed when cutting.



Use Oatline Cream at night to Feed and Cleanse the Skin. Tube, 1/-; Jar, 2/6 and 4/6.

My Dearest Kathleen,
You are a decision! I have not been telling me what a charming birthday party last night was at the Wilsons. I have heard the news - and you should tell him that things he said. I didn't tell him that Oatline Powder Base really deserves all the credit for my complexion. I never use anything on my face now - a-days except Oatline Powder Base. I've stopped using powder - just as you did. Oh, isn't all all necessary now! But of course I still use Oatline Cream at night for cleaning - it's marvelous! I'm so thankful for the Oatline beauty aids.

Obtainable at all Chemists or from Oatline (Aust.), Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2478 M.M., Sydney.



In Two 8h. sizes - 1/6 & 2/6 - 1/3 Tube

DO AWAY WITH THAT UGLY DOUBLE CHIN



YOU need worry no longer over that double chin, "fatty" neck, back, arms, abdomen, hips, legs, or ankles. The new German discovery of "Morlene" which is actually manufactured in Germany and is now available for the first time in Australia—enables fat men and women to take many pounds or inches off some part of the body where fat shows too much. "Morlene" is perfectly harmless. It is not taken internally but is a cream or ointment. As night you rub it into the fat part you wish to reduce. Morning finds excess fat coming out like perspiration. Thuly parts quickly reduce in size and weight, skin tightens, tissues feel solid, muscles are strengthened almost like magic. "Morlene" is daintily perfumed and works while you sleep. Stop using dangerous lard, fat, red wax, expensive and uncomfortable rubber belts. Stop dieting. Start to-day, use "Morlene" and reduce those ugly, too-fat parts and keep your health. Your money back if dissatisfied.

CUT OUT AND POST COUPON

Miss Alma Chalmers,
84 Pitt St., Sydney.

Please send the post paid in plastic wrapper one box of "Morlene" with full instructions. On arrival I agree to pay my postmaster 10/6 plus a few pence postal charges. My money to be refunded if I am dissatisfied.

Name

Address

State

SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in the coupon and "Morlene" will be sent you c.o.d. by V.P. Post. If you prefer if you can send 10/6 cash with order.

JUST A 4-MINUTE JOB

To Lux your undies every night
BUT IT MEANS ALL-DAY freshness
and charm!



BE A
CHANGE
DAILY GIRL
it's safest!



A LEVER
PRODUCT

Wouldn't you hate to offend—even ever so slightly—through unpleasant perspiration? Twice-worn undies are always risky, and it's so easy to Lux them every night. Another thing, perspiration acids rot silky fabrics and send colours streaky and faded. That's why the nightly wash in Lux doubles the life of stockings and undies.

Follow the Easy 4-minute Lux Method

One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out . . . they're sweet and clean again. Don't use too-warm water. Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

Rubbing with Cake Soaps weakens fabrics, spoils colours Always use LUX

LUX YOUR UNDERTHINGS EVERY NIGHT...REMOVES PERSPIRATION

HOW Russia Solves Problem of the PROBLEM CHILD

Australian Teacher Studies Schools of the Soviet

"There is probably not a single hungry child in all Russia," says Miss Dorothy Alexander.

"Russian children are certainly not yet as well-dressed as Australian children, but they are all healthy and well fed."

MISS ALEXANDER was formerly a member of the teaching staff of St. Andrew's, Kew (Victoria), an experimental school with modern educational methods conducted on a self-governing basis.

Her interest in modern teaching methods sent her to England and then to Russia, where she taught for eight

months in the Anglo-American school, Moscow, 50 per cent. of the pupils being Russian children who had learned English from their parents or during visits abroad. The curriculum was the same as in Russian schools.

"One of the most interesting aspects of education in Russia is the combination of old and new methods. The curriculum is much the same as in British and Australian schools, and there is authority and discipline, but there is a certain amount of self-government. And there are rewards, but no punishments. Education authorities recognise that



MISS DOROTHY ALEXANDER
—Brooklyn.

it is important that the child should know no fear, but should realise why and what he is learning at school.

"Another outstanding feature in Russian schools is the polytechnic side of education, giving the child an understanding of the main principles underlying industry and agriculture.

"A labor programme, which occupies up to three hours a week, is included in the curriculum for children from eight to 18 years of age. This covers garden and agricultural work, woodwork, spinning, weaving, sewing by machine, book-binding, and printing among many other crafts—for both boys and girls.

"There are no vocational guidance clinics attached to schools, but a difficult or problem child is taken to a psychological clinic. The scope of education is so wide and the child's own ideas on what he wants to do so sympathetically encouraged, that the child and his teachers seem to be able to discover what work he is best fitted for without the need for vocational guidance clinics.

"All education is free, but pupils provide their own books.

£3500 a Year for Carol's ex-Queen

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

PRINCESS HELEN, Greek princess, and former wife of King Carol of Rumania, has come into £3500 a year.

But it will come from her native Greece—not Rumania.

The Greek Government has set aside a sum which will bring Princess Helen an annual income of £3500, which, at her death, she can bequeath to her son, Michael.

Princess Helen has so far been living on a small allowance from King Carol, to which strict conditions are attached.

"The Russian child is full of energy and vitality, and takes an intense interest in his or her school career. He (or she) is growing up in a country with tremendous developmental possibilities and plans. In many countries the general feeling is that a child should stay at school another year, because there may be no job for him. The Russian child knows there is work for him to do, that his own personal effort is badly needed, and that his country can make use of the knowledge he has gained at school.

"Russian mothers may not see so much of their children as mothers of other countries, but they have a tremendous love for their children, and are vitally interested in their welfare. There is a parents' council in every school, and parents come frequently to the school to discuss with the teacher their children's progress and co-operate in every possible way."



YOUR APPLICATION IS REJECTED!

THE Insurance Company would not accept his application. For years he neglected constipation. His system was being slowly poisoned because of faulty elimination. He had become a "bad insurance risk." Famous medical men, including Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane of London, insist that three daily bowel movements are necessary to health. Ensure regular bowel action with Nyal Figen. It defeats constipation naturally, without forming a habit. Figen is the perfect laxative for young and old. It comes in handy tablet form, and is chewed like a lolly. All chemists.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figen to The Nyal Company, 431U, Glebe Pt. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.
NAME
ADDRESS
WWS/16/35

TEETH ACHE! BUT YOUR EYES!

Pain sends you post haste to a dentist for the preservation of your teeth.

Eye defects often develop insidiously, without pain. The symptoms may be overlooked or attributed to other causes.

Consequently, though eyes are of far greater importance than teeth, they suffer more neglect. And the consequences of neglected eye defects may be very grave.

Avoid this danger by having your eyes properly examined at regular intervals, preferably once a year. In this way, eye troubles can be detected in their early stages, when there is every chance of arresting them.

For your eyes' sake consult an optometrist once a year.

Inserted by the Eyewright Preservation Council.

END SLEEPLESSNESS

Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. soothes tired nerves—assures restful slumber. Recommended by Medical Profession for safe relief from pain. Will not affect the heart—contains no opiates. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All chemists and stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company Limited, 78-78 Liverpool Street, Sydney.



FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

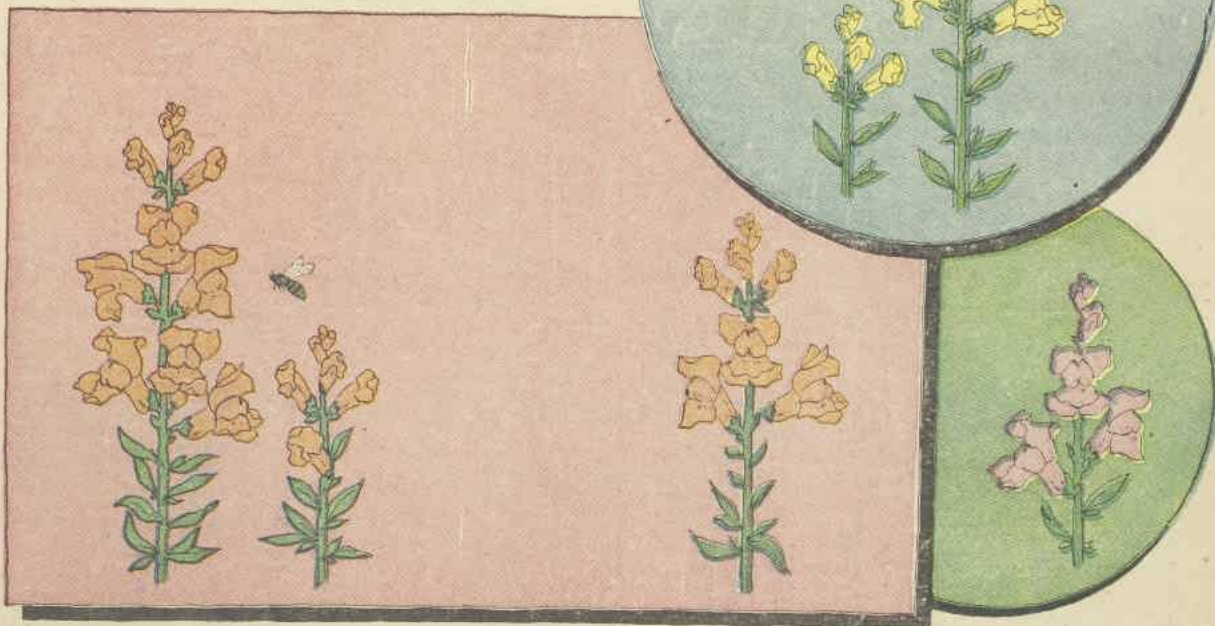
LITTLE GIFT LINENS

So Quick to Make... So Useful!

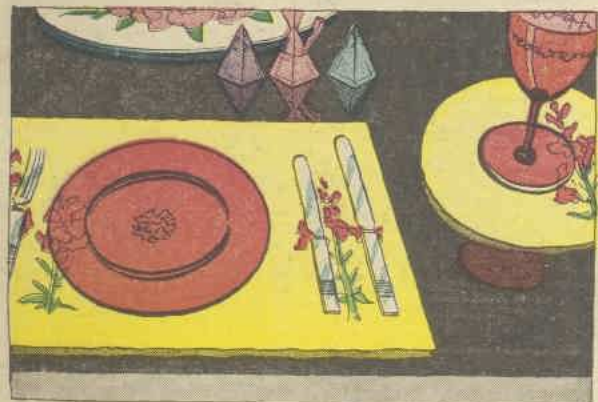
Quaintest of flowers used by Bertha Maxwell to decorate a centre-piece for your sideboard, table, dressing table, also side mats and d'oyley case!

SNAPDRAGONS, the curliest and quaintest flowers in the garden, are shown here so entrancingly simplified for your needle that you will not be able to resist them. They are seldom used in embroidery because of the difficulty of making them suit the needle. These perfect needle groups have only been made possible by a loving study of a lovable flower. And uncommon, charming, they are quickly worked.

THESE small pieces comprise a centre 17 x 11 inches, suitable for a sideboard set, dressing-table set, small tray or table centre; it is good also for the front of a cushion or one half of a workbag. Plain extra pieces of material for backs of cushions or bags can be supplied at the



BERTHA MAXWELL'S quaint design on small centre 11 x 17 inches, with side mat 8 inches in diameter, and d'oyley case 11 inches in diameter. All the linen pieces have an extra half-inch of margin all round, and are thus one inch larger than mentioned. Stamped by The Australian Women's Weekly on white and cream linen, and in the following colors: Pastel-pink, blue, green, and primrose; also on these shades of Cesarene: Green, blue, pink, and primrose. On the left you see how these linens could be utilized as place-mats—just another indication of their happy versatility.



same prices as the stamped pieces, if you require them.

Then there is an 8-inch diameter round mat, for use as a d'oyley or side mat for the sets. When you require these to make up a three-piece set, be sure to say so, so that we may send you a pair of mats, with the flowers on the right or on the left to balance well.

The third piece is the front of a d'oyley case, measuring 11 inches in diameter. If you require a piece of linen or Cesarene for the back, it can be sent for the same price as the front.

All the linens are supplied with cut edges for your own hemming or binding. The circular pieces have a stamped blue so that you may cut close for binding, or turning in the edges of a d'oyley case for mounting over cardboard. These are the materials and prices:

17 x 11 centre in fine white or heavy cream linen, or in fine pastel-green, pink, primrose, or blue linen, stamped ready for working, price 2/3; 8 x 8 inch mat or d'oyley in linen, price 9d.; 11 x 11 d'oyley or d'oyley case top in linen, price 1/1.

17 x 11 centre in pastel-blue, pink, primrose, or green Cesarene, price 1/6; 8 x 8 mat, price 8d.; 11 x 11 d'oyley case top, price 1/1.

Hemstitching is extra: Centre, 4d.; side mat, 3d.; d'oyley case, 4d.

The Edges

SECURE these before embroidering the flowers. On the centre, most little items invisibly stitched at the back are very pretty. Hemstitching is, of course, finished just as you choose, with crochet or lace.

Have you ever thought of binding the

edges of small linens with bias binding, sewn on by hand? You know the fadeless, accurately folded binding which is bought in bundles or on cards? It makes a perfectly beautiful finish for simple, informal linens.

Bias binding should be hand-hemmed, and its color should match the flowers.

Hand-cut Patterns Still Available

BERTHA MAXWELL'S 4-piece lingerie or trousseau set (featured in our issue of April 20), comprising nightdress, slip, brassiere, and panties—3/- the set.

Three-way summery frock pattern for 2 to 4-year-olds (featured May 18), price 1/-; hat to match, 9d.

Exclusive kimono pattern, real Eastern style (featured June 8), price 1/-.

or the leaves; probably the green of the leaves is the most satisfactory, as it forms a frame to the work. Binding is exceedingly quick and very strong, and quite handsome when neatly sewn.

Flower Colors

If you omit all the blues, purples and mauves, you may help yourself to all the other bright colors in the cotton

skins; all the reds, pinks and yellows appear in these flowers, and, of course, white and cream, these two latter being very beautiful on blue or green linen.

Acres of "snaps," by the way, are grown in the Cumberland hills near Sydney for the city markets, and they are all in salmon-pinks and tango shades. These are ideal decorative colors for interiors, and can be used just as well for the embroidered blooms as for the real ones.

Sometimes the tubular part of the flower is white or light pink, while the snouted and turned-back petals are much deeper pink, red or orange. Study a spike of flowers if possible, or look up a seed catalogue for a few color notes.

The Stitching

OUTLINING suggests itself for quick work; deeper coloring is obtained by satin stitching or buttonholing the flowers lightly round the edges, taking the stitches further in where the petals have small double lines.

Work the leaves and stems in the same manner, using a deep green stranded cotton. The bees are a medium brown, with silver wings, but the same brown thread in one strand may be used for the wings.

There is room for an initial letter on the centre and d'oyley case—have you had our two lovely transfer alphabets yet? The letters are 11 inches tall, Chinese or script, and each transfer costs 9d. posted.

Make up the d'oyley case by preparing two cardboard discs measuring a bare 11 inches in diameter. Cover the front with the embroidered piece, the back with the plain piece of linen, and then line the discs inside with matching or contrasting material, stitching all neatly together round the edges.

Make a neat hinge of elastic or folded linen, and sew two pieces of ribbon for tying the opposite edges of the discs; or fasten with press studs, which are neater.

A d'oyley case containing a d'oyley in the same pattern makes a delightful Christmas gift.

Now it takes only 3 days to make Dull Teeth Bright By Removing "Bacteria-Plaque"



Unique Kolynos Technique that Removes Stain and the Dingy "Bacteria-Plaque"—Whitens Teeth Quickly.

Now all of you who have dull, stained, dingy-looking teeth can make them sparkling white and healthy by following this quick, simple, easy practice.

It is the scientific way to give your teeth new clearness, new lustre, new attractive whiteness impossible to obtain by ordinary methods.

To many of you the results will be surprising—especially to those who wrongly think that dull, stained, off-colour teeth are natural.

To-morrow morning brush your teeth with just a half-inch of Kolynos on a DRY brush. Use no water on your tooth brush. Then look in your mirror. See for yourself what it does. In a few brushings stain disappears and in just three days your teeth look whiter—shades whiter.

You will find Kolynos is different from any tooth paste or powder you have ever

used. It contains the finest cleansing and whitening properties, plus another ingredient which Dental Authorities agree should be added to remove the "bacteria-plaque" which makes teeth so dingy and yellow-looking.

In this way Kolynos removes ugly stain and whitens and brightens teeth—without the use of harsh or gritty abrasives.

If you want to get rid of stain and dullness, and want sparkling white teeth, give up ordinary ways of brushing and start using Kolynos. Try it for just three days and see what a remarkable improvement is made in the appearance of your teeth. You'll say it's wonderful!

Sold by all chemists and stores. Kolynos lasts twice the usual time because you use half as much.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
The Antiseptic, Germicidal and Cleansing TOOTH PASTE



"The Results are amazing!"

"I am writing to let you know the benefit I have obtained since taking Clements Tonic. I have been in the hospital a month after a very bad operation. Before being discharged I asked my nurse if she could recommend a tonic for me to take. She advised me to take Clements. I have just finished my third bottle and the results are amazing. My husband says I've lost my appetite and found a home. I was terribly weak when leaving hospital and thought life to me would never be worth living again. I sleep like a top and my colour is back again and I'm able to go about my household duties again and I'm only out of hospital a fortnight."

(Mrs.) J.Y. Dunedin, N.Z.

(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

CTNS-100

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"



One of our testimonials tells us these things.

When a WOMAN tells you —

that people often take her for years younger than she is,
that she puts this down to her white teeth,
that she puts those down to the fact she's used nothing but Calvert's Tooth Powder since she left school —

Well, don't you think it is worth trying for your teeth!

Made in England by F. C. CALVERT & CO., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Sound teeth for a lifetime!



TOP of the HOUSE

Continued from Page 7

"SHE thinks, I suppose," he reasoned, "that just because she's pretty, impudence will get her anything she wants. That's all very well when she goes the wrong way of the traffic and has to exasperate a policeman, but it doesn't do in business. She's been spoiled by that modern set. Still, she hasn't got the money she used to have, so now, perhaps, she travels in buses, and stands up. Then, I suppose she looks meltingly about, and everyone gets up and offers her a seat. I bet she told her friends how she was going to get into this flat. I wouldn't be surprised if half of them watched her climb up — a lot of dry-skinned girls with pencilled eyebrows, and men in yellow sweaters, black hats, and pale shoes. Well, when she hasn't come back with the lease by lunch-time, they won't think she's quite so clever, and perhaps they'll realize I am."

He began wondering what sort of men had been allowed to kiss her, how many had held her in their arms, or had used dances as an excuse for clandestine amours which he regarded as adventures, taken in the normal course of routine. He hesitated here. He must admit that some girls looked as if they had been kissed too much and had none state, but Barbara Ranger-Booth didn't. She appeared clean and gallant. The only criticism he could make was that he thought she knew how beautiful she was. Finally he informed himself that she had never met any men who didn't hunt in the same pack as herself; that would give her a wrong impression of what other men were like, and to meet one who didn't want to flirt with her would naturally perplex and irritate her. In fact, he began to wonder, rather hopefully, whether it would not intrigue her a little. He was engrossed with business, and was a young man with ideas. She had a sense of wit, and her mind seemed active; they could have had exhilarating talks if they had met without knowing one another. He would like her to know in that respect that he was not afraid of heat in his own way, he was as daring and adventurous as she, but he confined his gambles to big business, and would like to apprise her of the fact.

HE had appointments all that day. He was free at six. At that time, with an air of confidence, yet with his tongue in his cheek, he drove back to that tall house, let himself in, and climbed the stairs again. The workmen had departed. He quite expected that her patience had evaporated and that the loneliness and boredom of the vigil had by now done its work. As he mounted flight by flight, however, he saw that the lights were on above; this made him slow his speed; he did not wish to arrive with too marked an enthusiasm. He had few steps were therefrom taken like a policeman.

"For goodness' sake, shut that door," said Barbara. "It's cold enough."

She lay on the divan, must have lain there all day. Her hands were folded behind her head; her shoes had been kicked off; the collar of her jacket was turned up and she did not look cheery or amused. She looked set and determined.

"Surely you're not still here?"

"I've never heard a more futile or platitudinous remark than that."

"Yes, you're right there. A silly line, I grant you. But, as you are here, why are you?"

"Because you thought I wouldn't be."

"I admire your patience."

"It is no compliment to find that what a strange man most admires about a woman is her patience."

"It must have been a terribly long day."

"I have spent long days in this room before. Wet Sundays. I've been remembering them all."

"Do you know why I came back?"

"To satisfy yourself that you had won."

"I came to ask you out to dinner."

"Why," she said, "do you want to take me out to dinner?"

"You look so hungry."

HE could scarcely have made a more unfortunate reply.

"I do not like being taken out to dinner because I look hungry. I like being taken because I look nice."

"You may take it those are the real grounds of my invitation."

"Then I refuse it on these grounds," she said with a straight face. "I am not leaving here without a signed agreement. I'd no idea this morning that all this would be necessary, but it has become so, owing to your attitude. You seem to think I simply wanted to get into the papers. I shall have to show you're wrong. I'm going to stay here now till I get what I came for. And believe me, I don't easily give in."

"I still suggest that we dine, then talk things over."

"I suggest that we talk things over, then dine."

"You must get it out of your head that I can possibly let you have this flat. It's let to somebody else. That's why some of the furniture is in. I was going to see whether I could possibly let you have some other part of the house."

"I don't want any other part of the house. I want my nursery. Who is it let to — a man or woman?"

"I don't think I can deliver the nursery into your hands like that. If you leave here to interview them, you may as well dine with me at the same time."

"I am not going to dine with you. You'd shut the door and pocket the key, as we went. The ladders have probably been removed and this window will be shut. How am I to get back? I see the idea, thank you. You've told someone of my predicament, and they've said: 'Man alive, go back and take her out to dinner... that'll soon settle her.' But it won't."

"You can't go all day and all night without food if I like. That's scientific fact, based, I believe, on medical research."

"But you'll be misled. Where are you living? Who knows you came here? What will they think? And, another thing..." he suddenly leaned forward, and his chin protruded slightly; his eyes were wide with challenge this time; he had just thought of something. "Supposing I stay with you?"

Barbara was silent for a moment; then she raised her eyes contemptuously to the ceiling, and sighed once.

"I don't think that will cause any stir among the people who know me."

"I CAN go thirty days without food if I like. That's scientific fact, based, I believe, on medical research."

"But you'll be misled. Where are you living? Who knows you came here? What will they think? And, another thing..."

"You must get it out of your head that I can possibly let you have this flat. It's let to somebody else. That's why some of the furniture is in. I was going to see whether I could possibly let you have some other part of the house."

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"I don't want any other part of the house. I want my nursery. Who is it let to — a man or woman?"

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION

KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

He wants to be able to enjoy his meals without fear of after effects.

He longs to be relieved of the necessity of choosing only uninteresting foods which are considered good for him.

He yearns to be free from flatulence, palpitation, acidity and gripping pains, and feels that he would give all he possesses if only he could be sure that he was daily getting better instead of rapidly getting worse—as he must be unless he acts at once.

In De Witt's Antacid Powder he can be sure of quick relief and ultimate complete recovery for the following simple reasons—

On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder—

1st neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of Flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd The valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting them from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been prepared to meet the very complicated nature of indigestion troubles. It acts in a logical and common-sense way, and if you persevere it will eventually relieve you of your trouble entirely.

The systematic use of De Witt's Antacid Powder strengthens and regulates the weakened stomach. In a very short time you will be able to digest anything without the aid of any medicine whatever.

Waste no more time in unnecessary suffering. Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder and experience at once the joy of relief.

DE WITT'S Antacid Powder

Sold by all chemists and stores, in 2/6

Test for 1 Month

and PROVE that the VIBRAPHONE definitely DEAFNESS

NOW available in Australia. A perfectly safe hearing aid. Non-electrical—Practically invisible—No wires—No batteries—No head-phones. The VIBRAPHONE is not an artificial ear-aid.

Write or call for Booklet & details B. NATHAN

112 Collins St., Melbourne, C'ty.

FASCINATING GOLD COLOUR

BROWNISH BLOND HAIR

in one shampoo

WITHOUT BLEACHING

Why let drab, colorless hair dull the charm of your face? In one single shampoo treatment you can now make yourself more fascinating by bringing out the sparkling lustre and golden gleams of your hair. Brownish-blond women are longing for millions of natural light wonder the secret of their husbands' adoration and how even with one shampoo, without the use of peroxide, the hair becomes several shades lighter and more beautiful, without that artificial look.

This wonderful new shampoo treatment STA-BLOND prevents natural blond hair from turning and brings back that rich, fascinating golden beauty of childhood to even the dulled and most faded, brownish blond hair—all without the use of peroxide or dyes, ammonia or henna. It makes one kind of permanent wave but longer. Ask your hairdresser to give you the STA-BLOND shampoo treatment today—or simply use it yourself—and if it is not the best thing you have ever tried just ask for your money back. You will see then why it is the best-selling shampoo in the world. Known abroad as Sun-Blond and Blondeo, Obtainable everywhere. Made in England. Sole Distributors: F. C. Calvert & Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 329, S.S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND SHAMPOO

The Australian Women's Weekly

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 391 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 229 Collins Street, Melbourne CL

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SYDNEY: 331 Pitt Street, Sydney.

TASMANIA: The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Gordon and Gotch (A'sia) Ltd., 65 Cameron Street, Launceston.

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HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

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Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmanian office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, stamped on a sheet of notepaper, showing date and page in which par was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State. Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS

See special notice on the Pattern Page. Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they place the correct postage, which is 1d. for every sheet.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

By
Evelyn

KEEPING PACE in the Beauty Race

Is Your Problem Among These?

LOTS of us are inclined at times to sit and ponder, wonder why we are not as attractive as others around us. No good worrying. The only sane and sensible thing to do is to make the most of what we have. And be consistent about anything we do undertake in the beauty regime.

PERHAPS when you peep into your mirror you are amazed to discover lines—or more lines—appearing round eyes, nose and mouth. Do not let them deepen by neglect or wrong treatment—disperse them. Do it by patting by working your creams or lotions across them. Never work along lines, because it stretches and so deepens them.

And treat your lines gently. Even if you are applying a cold cream to them, smooth it across the lines with quite a light touch. Always work upwards and outwards. The skin has elasticity, so must never be stretched, because it will not willingly return to its former shape.

Summer Troubles

WITH summer breaking early in many spots this year (and it seems to me that it is going to be a hot, dry summer), the beaches are already thronged with sunbathers. Some girls are worried with a strong growth of hair on legs and arms, which always seems to grow aggravatingly darker as the summer advances.

I have known girls so sensitive as to give up swimming on this account. To-day, however, you can buy specially prepared removers for hair. But here is a good mixture for bleaching:

Mix two teaspoonfuls of peroxide of hydrogen (10 volume strength) with half a teaspoonful of ammonia, and beat till cloudy. Add this to powdered pumice and make a thick paste. Spread on, leave till dry, and then remove with cold water.

Elbows are a source of worry to many. Horny and rough, they look so out of place. Perhaps you did not know that the cuticle-remover preparation from your manicure set will remove that dead, calloused skin. Moisturise the skin of your elbows thoroughly with the preparation. When it dries, wash your elbows with warm water and soap, then rub with a soft Turkish towel. Repeat this daily till all the old dead skin is gone.

Then all that is necessary to keep them nice and soft and round is a little cold cream massaged in for one minute with the cupped palm of the opposite hand.

Looking at herself in evening dress, or in bathing costume, many a girl who sits over typewriter, desk, or sewing all day, discovers she is getting rather round-shouldered. Here is a splendid exercise that will help matters:

Stand erect and rotate the shoulders forwards and backwards, round and round, about twenty times, and then repeat the movement, hunching the shoulders up as you go, as close to the ears as possible, and then down again.

Feet On Strike

ON a particularly hot afternoon recently I couldn't help but notice the strained looks of many of the shop girls. Chatting with the girl who served me I discovered the reason—their feet were troubling them.

In a later issue I will deal with this problem at length, but let me remind sufferers here that following a plunge and thorough washing in warm, soapy water the feet should receive an ice-cold sponge, dried, and then rubbed over



BEAUTY FOR NINE out of ten people is a job of work—merciless grooming, unceasing attention to hair, skin, and figure. Your mirror is your best judge of progress—or otherwise. It will reflect happy visions if you deserve them and frown with you when neglect holds the reins. Above you see Bette Davis, Warner Bros' clever little star, absorbed in her reflection. Is she satisfied, I wonder? She should be!

with toilet eau-de-cologne or methylated spirit. Finish with a sprinkle of talc.

THE girl who suffers from open pores, as well as a greasy complexion, should rub the face well, night and morning, with a complexion glove (or coarse, soft towel) dipped in cold water to which has been added a pinch of borax.

Afterwards, use an astringent made of witch hazel and simple tincture of benzoin—one teaspoonful of witch hazel and ten drops of benzoin.



..BY A DOCTOR..

..WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: What is writer's cramp, and is it only an everyday diagnosis for rheumatism or neuritis? I understand the symptoms are similar.

A PROFESSIONAL writer, let us say, begins to observe that at times his hand feels uncomfortable when he uses pencil or pen. Later on, perhaps after several weeks, he notices that his right hand is weak, also that the muscles of the hand and arm twitch occasionally. Indeed, definite numbness of the part may be experienced, making him believe that his arm and hand are becoming paralysed.

That is the usual picture of a developing "writer's cramp." It is slow and insidious in its progress; it is more

prevalent among men than women; it seldom is encountered past middle life.

Although this condition is supposedly confined to writers, other similar occupations may carry similar symptoms. Hence we find like symptoms in typists, typewriters, pianists, shoemakers, seamstresses, telegraphers, and all other persons who use their hand or hands in work requiring special dexterity. Cases of writer's cramp will appear among watchmakers, engravers, sculptors, painters, cigar makers, post office clerks,

brick masons, and others who use the finer muscles of the hands and arms.

Although stoppage of the work which has caused the condition may relieve the patient of symptoms, as soon as he returns to his work the spasms recur and are often accompanied by intense pain. Indeed, there are cases which, although the original cause was writing, will suffer a return of symptoms when other work, such as playing a musical instrument, is attempted.

STRANGE as it may seem, writer's cramp is not primarily an organic condition. It is not caused by actual disease of the muscles, bones, joints or nerves.

Writer's cramp is a purely functional affair—a neurotic condition. The cause lies in the mind!

In all cases, rest from work, whatever the occupation may be, helps temporarily. Massage of the affected parts as well as electrical treatments also may prove beneficial. But there is no question of the fact that, if the neurotic element of the disorder is not removed, the patient is almost sure to suffer a relapse.

The fundamental and underlying mental cause for all occupational neuroses is some conflict in the unconscious mind of the patient. Although on the conscious level he may think he likes the work he is doing, deep down and not realised by him a definite antagonism to his occupation is operative.



"I'M great at cleaning
your refrigerator..."

You don't want to dull those glistening, outside surfaces—and, of course, the inside must be kept always sweet and clean.

Bon Ami doesn't leave scratches to catch and hold dirt and food... doesn't leave any musty odour... and how it makes your refrigerator shine! It's quick, speedy and thorough... it's pure, white and fine... in short, the perfect cleanser for this important task. Just try it and see!

BON AMI

keeps refrigerators
glistening and
sanitary!

Made in
Australia



PS 8—A skin-smooth foundation for Summer frocks! This Prestige slip frock has its own brassiere... made in sunbrow net. SW, MW, 22/6; W, FW, 23/6

"POWDERFREE"
Hand-cut Lingerie
by Prestige

BRICK BRADFORD IN THE LAND OF THE LOST

A NEW ADVENTURE STARTS.

BRICK BRADFORD, son of a wealthy copper magnate, is fresh from stirring adventures in Peru. Now, with June Salisbury, the lovely companion of his thrilling experiences, he is enjoying a well-earned holiday on his new yacht, a birthday present from his father. But, unknown to him, fresh excitement is just ahead. Here it is:



GOOD HEAVENS—WHAT WAS THAT TERRIFIC BLAST?

SOMETHING WRONG BELOW—WE'RE LISTING BADLY!



JARVIS—ARE WE IN DANGER?

TAKE TO THE BOATS! ONE OF THE FUEL TANKS EXPLODED!



WHAT A LOVELY YACHT BRICK—AND SO SWEET OF YOU TO TAKE US ON THIS SOUTH ATLANTIC CRUISE.

JUST A LITTLE BIRTHDAY GIFT FROM DAD!



AT THAT MOMENT AN EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP!



FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

THE school children of Muchroom Grove were all very excited and all very busy. It was Friday, and it was the last day of the Map Competition. All entries had to be sent to Wanderslust before five o'clock that day, as Wanderslust was the judge. Any map could be chosen to draw, and the boy or girl who Wanderslust considered sent along the best effort was to be presented with a lovely gold watch at the annual prize-giving day.

The teachers at Muchroom Grove school had especially given the children the whole afternoon off to devote to the drawing of the map. They could either do the map in the schoolroom, or go home and do it alone. Fred and two of his pals, Frank and Roland, decided to go to Roland's home and do their maps there.

All went well until about half-past three. "Aw," said Frank, "I can't draw. I'm better at painting. What do you say if we all go down to the river now?"

"No," said Roland, not looking up from his map. "You could draw if you tried hard enough. I'm not much of an artist, but I'm almost finished mine."

"Well," said Frank, sulkily, "I don't want to. And with that he rose from his chair and glanced curiously at Roland's very well-drawn map."

"That's all wrong," he sneered.

"It's not," said Roland, trying not to be annoyed.

"Oh, please, Frank," pleaded Frank, "do us down and try to finish your map. It's hard enough for us to draw without you interrupting us."

Fred and Roland continued on with their work.

Frank went back to his work, but he did not stay long. "Aw, I've done enough," he said.

ABOUT COMPETITIONS

EACH week Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, tricks, riddles, and ramses must be original. Maps must be under the age of 18. For 15 Prize Cards a 10/- prize is awarded. Each fortnight a painting competition is held. Maps may include any picture at all in The Australian Women's Weekly. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Entries must reach our office within 11 days after the paper is dated. Mark envelopes "Painting Competition," etc.

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connie," Box 151E, G.P.O., Sydney.

posting it aside. "Come and let us have a game of something, or let's go fishing."

"We don't want to," said Fred, "because we are out on our own if you want to go home alone."

"Yes, do," cried Roland. "Go out or keep quiet."

With that Frank got very annoyed. "Don't talk to me like that," he said. "Your map wouldn't win a prize if it was the only one in the competition. And then he did a little side thing. He picked up the inkwell and threw all its contents over Roland's beautifully-drawn map."

"Oh, how could you do that?" cried Fred. Roland's face fell, but he did not say a word. He just blurted the ink up and put the map to one side.

Of course, Frank was sorry—over an inkwell. "Roland," he almost sobbed, "I didn't really mean to spoil your map. I'm terribly sorry. I don't think I've ever been so sorry before."

"That's all right," said Roland, who really felt very annoyed with Frank, but did not show even the slightest bit of annoyance.

"I think I'll be able to salvage it off with my penknife," he said eventually. He felt in his pocket, but could not find it.

"You can have my brand-new penknife," said Lucy, who was with them. "I'll give you a new one, a nice big penknife. You'll take it for keeps. I don't want it really."

"Thank you very much," said Roland, and he instantly started to scrape the ink off his map. Frank and Fred watched silently. Roland was so busy in everything he did, and when a short while there was only the slightest suggestion of ink on his map.

"Why don't you make them mountains?" said Fred. "You know North America has lots of mountains, and I've often seen mountains painted different colors in atlases."

"That is a great idea," said Roland, his face instantly lighting up. He then got some paint, and began.

And so, with careful work, Roland's map was finished, and he took it along to Wanderslust just as the clock struck five.

It was the last one in, and Wanderslust soon observed that it was the best one.

Next day everyone was delighted to hear that Roland had won the gold watch, and Frank was the first person to congratulate him.

Whistling Wind

By BILL HORNADGE.

RUSHING o'er the marshy plains,
Meaning through the trees,
Driving forth the winter rains,
Hailing in the breeze.

Whistling o'er the mountain ridge,
Dancing down the hills,
Crying "Heath a mighty bridge,
Whispering to the rills.

Speeding down the grassy slopes,
Creeping o'er the heights,
Round their peaks in slow groups,
Searching fresher sights.

Gliding o'er the sparkling foam,
Drifting o'er the sea,
Bringing thoughts of dear old home,
Far away from me.

Prize of 5/- to WM. HORNADGE, Catherine Hill Bay, N.S.W., for this clever verse.



BEANSIE PROLOGUE. Prize of 5/- to BEVLY HENDERSON, 118 Holden St., Ashfield, N.S.W., for this clever sketch.

Connie's Letter

MY dear Pal,—
Any boy or girl under the age of eighteen can be a Pal. Just write a nice letter to me saying you would like to join our happy band, and you will be made a member right away.

Now there are just a couple of things you must always do if you are to be a really good Pal. You must try to make one person a little happier each day. (That is quite easy, for there is always some little turn someone can do for someone), and you must never break any of our competition rules.

Write at 1/- for the best letter of the week goes to NOEL CLARK, 12 George St. West, Rumburg, Queensland. His letter was really written, well expressed, and a pleasure to read.

Remember, Pal, whenever you have a few spare minutes, drop me a line! I'm always delighted to hear from any of you.

Cherrie,
From your Pal,
CONNIE.

Pretty Patch
By MARY DONOHUE

I LOVE my little Patchy dog. He's such a little pet. Though taken from his mommy's side, He does not cry or fret.

He's very jolly and playful, And loves the ball to catch. And though he means a lot to us, He's just plain little "Patch."

Two Prize Cards to MARY DONOHUE (14), 23 Waverley St., Cairns, Qld.

Just Chatter

CHARLES DORSET, of Kierahill (N.S.W.), has just finished making a model aeroplane. EVERA LITTLEJOHN, of Townsville (Qld.), will be coming to Sydney this Christmas. JAMES RIGGS, of Bellevue Hill (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching. MARJORIE OAKES, of Creta, writes a delightful letter.

DOROTHY PARSON, of Trezona, thank you for your suggestion. MARIE and DOROTHY HAWKER, of Morricville (N.S.W.), are fond of stamp-collecting, swimming, and playing tennis. FRED KERN, of Cuncroo (N.S.W.), does clever sketches.

SHEILA RYAN, of Shanty (N.S.W.), has a prize fox-terrier and eight puppies for her pet. HILMA RAYNER, of Klamia, Western, East Coast (Tas.), would like to correspond with a Pal about 16 years of age. RUTH THOMPSON, of Normanhurst (N.S.W.), is fond of sketching. GILBERT CHARLES, of Inland, is 15 years of age. MADGE ARMSTRONG, of Hamilton (Vic.), has a brown pony for her favorite pet.

DULCIE WOODBURN, of Cairns (N.S.W.), writes a very interesting letter. PETER HARVEY, of Bendigo (Vic.), is 13 years of age. MATTHEW SMITH, of Leichhardt (N.S.W.), is another new Pal.

MARY CRAIN, of Leichhardt (N.S.W.), always reads our stories. FRED HITCHCOCK, of Calloppe Station, via Calloppe (Qld.), lives on a cattle station. JANET OSBORN, of Auckland (N.Z.), has three cats and a dog for her pets.

MARY GOLDBER, of Mimosa, via Wrenn (N.S.W.), is a keen tennis player. MARJORIE HILL, of Cuncroo, Brisbane (Qld.), does clever sketches. JOAN KELLY, of Toogah, lives four miles from Griffith.

NORMA FORWARD, of Cairns (Qld.), is interested in stamp collecting and is fond of music. AUSTIN SMITH, of Leichhardt (N.S.W.), likes reading about Brick Bradford. EMMET GREAGIN, of Tamworth (N.S.W.), has for his pet a thirty birds, a lamb, and a dog.

NEDRA FIDLER, of Chingari, via Kilmah (N.S.W.), is one of our interested readers. GRANTLEY HUTCHINGS, of Nadda (N.S.W.), writes clever stories.

A GORDY LARKER, of Maryville (N.S.W.), does clever sketches. EVA AYRES, of Copeland (Vic.), recently lost her pet squirrel because he was not happy in captivity. BRADLEY BARKIN, of West Wyalong (N.S.W.), lives on a farm.



Introducing BARRY GANTRELL, of Balmain, N.S.W.

NEW PALS

LOENA TAYLOR, Roseligh, Gwyper St. Wao Wan, N.S.W.; ENRI SCHIEDER, Chatter, Vic.; JEAN TAYLOR, Alton, Vic.; ERIC ALD, HAM, Bluff Rock, Northern Line, N.S.W.; GLADYS HARRIS, Toocoon, St. Columba, N.S.W.; VALDA GREENFIELD, 14 Bradford Place, via Lawrence Knight, St. Andrew, N.S.W.; NORTH HERBERT, N.S.W.; MARGARET HILL, 81 Bonchurch Rd., Bradfield, N.S.W.; IVY MAHER, Glenferrie, via Bernard; GWEN ROMAN, Lillian Rock, Mimosa, via Lismore, N.S.W.; EVELYN SLEK, 10 William St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.; DORIS NGUYEN, Sherrod, Palm Beach, via Manora, Qld.; BEVLY COHEN, Box 21, Tring, N.S.W.; REGGY RESSEK, 4 Hector St., Kogarah, N.S.W.; MARGARET LITTLETON, 111 Barks Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.; ENRI SMITH, Cammerell, via Singleton, N.S.W.; MERLE ALLARD, 6 Probert St., Camperdown, N.S.W.; DELICIA BEAVIS, Nelson St., Corinda, Brisbane, Qld.

Buy quickly! "She stood on the steps of Heron's Hall, waving cheerily to the children." "She sells sea shells on the seashore," said "Roland" "Shells and rocks about stones."

Prize Card to BARBARA MORRIS, Finch Baiton, via Manik, Qld.

FUN FOR ALL

THERE was an old man of Calcutta,
Who perpetually ate bread and butter;
Till a great bit of mutton on which he was
stuffed.

Choiced that horrid old man of Calcutta,
Prize Card to D. EZZY, 94 Piper St., Bathurst, N.S.W.

Bobby: I can jump higher than that tree!
Willie: I don't believe you!
Bobby: Yes, I can. That tree can't jump at all, ha, ha!

Prize Card to ERIC HITCHCOCK, Calloppe Station, via Calloppe, Qld.

Two lads were gazing at a zebra at the Zoo.
"What a funny animal," said one. "What is it?"
"I don't know," replied the other. "A sports model donkey, I should think."

Prize Card to JACK ROBERTS, 25 Symonds Place, Adelaide.

MA: Willie has been eating jam again.
Pa: Don't say so by appearances.
Ma: I don't. I go by appearances.

Prize Card to MERVYN McFARLANE, 22 George St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

Small Girl: Mommy, what does eic mean?
Mother: Eic means and so on, dear.
Small Girl: Well, when you have time I want you'd eic, the butter that's come off my plate.

Prize Card to DON STEWART, Fosterville P.O., via Goernang, Vic.

Little Willie: Say, Pa, what becomes of the old moon?
Pa: Why, I suppose they die of "new-moonitis," my son.

Prize Card to ALMA GAVENLOCK, Wynnum Rd., Narens.

Chatterman (to speaker): Will you delect your speech now, or will you allow the guests to enjoy themselves a little longer?

Prize Card to JOAN COHRIGAN, 118 Merrylands Rd., Merrylands, N.S.W.



THE GHOST OF A SARDINE

spoils

Pure Breath

May-Breath Purifies your breath immediately!

PISH—onions—many things that you eat—many things that you drink affect your breath and make it unpleasant to others. Often without your knowing, your breath can offend—yet it is easy to guard against this danger, by using May-Breath. One tablet destroys all odours—leaves your breath fresh and pleasing.

Always carry May-Breath with you—be prepared, relieved of anxiety at unexpected meetings or appointments. May-Breath is sold in convenient little tins that slip into vest pocket or purse.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form

MY24

TOP of the HOUSE

Continued from Page 46

"YOU needn't pretend, even to me, that your reputation is at all like that."

"No. But any man who thought it worth while to try that scheme would not still think so one hour later. No man has a woman's patience. If you did stay here it would be regarded as an act of chivalry on your part, and everyone would say nice things about you. Still, you needn't. I shan't be afraid. In fact, if you only had central heating here, I'd have a hot bath and turn in. I'll borrow your overcoat, if you don't mind."

"So, you object to having dinner first?"

"I don't object to having dinner, and I don't mind having it with you, but if I have it, it must be here. You must go out and bring it in. I'm not giving up possession now... come what may."

"Very well," he said, "as I want to eat and as I want to talk to you, I will go out, and I will bring something in. And after that I certainly hope you will see reason, and leave with me when I go."

"I certainly hope I shall, but if so, it will be with an agreement in my pocket."

"Excuse me for a few minutes, then," said Simon. And he closed the door behind him, and went down the stairs. He didn't think he was afraid of her. He would accept her challenges as readily as she accepted his. He wasn't going to be twisted round her finger. The front door banged, and he walked briskly down the road. He had in mind a few oysters, a cold bird, caviare. To go with this, he would provide champagne.

This he decided upon not, as she might have supposed, to make a good impression, but because he had a quite fastidious taste, and because she was right on one point. Women who look nice should not be hungry; they should be tempted to eat, and he, appreciating her rare quality, would tempt her.

It must have been quite late. Neither of them had a watch, and they could only guess at the time. They had dined. She had been pleased at his choice of menu, also the fact that he had not forgotten to bring back good glasses, napkins, and spotless cutlery.

He said he was sorry he had not contrived black coffee, but he offered brandy. Then his cigarette-case.

Barbara sat on the divan, wearing his overcoat, and as the sleeves of it were rather long for comfort, she had turned them back, so that they made huge cuffs from which pale hands protruded. Their picnic dinner had been laid upon the floor and he had sat beside it on a cushion.

She looked at him now through cigarette smoke, chin cupped in one hand, shoulders hunched in mental concentration.

"Thank you, chivalrous enemy. I'm glad I don't have to go home in the cold by bus. If only the room were warmer I could be perfectly comfortable here."

"You can't sleep here."

"I'll show you whether I can or not."

"If I arrange an appointment next week with the incoming tenant and leave you to deal with him, then will you go to-night?"

"Definitely, no. You settled that point when you said that I only came to satisfy a craze for notoriety. As far as I'm aware, nobody knew I came and nobody will know I stayed. Whatever else you can say of me, I was never a liar. I don't think any of us were. We had nothing to hide."

"You're nothing because you liked publicity."

"Oh, don't be sanctimonious."

"But you like the truth, and I'm telling you the truth about yourself."

"If you think you know it, go ahead."

She smiled as he hesitated. "And don't forget it ends with the simple, harmless fact that I wanted to get back my nursery and live in it. That can't mean anything to anybody else. The flat's of no intrinsic value. I can afford the rent. And yet you're going to be pig-headed because you think it isn't good for me always to get my own way with a man because I'm pretty."

He was looking at her seriously and not by any means severely.

Pretty? She was. Incredibly. Without doubt hers was an uncanny influence: not was she, when you came to think of it, in the least what he had been led to suppose. Her skin was without flaw; her eyes were very clear; the perfect oval of her face, her mobile mouth, her natural shapeliness, her voice... all these combined in what had rapidly become an irresistible attack upon his senses. She said:

"I'm waiting."

"If you insist, I'll go."

"All right."

He got up and began to tidy signs of the meal. She watched him interestedly, and presently she said:

"Will you just tell me one thing? I shall know sooner or later, and I may as well know now. Who's got this flat?"

Standing, he turned and looked down in cool frank defiance. It was his last effort to maintain his self-respect and what he believed was his ascendancy.

"I have."

She changed expression very slowly; indeed she looked up at him so hard, so stonily that he began to wince. She did not speak.

Sharply, he sensed that he had better add some explanation.

"I like heights. I took this house because of it. I like to be alone at the top of the house. It's quiet. Do you blame me?"

"Then," she said, "all the talk about it being so impossible and someone else having got the lease, and it being snapped up at once, was nonsense. You had it. You could have given way easily. It was all absolute pig-headedness?"

"I don't see why you should make your way into my flat and demand it, and then refuse to go until you had your way."

She rose. She took off his coat and flung it down. She made a slight noise of irritation, then looked around for anything forgotten.

"You win. I'll go."

HE frowned, unexpectedly disturbed. The whole battle had swung round, and suddenly, by some little trick or other, she had put him in the wrong. He had become that worst of all living creatures, a man not worth her powder and shot. Which was ridiculous.

"Why?" demanded Simon.

"Because if I ever get it now, it'll be by an act of grace on your part, and on that basis I don't want it. I thought I was going to get you on my side and persuade you to break the other lease. I even had visions of you as the self-sacrificing victim of proceedings in court for breach of contract. I was imagining how I would give in then, right at the end, to save you. I was completely wrong. You aren't self-sacrificing. You're a dog in the manger, and you're jolly glad to think you have the power at last to lord it over one of the bright young things who so exasperate you. Well, you can keep your flat. I've changed my mind now. I don't want it. In fact, I wouldn't take it if you asked me to."

Please turn to Page 50

FORMER DRUNKARD NOW MODEL HUSBAND

"Since taking TILUX," in his tea my husband has stopped drinking, writes a grateful wife. "Your product, too, can be believed with this great treatment. Write or call for free book—gives all details. Dept. W. HOME WELFARE, P.O. Box 100, Commercial Bank Chambers, 401 George Street, Haymarket, Sydney. 3-3-35"

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Let the A.M.P. help PLAN YOUR LIFE

WHEN a man sets out to build a house he first prepares a design or, if he is wise, has a design prepared for him by an architect. It should be the same with his life. He should have a plan: a Design for Living; for getting the best out of life.

The expert advisers of the A.M.P. Society have a wide experience in drawing up such plans. They are constantly doing it for people in all walks of life. They do it for wealthy merchants and struggling housewives, for young men just entering business, and for hard-headed graziers. They are trained by a wide experience to advise as to which of the Society's plans of assurance is best suited to the needs (and the incomes) of those who consult them. They can be trusted with confidences.

If you, who read this, would like a plan that will help to make you financially independent, and give you a sense of security and the right to look the world squarely in the eye, ask that an expert adviser be sent to talk over your affairs with you. It will save you a lot of worry and you'll never regret it. If you prefer, the Society will send its booklets, plans, etc., but a visit from a counsellor is the better way. Ask for him. Don't delay.

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Still it goes on! That delightful comedy of family life in Suburbia parodies for us our little pretensions, helps us laugh at our troubles, and shows us ourselves as others see us. With the exception of Joan, played by Nell Stirling, the whole amazing array of characters is played by one man—George Edwards. Daily at 7.50 a.m., and Saturday nights at 7.45 p.m.

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Is it possible that a doctor would pay a visit to his nephew, at college, give him a piece of cake and a dose of medicine, in front of the headmaster, then hurry away to leave the boy to die in horrible agony from poison deliberately placed in the medicine? It was surely an accident, the Doctor maintained, but the police discovered that the nephew held some property which would revert to the doctor in event of his death.

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JUST-AS-GOOD IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH -



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TAN—All Shades



White Cleanest and Cream

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street, Sydney.

TOP of the HOUSE

Continued from Page 49

"I HAVE a feeling," Simon said, in a voice suddenly metallic, "that there is only one way in which to handle you. The atmosphere of your old nursery seems to affect you in an odd way. You must think you're still a child. In that case I'll treat you as they used to treat you when you were."

He turned and she watched him with annoyance. He went to the door: the key was in the lock. He stood there for an instant and he scowled back at her.

"This is the limit. I've put up with enough. When you can behave yourself... come out. Until then, beat your fists against the door and squeal to your heart's content. No one will hear. You chose to come in and you announced that you were going to stay. All right, then, stay, and don't change your mind so much. I'm going home."

He slammed the door and locked it. She watched from under level brows with quite surprised eyes. Then she heard him stamp downstairs. Later she even heard the door slam, but from the window she could not see whether he walked down the street, because she was too aware of outraged dignity to look.

As a matter of fact he didn't. He had opened the door and banged it, but he was still this side of it. And he was sitting on the stairs, biting the knuckles of his hand, and fuming.

Fully two hours passed before he noticed.

Then she heard his creeping footsteps coming magisterially and presently his fingers lightly tapped.

"Are you a good girl yet?"

"No. Go away."

"Do you want a glass of water?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"A thaw. I'm frozen."

"So am I," said Simon, humbly. After a moment he turned the key. He crept into the room which was in darkness, and he switched on the light.

He went to the mantelpiece, reached the bottle of brandy and the glasses, and came and sat beside her on the divan with rather ruffled hair and a wry expression.

"I was going to let you have the place to-morrow, anyway. I simply wasn't going to give it to you right away... on principle."

"Indeed?"

"So, naturally, I didn't like you rounding on me like that."

"No?"

"If it comes to that, I can take the one on the floor below."

"Isn't that left?"

"Half and half. I can probably get out of it. But I hope you realise that if you live in this flat and I occupy the one below... the whole point of designing this house as I have done will be defeated."

"Why?"

"I shall knock down the partitions with an axe one night, and make the two into one."

"Then you will get your name into the papers, which will show that you have a craze for notoriety yourself."

"If it comes to that, it wouldn't be a thing I should want hushed up. I'm an ambitious person, and I like my successes noticed!"

Barbara turned away from him. The collar of her jacket turned up, her arms folded round her, and her shoes kicked free.

"What do you say to that?" demanded Simon.

"I knew you hadn't really gone," she said. "That's why I didn't mind. And what I would like to do now is to send you down again, and lie here by myself and think what it would be like to be in this flat and know that you were just downstairs and liable to smash down the partitions any evening. And then, what it would feel like if you were not there. I'll tell you in the morning which I like best."

"And what if you find you can get on without me?"

"You'll have to do something I suppose to persuade me that I'm wrong."

He sat for a time, then rose.

"I hope you wake at dawn?"

"I did this morning."

As he got to the door she said: "I love to get my own way, don't I?"

He was facing her from the electric light switch. He would have the last word after all.

"Don't flatter yourself. I knew all about you when I took the house. In fact, that's why I took it. I knew you'd had to leave. I knew it had been your nursery. I was prepared—in fact, I left word that you were not to have to be in this flat until you came to me and asked me for it in person. I retained the right to refuse you admission even then, if you were as hard a case as everybody said."

"And am I?"

He draped his coat about his again, and went and sat in a chair by the window, with arms folded.

"I'll know that," he said, "in the morning."

(Copyright)

THE Country of the BLIND

Continued from Page 13

"THERE is the cry of all mankind from the cradle to the grave. Come, follow me. I know the way."

From the edge of the wood they could make out the station lights gleaming half a league away. She turned to her guide, who stood within the gloom, and held out her hand. He took it reverently and placed it to his lips.

"You will come again?"

She hesitated, then while she did so, her heart made answer for her.

"In seven days—at dusk!"

He bowed, and as they reached the road they heard the sound of distant music in the wood.

That night a prince visited her in her dreams and placed a kiss upon her pallid lips, and each ensuing day she did without some little thing to save the necessary fare.

Many times she met him at the edge of the wood, and they would go in together, and sometimes he would play to her strange wild music which he had composed in her honor, and sometimes she would tell him stories as she told the children. And always as he listened, his arm would steal about her and they would be happy.

One evening as they sat, a silence fell on them. The scent of pines was in the air, and, high above, a nightingale throbbled its soft, sweet notes, filling the whispering wood with joyous melody.

Marie felt his arm tighten about her body, and the warmth of his breath brushed her cheek. For one brief moment his lips found hers, then, with a cry of anguish, she pushed him back and sprang to her feet. He caught her hand as she turned to run.

"Why, what's the matter, little Marie?"

She struggled in his grasp, but he held her fast.

"No! No!—let me go!—I am a coward, and a cheat. I am not what you think me. You thought me beautiful, because all your thoughts are beautiful—and I let you believe it. I have always so wanted to be beautiful—and I am plain—beauty—hideous!"

She stamped her foot to emphasize the words.

"Why do you think I would only meet you here under the cover of night? I will tell you. It was because I dreaded that you should see my face—my hateful face. Because I couldn't bear to see you look at me as those others look, mockingly, jeeringly, at my hateful ugliness!"

The outbreak ended, she sank down upon a fallen tree trunk, and, hiding her face in her hands, sobbed bitterly, until she felt a gentle hand upon her shoulder.

"I, too, have a confession to make," came the voice of the man. "I, too, had a reason for asking you to meet me here in the darkness of my wood. Look, Marie, look at my eyes."

She stopped weeping and raised her head slowly, wondering. Gently the man took her hands in his and passed them over his eyes. The lids were closed, his eyes were gone!

He began to whisper softly to her, holding her head against his breast, caressing her hair with his gentle hands.

"The revolutionaries did it, my Marie. I had always stood alone, and they thought death too easy a punishment for me for my sin of being an aristocrat. It was decreed that I should be allowed to live, but helpless, dependent upon the generosity of others as others had been dependent upon mine under the old regime. You see, to me darkness is eternal. But if it makes you happy that I should never see your face—then I, too, am happy."

He lifted her up and they clung together.

"My Marie, you do not know my name, yet it is my wish that you should hear it. I am, or rather was, Prince Alexis Andreyev. Will you be my princess?—You will always be a beautiful princess to me."

As Marie went out of the La Maison Lemoine for the last time the proprietress turned to her friend.

"Who would have thought that child would have found a lover—and yet she is to be married!" The swing doors fell to behind the little midwife and she turned to smile farewell.

"Daisy!" gasped Madame Lemoine in amazement. "But she is beautiful, that little one!"

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REXONA will relieve that fiery irritation Guard against the most common disease of modern times. Don't let eczema rob you of your sleep at night, and make your days a torture. Use Rexona at once, before it gets the upper hand. The very first application will soothe and cool the inflammation. Rexona destroys the germs and in a few days your skin will be completely and permanently healed. Keep it in the home. Obtainable in tins and large jars from all chemists and stores.

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"I'd hate another summer without Flywire."

"Ever since I'd been married, summer seemed to have been a battle with flies, mosquitoes, and mosquitos. Flies in the milk. Flies in the tea. Flies everywhere. Blowflies waiting to pounce on the meat. Mosquitos buzz-buzzing. Moths flitting about the lights and banging against the wall."

"Then last Summer I read an ad. for 'Cyclone' Flywire."

"I made my husband promise to look into it. He came home next night jubilant, with a roll of 'Cyclone.' By the end of a week the house was completely screened."

The house seemed a different place. Peaceful, cool, and quiet. Plenty of fresh air while I worked in the kitchen, but not a fly to be seen. Not a pennyworth of food spoiled. The children free from mosquito bites, and then risk of summer illness. Meal-times became once more a pleasant family gathering. And after dinner to be able to sit in peace on the cool verandah was a perfect joy.

"If Flywire cost its weight in gold I think it would be worth it. Incidentally, it pays to buy a good Flywire. We bought 'Cyclone' and all our screens are just as good as the day we put them up."

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE — most suitable for seaside and tropical centres. ZINC OIL (Electro Galvanised) — the standard flywire of the Commonwealth, in widths from 12in. to 48in. HEAVY GALVANISED — much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all hardware stores.



New Way To END UNWANTED HAIR

The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Vest, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface. New Vest is just like a sweetly scented face cream, and as easy and pleasant to use.

HEED NATURE'S WARNING

SO many of the ills of women are due to habitual constipation, that attention cannot be too strongly called to the importance of keeping the bowels open. Weary eyes, bad breath, frequent headaches, pimples, the general air of lassitude are sure signs that the system is in need of invigoration and invigoration. Women and Chamberlain's Tablets—a mild and gentle laxative, non-grating and non-habit forming.



ASTHMA and CATARRH

Our successful results during many years have proved that BALANCED MEALS and pure Natural Medicines will not only cure, but prevent a recurrence of Asthma, Catarrh, etc. This is one of our reasons. J.C. of Missouri, suffered from asthma, catarrh, curvature of the spine, and neuritis. He was treated, began to gain weight, and after one month, gained 35 lbs. After two months, gained 60 lbs. After three months, gained 100 lbs. After four months, gained 120 lbs. After five months, gained 140 lbs. After six months, gained 160 lbs. After seven months, gained 180 lbs. After eight months, gained 200 lbs. After nine months, gained 220 lbs. After ten months, gained 240 lbs. After eleven months, gained 260 lbs. After twelve months, gained 280 lbs. After thirteen months, gained 300 lbs. After fourteen months, gained 320 lbs. After fifteen months, gained 340 lbs. After sixteen months, gained 360 lbs. After seventeen months, gained 380 lbs. After eighteen months, gained 400 lbs. After nineteen months, gained 420 lbs. After twenty months, gained 440 lbs. After twenty-one months, gained 460 lbs. After twenty-two months, gained 480 lbs. After twenty-three months, gained 500 lbs. After twenty-four months, gained 520 lbs. After twenty-five months, gained 540 lbs. After twenty-six months, gained 560 lbs. After twenty-seven months, gained 580 lbs. After twenty-eight months, gained 600 lbs. After twenty-nine months, gained 620 lbs. After thirty months, gained 640 lbs. After thirty-one months, gained 660 lbs. After thirty-two months, gained 680 lbs. After thirty-three months, gained 700 lbs. After thirty-four months, gained 720 lbs. After thirty-five months, gained 740 lbs. After thirty-six months, gained 760 lbs. After thirty-seven months, gained 780 lbs. After thirty-eight months, gained 800 lbs. After thirty-nine months, gained 820 lbs. After forty months, gained 840 lbs. After forty-one months, gained 860 lbs. After forty-two months, gained 880 lbs. After forty-three months, gained 900 lbs. After forty-four months, gained 920 lbs. After forty-five months, gained 940 lbs. After forty-six months, gained 960 lbs. After forty-seven months, gained 980 lbs. After forty-eight months, gained 1000 lbs. After forty-nine months, gained 1020 lbs. After fifty months, gained 1040 lbs. After fifty-one months, gained 1060 lbs. After fifty-two months, gained 1080 lbs. After fifty-three months, gained 1100 lbs. After fifty-four months, gained 1120 lbs. After fifty-five months, gained 1140 lbs. After fifty-six months, gained 1160 lbs. After fifty-seven months, gained 1180 lbs. After fifty-eight months, gained 1200 lbs. After fifty-nine months, gained 1220 lbs. After sixty months, gained 1240 lbs. After sixty-one months, gained 1260 lbs. After sixty-two months, gained 1280 lbs. After sixty-three months, gained 1300 lbs. After sixty-four months, gained 1320 lbs. After sixty-five months, gained 1340 lbs. After sixty-six months, gained 1360 lbs. After sixty-seven months, gained 1380 lbs. After sixty-eight months, gained 1400 lbs. After sixty-nine months, gained 1420 lbs. After seventy months, gained 1440 lbs. After seventy-one months, gained 1460 lbs. After seventy-two months, gained 1480 lbs. After seventy-three months, gained 1500 lbs. After seventy-four months, gained 1520 lbs. After seventy-five months, gained 1540 lbs. After seventy-six months, gained 1560 lbs. After seventy-seven months, gained 1580 lbs. After seventy-eight months, gained 1600 lbs. After seventy-nine months, gained 1620 lbs. After eighty months, gained 1640 lbs. After eighty-one months, gained 1660 lbs. After eighty-two months, gained 1680 lbs. After eighty-three months, gained 1700 lbs. After eighty-four months, gained 1720 lbs. After eighty-five months, gained 1740 lbs. After eighty-six months, gained 1760 lbs. After eighty-seven months, gained 1780 lbs. After eighty-eight months, gained 1800 lbs. After eighty-nine months, gained 1820 lbs. After ninety months, gained 1840 lbs. After ninety-one months, gained 1860 lbs. After ninety-two months, gained 1880 lbs. After ninety-three months, gained 1900 lbs. After ninety-four months, gained 1920 lbs. After ninety-five months, gained 1940 lbs. After ninety-six months, gained 1960 lbs. After ninety-seven months, gained 1980 lbs. After ninety-eight months, gained 2000 lbs. After ninety-nine months, gained 2020 lbs. After one hundred months, gained 2040 lbs.

EMINENT SPECIALIST

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During my last stay in Melbourne, Dr. of Collins Street, advised me to take Arterial Tablets for my Blood Pressure. I bought a bottle and already feel a marvellous difference in my health. I shall gladly continue with them for a while. I never thought it was possible to recover in such a short time. If you suffer from Depression, Headaches, Falls in the Head, Irritability, Lack of Energy, Disturbance in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Fading Memory, etc., take's

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See for yourself the difference that these Creams will make in your complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper... cleanses more thoroughly... softens, smooths, and nourishes your skin... in no other cream you have ever used. No matter what face creams you are now using... won't you, just for your complexion's sake, try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today?



CAN WOMEN CHAMPIONS ... "Make the Grade" with Men?

Helen Wills-Moody & Joyce Wethered May Play Mixed Matches

By RUTH PREDDEY

Although Joyce Wethered has denied the report that she will visit Australia and New Zealand next year, the prospective visit of both Joyce Wethered and Helen Wills-Moody has opened up discussion as to whether, in the event of no women in Australia being strong enough in their respective games to be worthy opponents, the visitors would be opposed by men.

Whether women can compete against men on terms of equality on the tennis courts or golf links is a topic that has been discussed at great length on the links, in the clubhouse, and in the home.

COULD Joyce Wethered beat our best men players on the links? Could Helen Wills-Moody at her best give Jack Crawford a hard-fought match? There is no doubt as to the answer.

Years ago a match was played between Suzanne Lenglen, then at the height of her career, and Bill Tilden. It was in the nature of a practice game, and Tilden boasted that he would give her 30-0 in every game and then beat her 6-0, 6-0. But he was out in his reckoning, for Suzanne won one game in each set.

Recently in America Joyce Wethered played a match against Bobby Jones.

Helen Jacobs recounts an interesting story against herself when she played a practice match against Fred Perry. At that time he was only a junior, and had not won a tennis championship.

"I thought I would give him a nice game," said Helen, "and then have a hard practice with the professional, but instead, at the end of two sets, I was apologising to Fred for not having given him any practice!" She was beaten 6-1, 6-0.

One well-known golf professional says that women are almost the equal of men except on the greens, and that women golfers on all sorts of handicaps are superior to the men on the same handicaps—in the art of making the best of their game.

Women putt straighter, and are more reliable on the short putts, but men show their superiority when it comes to the approach shots, or the chips from just off the greens.

Another well-known English professional says that on the golf course, where trees or scrubs bring disaster if a player is off the line, women always show their superiority over men as drivers.

Women Surer

"PLAYERS like Joyce Wethered and others I know," he said, "will keep a straight line right down the fairway, but the majority of men, because of their long hitting, throw away their advantage by hitting a wild one into the trees and give away a stroke and perhaps more before they reach the green."

This professional says it is noticeable to the most casual spectator that couple after couple playing in a mixed foursome will complete the course with a score that could not have been bettered by a man playing alone.

The reason he gives is that men are always being tempted to try an impossible shot, and thereby they are apt to drop strokes. On the other hand, a woman shows a decided preference for keeping the ball in play. It is in a mixed foursome that she has a steady influence on her male partner.

Progress in Games

THERE are women contestants in almost every branch of sport these days, but they cannot compete on terms of equality with men. The time may come when one woman champion may outshine all other competitors in a particular sport, but the game would cer-



BOBBY JONES and Miss Joyce Wethered (the "Bobby Jones" of women golfers), taken at the conclusion of their exhibition match, in which Miss Wethered was two down.

tainly lose its charm, and it would be difficult to combat the feeling of the spectators, who would undoubtedly express the thought that the chivalrous male had "let her win."

Australian women are steadily forging ahead to world recognition, and they are not so far behind the champions of to-day that they cannot be relied upon to give good accounts of themselves.

They have the courage to tackle an opponent who has a string of championships to her name, and will not let up until the game is won. There have been instances of this with Joan Hartigan, our tennis champion, and with the golf associates who were opposed to the English women's team recently.

Athletic Association Officials Resign—Why?

Although athletes do not enter into summer sports until later in the season than most sports, the Victorian Women's Amateur Athletic Association has been somewhat in the limelight owing to the resignation of both the president, Miss Louie Mills, and the secretary, Mrs. Mulcahy.

BOTH have held office since the inception of the association, and are among Australia's best-known sportswomen. Practically every club sent a message to the last council meeting requesting that they should reconsider their decision to resign.

All sport owes something to Miss Mills. She brought into being the Victorian Women's Basketball Association, of which she is a life member; she is a vice-president of the Victorian Women's Hockey Association, and president of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association. This year she is devoting her time to the Women's Cricket Association.

Queensland's outstanding athlete, Mrs. Thelma Peake, is maintaining her place as the foremost Queensland

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Here is Taken C5 in The Australian Women's Weekly "Cabin Monoplane" Offer.

Cut out now and paste on piece of paper before you forget.

Here is Taken D4 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Mystery Stories."

TOKEN D4

Cut out now and paste on your voucher.

See Special Monoplane Story on Page 29.

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MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY

and although this was also in the nature of an exhibition she was two down at the finish.

Women in the field of sport are not, and never will be, worthy opponents of men in the same class or standard of play, although they make excellent partners in mixed games.

Elizabeth Ryan, who was twelve times the mixed doubles winner of Wimbledon, was eagerly sought as a partner, and many of the first-class men openly stated that they would rather play with her than with most men.



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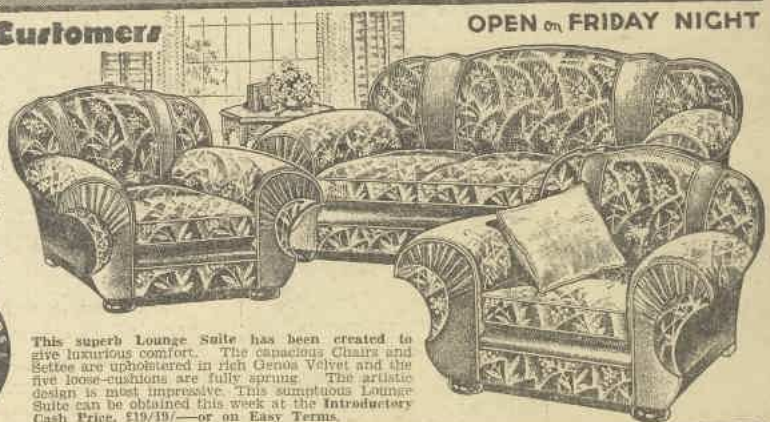
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Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced Deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available.

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This superb Lounge Suite has been created to give luxurious comfort. The capacious Chairs and Settee are upholstered in high Genoa Velvet and the five loose-cushions are fully sprung. The artistic design is most impressive. This sumptuous Lounge Suite can be obtained this week at the Introductory Cash Price, £19/19/- or on Easy Terms.

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Distinctive in appearance, and modern in design, this new Polished Walnut Dining Room Set is extraordinary value this week. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard has usual drawers (one lined) and subboards. 5ft. Rectangular Table has box legs, and Four Chairs (two only illustrated) have upholstered seats and backs. Examine this remarkable Suite at the Warehouse—you can secure at the Introductory Cash Price, £14/14/- or on Easy Terms.

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CHAPTER I

THE farthest door on the landing opened noiselessly, and a head was put out tentatively. Charles Montgomery Martindale's face was anxious as he stood with ears pricked, sounding the sunlit landing for any hint of life.

Dead quiet reigned. He lifted his suitcase, stepped outside, and silently closed his door. Again he paused to listen. No one was about. He drew a deep breath and stole down the corridor towards the stairs. Glancing at his watch, he saw it was ten minutes to eight and that he would be just in time for the 8.15 train back to town. He wanted to leave quite unobtrusively without disturbing Kathie and her mother. It was all perfectly in order, he reassured himself. They would understand. He had left a note explaining a forgotten appointment. Why disturb them for the empty formality of saying good-bye?

He tiptoed past Kathie's door. Such consideration on the part of a young man towards his betrothed suggests true devotion; but there was something about Charles' stealthy movements and the tension on his face that told another tale. He trod lightly down the stairs and gained the hall.

Warm June sunshine poured in through the windows, picking out the weak spots in the shabby carpets and late Victorian furniture—that is, if furniture of that period can be said to be anything but a weak spot. Through a distant door came the sound of preparations for breakfast. Peace reigned everywhere except in the heart of Charles Montgomery Martindale, and that there was no peace there could be plainly seen as he put down his suitcase and looked round for his hat. For Charles' face was an open book for all to read. The troubled blue eyes, the rather hollow cheeks, the mobile, good-tempered mouth, all revealed a nature more quixotic than comfortable. In a world that is becoming brutally cynical of such useless luxuries, he was the unhappy possessor of a conscience, and a conscience which circumstances—as will appear—had over-developed.

Among the pile of hats and coats he found his own, put it on, picked up his suitcase again, and opened the door.

As ill fortune would have it (fortune is rarely on the side of the Charleses of this world), standing on the doorstep was Lennie, Kathie's seventeen-year-old brother, just returned from his Greek lesson with the vicar.

A surprised smile lit up the pimply face of Lennie.

"Why, Charles, you're not leaving already? I thought you weren't going back till to-night."

Charles had never really taken to the earnest, ladylike boy. There were times—and this was one of them—when every nerve within him was set a-quivering by his mere existence; when the sound of his mincing, pedantic speech, the sight of his pallid face and the smell of his hair oil aroused in him dark impulses of which he himself stood half in awe.

He fought down the loathing now and pushed past him.

"I've got an appointment in town. I've just thought of it. Got to catch an earlier train."

"Oh, bad luck. Have you got mother's letters? I heard her say last night she wanted you to post some." Lennie always heard everything.

"No, I haven't. She's not up yet. Don't disturb her. Perhaps you could nip down to the village with them afterwards. I left a note saying good-bye. She'll understand."

He tried to stop him, but Lennie advanced to the foot of the stairs.

"Wait a minute. I know she particularly wants them posted in town. I'll call her. Mother! Mother!"

"But, dash it, I'm in a hurry. I'll miss my train."

"She won't be a minute. I say, mother, Charles is going . . . It's all right, I hear her moving. She's coming."

She was. From above came the sound of hurried footsteps, and Charles, a shade paler as he waited, knew that his hour had come.

EVER since his arrival yesterday, he had been acutely aware that a crisis was approaching, and that Mrs. Palfrey's eyes were upon him. He knew that at the very next opportunity she would bring up the subject of marriage with Kathie and possibly name the day.

Charles and Kathie Palfrey had been engaged since their infancy, and even a little before. Charles' father, Sir Murray Martindale, tenth baronet, owed an immense debt of gratitude to Harold Palfrey, who had saved his life on the field of Omdurman, and Charles was to pay the debt by marrying Kathie.

The first word the children were taught to lip was Omdurman. Charles speedily learnt that his father owed his life to that brave act—indeed that he, Charles, owed his life to it too, for how would he have ever

seen the light of day if his father had expired on the field of Omdurman? His life, therefore, was dedicated to making a good husband for Kathie Palfrey. The Palfreys were as clear on that point as Sir Murray—in fact, as time went on, they were even a little clearer, since the Palfreys had neither wealth nor rank, and Charles had both.

Mrs. Palfrey was, she said, a second mother to Charles, his own mother having died early; and at her knee he was well grounded in all the heroic details of that deed at Omdurman. When, after twelve years of marriage, Harold Palfrey went out to Africa to make his fortune and there expired, leaving his widow with three children, she hinted to Charles that though blackwater fever was the apparent cause of his death, in her mind there was no doubt that it was the long-delayed fruit of that wound at Omdurman. "Oh, my dear boy!" she said, weeping. "Never forget Omdurman!"

There was little chance that he would ever be allowed to!

During his boyhood he spent most of his holidays down in Kent with the Palfreys. The Laurels, Camberfield, a rambling old house, grew shabbier every year. But that would all be altered, it was tacitly understood, when Kathie acquired affluence—and Charles. But Charles was now twenty-five and Kathie only a few months younger, and still, to Mrs. Palfrey's ill-hidden disgust, the young man dallied and delayed.

It must be admitted that their engagement had little in common with the great love stories of romance, but perhaps, after all, the great love stories themselves would not have been so romantic if Romeo had seen Juliet fighting tooth and nail against having her ears washed, or Dante had bicycled with Beatrice.

Up to a few weeks ago Charles had hardly been aware that there was so little of passion in his feeling for Kathie. Like the slave born in chains, he had not dreamed of the heady delights of liberty, and, a grateful soul, all he knew was that it was up to him to marry the girl and put a new range in the kitchen.

The trouble was Charles' nature was incurably romantic, while Kathie's was practical to a fault. So surely as he would manage to bring forth and foster some tender shoot of feeling for her, she would nip it in the bud like an east wind. The delicate mists and mysteries of love's young dream she blew aside with prosaic matter-of-factness. A man simply could not murmur sweet nothings into the ear of a girl who never spoke in a whisper except at church.

At times a great want ached in his

breast. Kathie was too good for him; Kathie with her honest, downright ways, her blonde hair, and fresh, bright face was, he thought, immeasurably too good for him. He reflected that her nature was built on too large a scale for him—he did not reflect that the same might be said of her hips and her ankles. He didn't know why, but somehow he was not at his best with her. Of course it was all perfectly ridiculous, he told himself, because Kathie was devoted to him, but she had a way of making him feel guilty. If he brought her a bunch of early roses she looked pained at his extravagance. If he caught a cold she managed to convey that the germs knew their mark. Daah it all! If his taxi was ten minutes late owing to the weather she somehow made him feel that a little manly spirit on his part and there would have been no fog.

She was such a sensible girl. As Mrs. Palfrey said, she was like a mother to her young brother and sister. She was like a mother to Charles, too, so that, with Mrs. Palfrey as well, he had almost more mothers than a man needs. Maternal love has inspired many a ballad, but no song has yet been written praising up the idea that a boy's best girl is his mother!

DURING the last few months a slight asperity had found its way into Mrs. Palfrey's manner. She was aware that Charles was trying to avoid the subject of marriage, and the word "Omdurman," trembling on her lips so often, gave them almost a chronic pout. The Palfrey finances were low—due, Mrs. Palfrey subtly insisted, to her husband's early death. That of course was due to Omdurman, and Charles, wrapped in his affluence, would shiver sometimes. He felt like a vampire batten on the Palfreys' life-blood, and in his breast there raged the never-ending battle between duty and disinclination.

Gracie, the youngest child, who was, her mother declared, practically a musical genius, needed violin lessons. Charles, having heard her play, agreed that she badly needed violin lessons. Lennie, sensitive lad that he was, must have a career; the diplomatic service she fancied for him, combining, as he did, no special aptitude for anything, with an air of just having got the very latest from the horse's mouth. But the power to give her children such advantages had been shattered by that fatal wounding at Omdurman.

One week-end recently, when Charles had taken a friend down there, she spoke the word with such reproachful glances that the young man took him aside and inquired: "I say, old man, what did you do at Omdurman? An affair with a wench, was it? And by the way, where is Omdurman? Somewhere in the West country, isn't it?"

Oh, ominous, omnipresent Omdurman! So that now as the unfortunate Charles stood in the hall and watched his future mother-in-law descending the stairs, he realised that his hour had come.

Mrs. Palfrey was a small woman, but only in stature. A weak, flustering manner hid an indomitable purpose to get what she wanted for her children. No objective was too high to bid for and no price too great to pay. Unlike Charles, she was not troubled with a conscience. With a sweet smile and a gentle pressure of the hand she could implant poisoned arrows as skillfully as a Choctaw Indian. Why a blundering social system does not conscript such women for bloody fields of battle must forever remain a mystery. If by decimating a village Mrs. Palfrey could have secured a scholarship for Lennie or the eloquent prize for Gracie, she would have gone to it with a smile.

"She swept Charles' waiting figure with a glance of surprise.

"Leaving so soon, Charles? Why, I thought you were going to stay till to-night."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Palfrey, I've just remembered that I've got an appointment in town

this morning. If I catch the 8.15, I can just about do it. I didn't want to disturb you and Kathie. I left a note."

"And going off without anything to eat! Nonsense, my dear, I can't allow that. Come into the breakfast-room. You'll catch all sorts of things on an empty stomach!"

He glanced at his watch. The 8.15, at any rate, he was not likely to catch except on an empty stomach!

"I don't think I've really got time," he answered. "Well, a cup of coffee," she insisted. "Ellen's just brought it in. It's all right. You've got time. That clock's a few minutes fast if anything."

As he followed her into the small shabby room set for breakfast, he experienced a sense of defeat. The room was full of memories of his childhood, of battles in which her will had always been the stronger.

He put down his hat and stood by the table while she poured him a cup of coffee.

"I'm sorry you're going back so early, Charles." Her tone was unusually gentle. "I wanted to have a little talk with you this morning."

He hadn't been mistaken, then! He swallowed a mouthful of hot coffee and waited patiently.

She suddenly moved closer to him and put a hand on his arm. Her eyes looked up at him lovingly.

"My dear boy, why don't you confide in your old mother?"

"How? What do you mean?" He moved uneasily.

"Oh, Charles, Charles, I can read you like a book! I haven't been a mother to you all these years for nothing."

"Confide what?" His voice was faint.

"You are worried about your marriage. You see, I know perfectly well all that has been going on in your mind lately."

He started violently.

"Don't say that! God forbid!"

"But, dear, it's only natural. . . . You're young, you're romantic. You're not happy about Kathie. The situation is not of your choosing. It's got to end."

A WAVE of unspeakable relief swept over the young man. He simply could not believe his ears. He could have got down and grovelled at her feet in gratitude and abasement. He stammered helplessly:

"I . . . can't help it. I'm most frightfully sorry. I know it's beastly of me, but . . . but . . . I can't help it."

"Beastly?" she repeated. "Not at all. A man's nature is built that way. We women know it and it is our duty to submit."

"Mrs. Palfrey, it's wonderful of you to see this. I've done my best to hide it."

A glitter in her eyes fixed him as she shook a playful forefinger.

"There's not much you can hide from me, Charles, dear. I've seen everything."

He bowed his head humbly and nodded. "I thought you had."

"Of course, I know. Loving Kathie as you do you are tortured with impatience to marry her at once and have her for your own."

If she had lashed out with her heels and kicked him in the stomach he could not have felt more brutally assaulted. He had literally to clutch at the table to steady himself. The bitterest disappointment held him speechless. For a few minutes he was totally incapable of pulling his shattered nerves together, meeting her eyes, or closing his mouth. The net was around him now forever!

Her small, cold voice went on with deadly sweetness:

"Dear boy! But never mind. How happy you will be soon!"

"Soon?" he asked. There was unmistakable panic in his tone.

"Yes, I've got a surprise for you, Kathie had consented to fix the day for the twenty-eighth of this month. Just a fort-

night from to-day. Is that all right for you?"

A fortnight!

He crossed over and put his cup down on the table. For a moment words simply would not come. Then a voice that he had some difficulty in recognising as his own fell on his ears.

"The twenty-eighth? Yes, that's all right."

"Good. Then we'll go on with our arrangements. Don't delay, dear. You're just in time for your train." She handed him his hat and led the way to the hall. "It is a sacrifice to give her up." A watery smile lit her eye. "Dear Charles, dear boy . . ."

I'm not as young as I was, and if I should not live to see that happy day, it is my earnest wish that the eldest boy should be called Harold!"

And if this Harold should ever take part in a war, he thought savagely, he'd take damned good care that he was put into the ambulance corps and paid spot cash for his services!

She opened the front door.

"What a lovely morning! I'll come down to the gate with you." She linked her arm in his and walked down the path with him.

The gentle June air wrapped him round. Every bird and flower seemed to speak of happiness that was forbidden him. His heart was heavy with the doom that was now sealed for him. Crushed beneath the weight of his own thoughts, he heard but dimly her insistent voice:

"Of course we'll have quite a small wedding at the village church. The Reverend Hawley Short will perform the ceremony. . . . those hollyhocks need staking up just relations and a few very old friends. Kathie will wear a little day dress. How happy her father would be! And your own dear father, too, will be delighted."

Always their fondest wish . . . the great bond that united them . . . We'll have the breakfast here. The old place is awfully shabby, but that can't be helped. Everyone knows why we're poor. Poor Harold's early death . . . serving his country and his friends. . . . Well, well, better times are in store for us all. How sweet the laburnum smells! I hope it will be still in flower in a fortnight. Don't hurry, dear boy. You're in good time for the train. Come down soon again. There's so much to arrange. Kathie and I will have our hands full, and after that you'll have her all to yourself. . . . Good-bye. Take the field path. Good-bye."

CHAPTER 2

CHARLES alighted from the train at Charing Cross and walked with bent head out of the station. People jostled and surged around him, porters bumped him with loaded trucks, but he held his course, unaware of any fact in the world save one, that in a fortnight he was going to be married to Kathie Palfrey.

He gained the street and came to a halt on the kerb.

"Taxi, sir? Taxi?"

He shook his head, and, gazing out into the sea of traffic, fell into a sort of trance where he stood.

He shook himself free of his gloomy thoughts and wondered if he would had a taxi, and where he would go if he did. There was no time to waste. He had only a fortnight left. Surely there were a thousand and one things a man had to do just before marriage. What were they? he pondered. Girls were always up to their eyes in shopping. Kathie would be buying clothes. Coats and skirts . . . Kathie always said that a girl couldn't go far wrong in a navy coat and skirt and a good felt hat; it is doubtful if a girl so dressed could go wrong at all.

For himself, view it how he would, he could find no want in his own wardrobe. He couldn't put in time buying clothes. But there must be other things he should be doing. What were they? Say good-bye

to old friends. Burn old letters. Make a will. Buy a license. A ring. Some patience cards. Learn to say "Yes, dear," to keep regular hours, to wait for second bath, to visit Aunt Elizabeth, to be a worthy father to Harold . . .

He sighed.
Well, he couldn't stand here all day. He climbed into a taxi and gave the man an address in Grafton Street.

He would go and see Della!
He always went to see Della when he was very depressed about anything, or very pleased about anything, or was feeling nothing particular about anything, or had a few minutes to spare between engagements, or didn't know what to do with himself for an hour or so. Somehow Della always made him feel the better for seeing her. It wasn't because she was beautiful—which of course she was—or because she had extraordinary charms—which of course she had—but her nature was so warm and understanding, so kind, so big . . . No matter how busy she was, and Della was, perhaps, the busiest girl in the whole of London, she always seemed to be glad to see him.

It was just a month since he had first met her, and from the first his feelings were a complex mixture of the lovely and painful kind that makes a man neglect his friends, forget his breakfast, spend a good deal of time at his tailor's, sit alone in the twilight, and generally exhibit all the signs of one suffering great mental strain. With Charles the disease took a severe form. He told himself sternly that she was nothing to him, he knew deep down that she was everything. He tried his very hardest to avoid her; he couldn't for the life of him keep away from her. He was restless, he was depressed, he was excited—but he was engaged to Ruthie Palfrey!

The car drew up before a little discreet-looking shop and Charles got out.
Prince Krenin, deprived of his right to do nothing beautifully in Russia, had acquired the right to do something still more beautifully here in Grafton Street. He created ravishing frocks at princely prices, and Della was his treasured lieutenant.

Charles passed through the warm perfumed air of the richly-furnished room and pushed open the door of Della's little office. As he appeared in the doorway she looked up and her face brightened.

"Hallo, Charles. Back already? Come in."

He advanced to the table, and his eyes resting on her had something of the expression of a drowning man's.

"We're having an awful day," she said. "Krenin's too temperamental for words. Thanks for the sweet peas."

His eyes on her were mournful, but all he found to say was:

"How's business?"

"So, so. This warm weather's good for it. The prince is in raptures over a South American millionaire . . . a sort of lotus-bloom creature. We've made her a dress of ragged water-lily petals."

"Sounds expensive."

"It is."

"So things are flourishing?"

She nodded and smiled.

IN Della's eyes was the promise of all those things that are at the back of every man's mind; the happy dreams of boyhood that he never quite outgrows; blue tropic seas, white sands of surf beaches, dark mysterious forests, hot, breathless shadows under palm trees, and all the beautiful, exotic things that every man thinks he will some day go out in search of. Even here in this forced atmosphere she seemed to be the epitome of youth and freedom. With her carelessly-waving dark hair, her grey-blue eyes, warm-tinted cheeks, and quick movements, she was lovelier, he thought, than any of the artificial beauties who came in to buy the frocks she designed.

Just a month ago to-day he had dropped in to see Krenin, and Della, a new arrival in the business was there. From that moment this queer ache had taken up its place in his heart. But at the beginning he had not known it for love. He had hung round her and thought what a good friend she was and told her all his troubles. He had even taken her down to The Laurels to meet the Palfreys in the pathetic hope that she and Kathie would become friends.

She finished folding a length of ivory velvet and looked up at him with a smile. "That's for a fashionable wedding."

"Della," he blurted out, "I'm going to be married."

She started, then stooped suddenly and picked up a wisp of georgette from the floor. Her face was a shade paler when she rose.

"Oh," she said, "you're going to be married?"

"Yes," he answered, twisting an end of ribbon on the table. "Yes, I'm going to be married."

"Oh, I see."

"To Kathie."

"Of course."

"On the twenty-eighth."

"Of this month?"

"Yes, just a fortnight."

"So it is. Just a fortnight."

"Two weeks." His voice was low.

"That's quite soon, isn't it?"

Across the littered table their eyes met. He swallowed hard and nodded. She started hastily to tidy up the table, putting piles of papers into a box of pins.

"Oh, well, I hope you'll be awfully happy," she murmured, busily fitting a cigarette into the top of a fountain-pen. "But of course you will. You've known each other such a long time, haven't you?"

"Years and years . . . You . . . you know all about Omdurman and everything, don't you?"

"Yes, you told me . . . Your father and hers."

"I wanted you to be the first to know about the wedding," he said in the same dead tone.

"That was nice of you. Why?" Her eyes were lowered and her face was stony.

"I don't know," he answered miserably. "I thought you'd understand."

"It's not very complex, is it? Most young men get married sooner or later."

"I suppose so." He sighed. "Could you come out to lunch with me?"

"Sorry, I can't. I'm up to my eyes in work. I shan't have time to lunch to-day."

"What about dinner to-night, then? Any time, any place, you like."

"I'm afraid I can't to-night," she said stiffly. "And in any case, you must remember that you're going to be married."

He looked hurt.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Rather a lot, I should say."

"Is a man not expected to eat because he's going to be married in a fortnight?"

She shook her head.

"Not with other women. No, Charles, I think not. And you mustn't keep running in here to see me at all hours. It takes up my time and yours."

"What! Not come in here!" He looked like a shipwrecked sailor whose comrades had thrust him off the one remaining raft in mid-ocean. "Not come to see you? Don't say that, Della."

Again with her eyes on the table, she shook her head. Her cheeks were flushed.

"No. Please. I'd rather you didn't."

A door opened nearby and Krenin's voice was heard speaking.

He leant feverishly towards her.

"But, Della . . . You must. Just this once."

Her glance wavered.

"Perhaps then . . ."

"To-morrow night?"

"I'll see."

Krenin's voice drew nearer.

"Excellent! C'est bon. You must come and see me again. You must dine with me. We must show you round. We must

give you a good time. London looks sombre, but behind it . . . Ah, mon ami, c'est plus amusant que Paris."

The door burst open and Krenin entered, leading by the arm Mr. Sampson Risby.

MR. RISBY was large and very masculine. It was plain that he hailed but recently from one of those lonely outposts of Empire where men are not only men but the victims of native tailoring. His features were forceful, his nose, though inclined to take the wrong turning, bespoke the man of action; so did his chin. His hair was of a dark auburn and grew freely on a brow built more for honest sweating than for thought. He wore a liberal allowance of it as a moustache as well. Indeed, as one first sighted the strong tufts of it growing out of his ears and above the small reddish-brown eyes, one felt instinctively that here was a man "whom there were none to praise and very few to love." But on closer examination one saw that there was something to him. Mr. Risby was undoubtedly wasteful, and wastefulness combined with a supertaxed income is a combination irresistible to women.

Krenin gave him a little push.

"Here is my friend, Mr. Sampson Risby. Mr. Risby, Della and Charles." He waved a hand towards them.

Sampson Risby looked long at Della, his expression registering chivalrous admiration. He bowed deeply.

"Mr. Risby has just this minute arrived from . . . from . . ."

"From Africa," mumbled Mr. Risby.

"Ah, yes, he has just arrived from Africa. He comes to me from my brother. They own a diamond mine, numbers of diamond mines. Think of it, Della! Diamonds as big as eggs! Enormous. It is twenty years since he visited London. He finds himself quite a stranger in the streets, and he has not seen a white woman for fourteen years!"

"I can still find my way about them though," said Mr. Risby proudly.

"What? Oh, yes, yes, of course. The policeman are so helpful, are they not?"

"We must see that our friend has a good time, though," Krenin declared. "It is bad fortune that I cannot lunch with you to-day, but you must dine with me to-morrow. Come, let us have an aperitif. Sit down, Mr. Risby."

The prince went to a cupboard and took out bottles and glasses. Mr. Risby moved towards the seat indicated.

Krenin poured out drinks and lifted his glass to his guest.

"Here is to Mr. Sampson Risby's holiday in London, and may he prove as irresistible to the fair sex as his biblical namesake—but with less disastrous results! Tien, I wish I were in his shoes! Love in idleness . . . Here, you see, we are chained to our wheel—no, no, wait a minute. Come in, Pearl. I must see that little sleeping suit."

This last was to a model who had come to the door and was melting away again, seeing Krenin engaged. She came back at his bidding and advanced slowly into the room.

On the top of a lily-white throat rose a face of classic paleness, faultlessly painted to imitate a human countenance, and crowned by copper-colored hair, waved and burnished to reflect like a mirror every ray of light. Her body was one of those modern miracles of tender sinuousness, and was clad in a film of green whose clinging subtleties bespoke the great artist. Arms and shoulders—and a good deal of back—gleamed milk-white as a magnolia flower. Ridiculous little trowsers encased the slender legs. Gold slippers shod the milk-white bare feet.

She revolved slowly like a weary flower on a stem. Her heavy white lids drooped languidly over disdainful eyes. They swept haughtily over Krenin, blotted out Mr. Risby, made an aching void of Charles,

suggested that Della was not, and fastened themselves on space as thought on some private, tragic destiny.

It was no mean achievement for a girl who shopped in Kensington High Street and cooked her bacon over a gas ring.

The effect on Mr. Risby was terrific. He started forward galvanically in his chair and a muffled exclamation broke from him. His eyes appeared to be leaving their sockets and playing round the lissom figure like lambent rays.

Krenin stooped and twitched a frill, then stood back considerably.

"Voila! Is that not a creation?"

"My word, she is," breathed Mr. Risby heartily. "What is it? What's it for?"

"Pyjamas," Krenin answered absently. "A little more this way, Pearl. Let me see that side."

"You don't mean to say they sleep in those things?" Risby's voice was faint.

"Well, perhaps not. . . . Not sleep."

"How much is it?"

"Twenty guineas."

"Let her have it. I'll pay for it. And let her keep it on," said Risby in a husky tone.

"My dear sir, it is already sold. The duchess will look nothing in it, but that is not my fault. I created the suit—a greater artist in a lesser moment created the duchess."

Della nodded.

"Her skin is too sallow."

"Ah, my little Della, you were right. We should have had some of these suits in Cannes this year."

AS one drawn by a powerful magnet Mr. Risby moved nearer the lustrous Pearl.

"Wish you'd take pity on a lonely man, girlie," he murmured. "Could you dine with me to-night?"

Pearl shook her head faintly, breathed something inaudible, and gilded from the room.

Mr. Risby sat heavily down again. He had all the air of a man who intended to make a lengthy stay. He might almost, one felt, take a picnic lunch where he sat.

Della and Krenin glanced at each other helplessly. With a lift of the eyelids she drew Charles into the shop.

"Take him out to lunch," she implored. "You're not doing anything. We can't have him round here all day. He seems to be clinging from pure loneliness."

"Righto. I'll look after him." He went to the door again. "I'm off to lunch, Risby. What about joining me, if you've nothing on?"

Risby accepted eagerly and followed Charles over the silvery carpet.

"Good-bye, Charles," Della murmured. "And don't forget what I said. You must get out of the way of coming in here."

Again Mr. Risby had felt the pull of feminine charms. A dark-gowned, hatless beauty was standing before a mirror. In it she caught his eye. He moved mechanically towards her. Charles turned to hear the murmur:

"Wish you'd take pity on a lonely man, girlie."

A girl bearing a hat approached.

"Will you try this, my lady?"

Charles hastily caught Risby by the arm and drew him out of danger. This temple to the service of beauty was no place for Sampson Risby.

By taking a taxi and pulling down the blinds, he got the susceptible African safely through Bond Street with its ravishing girls shopping before lunch, and bore him to Prince's.

Risby's glance was almost feverish as they seated themselves at the table.

"Well," he said, undoing his napkin largely with a fine spread of elbow. "Well, this is just about too good to be true."

"People and things changed much in twenty years?" Charles asked.

Risby brought his eyes back with diffi-

culty from a shapely pair of legs in an abbreviated skirt.

"They're shorter," he said briefly.

Charles handed him the menu.

"Soup? and what about a little grilled arbut?" Followed by, perhaps, let me see what do you suggest?"

Mr. Risby handed it back humbly.

"Just as you please. Whatever you think'll do me. My word, the room's filling up all right!"

"Yes, lots of people like this place for lunch."

"That girl there in the velvet blouse has got a fine figure."

She had—of the type that was thought fine in the days when Mr. Risby had last seen a white woman.

Charles looked across at him curiously.

"And how long do you think you'll be in England now you're here?"

Sampson shook his head.

"I'm here for good. No more trekking for Sampson Risby! I don't need to make any more money now, and I've got plans for the future," he said contentedly, his reddish-brown eyes taking on the dreamy expression of a dog that broods on bones. "I'm going to buy a place in the country, and one in town later. I may go in for racing. I'm fond of horses. I'm going to spend money hard. I worked hard enough to make it!"

"Well, you'll soon find someone to help you."

"I'm forty years of age," Risby continued, "in the prime of life. . . . I daresay I'll marry."

"It's just possible."

"Yes, many a night out on the lonely velvet I've dreamed of that English home."

Everything new and bright, white lace curtains, plenty of cosy corners and knick-knacks, statues on the lawn. . . . I've dreamed of that place!"

"Something you'd eaten for supper, perhaps," Charles murmured with a shudder.

"And Mrs. Sampson Risby in the doorway. . . . By gum! how plain I've seen her at times. A real English girl. Gold hair, blue eyes that look at you straight. Plump. . . . I don't care for those skinny, half-starved ones. A real home girl, I want."

"A real home girl, I want."

"A real home girl, I want."

"A real home girl, I want."

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"A real home girl, I want."

"A real home girl, I want."

"A real home girl, I want."

"A real home girl, I want."

cleaning up his plate with a piece of bread. No doubt an excellent husband—once he'd got used to seeing white women.

O God! Was it possible? Could he bring it off?

Intoxicating dreams of freedom such as he had never known coursed through the mind of Charles Montgomery Martindale.

With a strange new gusto he ate, he drank, he courted Mr. Risby with winning courtesy and attention.

And as the scheme unfolded itself bit by bit before his inspired imagination, it seemed as though, for one glad hour, the shadow of Omdurman lifted!

CHAPTER 3

BY the time they left the restaurant Charles had made up his mind. Kathie and Risby must meet at once. It needed but that, he thought blissfully, watching Risby's eyes roam from girl to girl as a bee sips honey. Yes, but it must be at once. That was clear. Kathie was in the country, Risby in town. Should he get her up or take him down? The latter was best, obviously. Risby must see her in her own environment. See her standing out bare-headed under the sighing pines, scattering corn to the chickens. See her gathering lilies for the altar decorations. See her elbow-deep in flour knocking up a suet pudding. See her giving Lemmie his cod liver oil. Gracie a box on the ear and the gardener's boy boy a piece of her mind. He wanted a home girl? He would see one in Kathie if he never had before.

His first impulse was to take a car, there and then, and drive Risby straight down to Camberfield, but he remembered that it was Kathie's day for coaching the local hockey team, so that to-morrow was the earliest possible moment that Risby could a-wooing go.

They stood in the sunshine and looked up Piccadilly, beautiful and gay with the pleasure-seeking crowd of a June afternoon.

"Well," said Mr. Risby at last, "this has been a rare treat for me. I call it a piece of real good luck, running across you this morning. And when will you come and have a mack with me at the Ritz?" He put out his hand.

It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that Charles clung to it. Must Risby leave him? Must Risby be let loose alone for a whole day and night in this great city? Left free to wander and smile and spend and woo and be wooed? And to-morrow? What then? Who could say that to-morrow—providing he survived—Mr. Risby would be quite so keen on a home girl? No. It was all or nothing. Until to-morrow he must keep him by his side and watch him as a mother watches an ailing child. He made up his mind.

"Not at the Ritz," he said, shaking his head. "Look here, I was going to suggest something. Hotels are damned lonely, aren't they?"

"Oh, I don't know." Mr. Risby was thoughtful. "It seems a pretty decent sort o' pub to me. There's a nice little grey-eyed girl that sold me some cigars this morning and—"

Charles broke in hastily. "No, look here, you must come and stay with me."

"That's too kind, but I couldn't think of it."

"Yes, yes, you must."

Risby was evidently at a loss.

"But look here—"

"Not a word. I won't take no for an answer."

"Well, really, it's almost too—"

"Good. That's fixed then. Shall we go along and get your kit now? While you're here, you must look on this little place of mine as home."

Sampson Risby was clearly touched, if a little surprised. One might have seen in his face that though out on the lonely

held he had dreamed of the comforts of home, they had not taken first place on his programme since arriving in London.

With profuse thanks he consented. "I'll bring my things and come along to your place by about six to-night."

Three hours! Charles looked uneasy. "Shan't we just drop in now and get your things and—"

"Well, at four-thirty I'm meeting Skipper Larsen and the chief, so I reckon I'd better . . ."

Charles looked at him keenly, but Risby's expression was that of a little child.

"Righto, I see. Here's my card. That's the address. About six, then. How about a show to-night? A revue, perhaps. Plenty of pretty girls . . . bright songs, twinkling legs. . . . We'll talk it over when you come."

Risby assented warmly, nodded and passed on his way down Piccadilly.

CHARLES stood a moment and watched him go. It has been said that all human beings have their counterparts in the animal kingdom. Who, on a visit to the zoo, has not recognised a relative in almost every cage?

One placed Risby without a moment's hesitation among the canine tribe. There was something of the lost dog in his progress along Piccadilly; as though at any minute he might break in to a trot, running hither and thither, inspecting lamp posts, gazing up into faces in search of a master or a friend. He had all the dog's fatuous—not to say fat-headed—trust in human nature, its touching loyalty, its gratitude for a kind word. Like the zealous watch-dog, when he made an attack, it was from a stern sense of duty, and—like the zealous watch-dog—usually upon the wrong person.

Just the other day, on his way down to Cape Town, he had entered a bar and perceiving, as he thought, the barmaid at the mercy of a licentious customer, had chivalrously dashed forward and felled him with a blow; only to discover that the poor girl had got a razor down her back and her father was assisting her to dislodge it.

When he had disappeared, Charles gathered himself together and made his way to his flat in Hill Street.

For all the largeness of his invitation his was not a flat designed for extensive hospitality. No expectant bridegroom preparing the love nest for his bride ever worked with such a beating heart as did Charles, helping his man to empty the wardrobe in the spare room and make a place in the chest for Mr. Risby's vest and underpants.

It was when all this was over and he had strolled into his sitting-room that he first noticed the large florist's box on the table by the door. He inspected it. What the deuce was this? He hadn't ordered any flowers. He read the address. It must be a mistake. No name certainly, but the number of the flat all right. Flat No. 3. He untied the string and lifted the lid. In a nest of pale pink and purple stocks lay a card. He stooped and read it, then replaced the lid of the box and stepped to the telephone.

"Hullo! Is that the caretaker's office? Oh, well, look here, a box of stocks has been left with me by mistake."

"A box of socks?"

"No, a box of stocks."

"Oh. What about it?"

"It's been left here by mistake."

"Ow do you know it's by mistake?"

"There's . . . there's a card in it."

"Does it say it's by mistake?"

"No, of course, it doesn't."

"Then 'ow do you know it is?"

"I tell you it is."

"Wot's it say on the card?"

"It says . . . er . . . it says . . . er . . . 'A few flowers as lovely as your eyes.'"

"Eh?"

"A few flowers as lovely as your eyes," he snapped.

"Ow do you know it's by mistake?"

"Are you trying to be funny?"

"An it got anything else on the card?"

"No . . . Yes, wait a bit. Yes, it's got something on the back. It says 'For Lenore.'"

"For 'oo?"

"Oh, God!"

"Eh?"

"It's for some other tenant. Is there a Miss Lenore somebody in these flats?"

"Oh, yes, there's a young lady that lives on the floor next to you. No. 4. Yes, that's 'er name. Miss Lenore Harcourt. That'll be it. You can take my word for it. It'll be 'er if it's for anybody."

Charles slammed down the receiver. No. 4. That was the flat just below. He tied up the flowers and running down the stairs knocked at the door of No. 4.

It was ajar. A voice bade him enter, and he pushed open the door. No one appeared, but the same voice inquired his business.

"This box of flowers was left at my flat by mistake," he answered.

"Oh, all right. I'll explain to the lady. Jest put it down, please, and don't shut the door after yer."

But it was too late.

Charles, entering to put down the box, had tripped over a bundle of rugs just inside and stumbled back against the door. It shut with a bang.

A CHARWOMAN appeared and confronted him dramatically.

"Now you've done it!"

"Done what?"

"Shut the door."

"Well, what of it?"

She made a hasty toilet with the corner of her apron.

"You'll soon be askin' that orl right! I told yer not to shut it. It won't open. I 'ad it on the jar. I was afraid that'd 'appen—not that it matters to me, because I'm engaged by the day. Wot you'll do . . ."

"Not open? What the deuce do you mean?" He turned and wrenched at the door. The lady was right. Nothing happened.

She watched him with satisfaction.

"Yer see, I told you so."

"But this is absurd. How do you get in and out?"

"It doesn't 'appen w'en it's open."

"What doesn't happen?"

"That yer can't get in and out, that is, yer can get in but yer can't get out."

"Come now, that's idiotic . . . a door that makes a distinction—"

"Yes, it's quite a man-trap, isn't it?" she agreed pleasantly.

"You can't tell me," he said angrily, "that there's not some way of getting that door open."

"Well, I've tried everything," she declared. "The forks I bent . . . ! She was quite upset about 'er eyebrow pluckers!"

"But what does she do?"

"It only 'appened this mornin'. The girl that brought the dress box gave it such a bang, and lo and be'old! there was no movin' it."

"Then how does the lady of the house get in?"

"Oh, 'er. She 'as 'er key. It opens from without but not from within. That's w'y I 'ad it on the jar. I told yer not to shut it. But it's no use me 'arpin' on that now it's 'appened. We got to make the best of it."

There was something floridly histrionic about the bedraggled lady. She had a powerful hook nose and a flashing eye. Her personality was immense, and like all great leaders in a situation which she could not control she managed to convey the impression that it was beneath her notice.

Charles glared at her helplessly.

"But, damn it all, I can't stay here all day. What am I to do? Hasn't anything

been done about it? I've got an appointment. I've got to get out."

"She did say she'd mention it to the caretaker on 'er way down to 'ave a locksmith sent in—that's w'y I 'ad it on the jar—but she's been gone gettin' one for the best part of the afternoon."

"Well, why hasn't he come?"

"Oh, they're preferential! They say love laughs at locksmiths, and no wonder! 'Oo wouldn't?"

He stepped past her impatiently.

"I'll ring up myself. Where is the telephone?"

"Well, it might be wiser. 'Ere it is. In 'ere."

She opened a door and stood aside for him to enter.

He found himself in a bedroom, empty—

if a room which so riotously exuded a woman's personality could be called empty. Miss Lenore Harcourt appeared to have dressed in a hurry and tried out most of her wardrobe before making her final choice. Strewing the floor were numerous silk stockings and shoes in great variety, but all more suited for taking a girl into the paths of mischief than any other walk of life. Little high-heeled trifles of lizard, serpent, leopard, and crocodile called up a picture of many a fierce hunt in the jungle, but were now sinister reminders of a chase in which man is the quarry. Frisks, coals, and hats littered bed and chairs. But it was the dressing-table where the severest engagement had taken place, and telling their tale lay open satin boxes of powder, scattering their pale dust; carmine-tipped tubes of lipstick flung down from the last intoxicating pressure; opalescent jars of ruby salve and vanishing creams, which vanish only to the hopeful eye of the user; fragons of amber scent, and crystal sprays for transforming it into a perfumed mist. Bottles and brushes and strings of beads and artificial flowers and cigarettes and chocolates, and a silly shock-headed doll fought for space. In the air hung a perfume as clinging and heady as magnolia blossoms on a tropical night.

He picked his way gingerly to the table, lifted a gauzy yellow garment from the telephone, and took off the receiver.

His companion strayed about the room humming pleasantly.

Charles slammed down the receiver.

"That confounded fellow must be out," he snorted. "I've just got to hang about here till somebody comes and opens that damned door."

"Shime! Sit down and look at some books. She won't be long, without she meets a friend. I know she'll be in to 'er dinner because she 'asn't given me me money."

Wait here till dinner-time and Risby due at six! But it was impossible. He'd have to get out somehow. The place wasn't an impenetrable fortress.

HE pulled back a curtain and looked out.

"Wonder if I could crawl down somewhere. God, if a chap couldn't crawl along a bit of spouting . . ."

He looked down at the stream of traffic two stories below and drew in his head.

No, a chap couldn't.

He sat down and picked up a magazine. Then a disturbing thought struck him. Supposing Risby came in early, and not finding him there wandered out again? He glanced at his watch. Only ten to four. He flicked over the pages of "Vogue's" advanced autumn fashions. This was intolerable! Just when he had everything planned and had meant to keep Risby under his eye, a blasted box of stocks—

"That's dainty." A metal hand pointed over his shoulder. "They say uneven 'cuns are all the rage. I seen in the paper w'ere it says that vanity bags—"

He rose and tossed down the paper.

"You mustn't let me keep you from your work. I'm sure you've got lots to do."

"Oh, well, plenty o' time to do it in."

She followed him into the hall and took up her hat and mop with but languid interest. He wandered dejectedly from room to room. His companion had always some little job to accomplish at his elbow, and a never-failing flow of anecdote.

When Miss Lenore Harcourt returned an hour later, he was seated in a deep chair in the sitting-room, pensively sipping a cup of tea, while his companion, cup in hand, stood by describing her little nephew's reactions to Lon Chaney.

His irritation had at last given place to profound boredom, plunged in which he submitted without a struggle to the ceaseless flow of talk. He lay back engulfed in a deep armchair, mechanically munching a coffee biscuit, his cup drooping from a languid wrist. His eyes raised to his entertainer were fixed in a mournful, hypnotic stare.

So dazed was he that he did not hear the sound of the latch key, and was brought back to earth by the sight of Miss Harcourt standing in the doorway; and truly it would be hard to picture a figure more surely designed to bring a man back to earth—or wait him to a better heaven!

So over-poweringly vital was Miss Harcourt's personality that though her movements had all the sinuous grace of the serpent, her entrance seemed to charge the air with excitement as does the oncoming of an electrical disturbance.

He struggled to his feet, trying to throw into his manner the suggestion that he was not eating a biscuit, drinking a cup of tea, or lounging in an unknown lady's flat as the guest of the charwoman; a feat, it must be owned, more within the scope of the conjurer than of the most experienced social caller.

Desperately hoping that he did not look quite as big a fool as he felt, he stammered out an explanation.

Miss Harcourt was all concern. "It's too bad! And after your kindness in bringing a parcel . . . Can you forgive me?" She lifted her eyes to Charles with an upward sweep of silver lashes. "And you say we're neighbors? Then I really can't be as sorry as I should. Flowers. How kind people are!" She opened the box and buried her face in a handful of dewy stocks, then glanced at the card and tossed it down with a little cynical smile. "Ah, well, one forgives much for flowers, isn't it so?" Again her soft eyes were raised appealingly to his.

Cynics who fear at men's unfaithfulness in marriage might well have learnt a lesson from Charles' imperviousness to this duty because of his attachment to another—that is, so long as they did not know that his attachment was not to his future wife.

He made a movement to depart, but a light touch on his arm stayed him.

"I do so hope that we shall see something of each other since we're living side by side," she said graciously. "It would be silly to live so near and remain strangers, wouldn't it?"

"By Jove, it would," he agreed.

There was little chance of her remaining a stranger to anyone if she went about looking at people like that.

"There's always such a danger in the London season," she said, "of rushing about with all sorts of people who bore one to tears, while the really delightful people that one would enjoy," her glance caressed him, "one probably never runs across at all."

And then Miss Harcourt smiled at him!

CHARLES, as the full force of this smile struck him broadside on, almost staggered back against the table. Even he, whose heart was irreversibly elsewhere, felt its power; just as a man in chain armor reels at the impact of the sword, though it fail to pierce his flesh.

Such abundant charm was enough to set up in life at least three ordinary women, but added to this Miss Harcourt possessed

unusual beauty, finish and polish. With her gleaming bronze-brown hair, her shining eyes, her flashing teeth and glittering pink nails, polish was the word that flew to one's mind. She shone among other girls as that one peerless span of linoleum shines out from the rest of the floor in the advertisement for "Wax-O." Practically the only part of her that did not reflect high lights was her nose.

A perfume, unsettling and seductive as a spring night, was wafted out from her with every movement of her supple, slender body. One knew beyond all doubt that though gentlemen may prefer blondes, if the brunette Miss Harcourt should prefer any gentleman he would have little say in the matter.

Her glance seemed to fold him round like a warmephyr.

"Won't you come in and dine with me some evening? Just us two alone. I seem to live in such a dreadful whirl. Quietly is all very well in its way, but one needs, as well, friends, companionship—another word trembled almost unspoken on the lovely lips. "Love . . ."

It will have been seen that Charles was one of those people to whom any hint of unhappiness in another was as a chariot call. The thought of this lovely woman forced to live a butterfly existence for which her nature was too deep pained him. His first impulse was to accept her invitation to dinner, to introduce her to Delia, to be a friend, a brother to her, but another thought killed this kind impulse at birth and filled him with sudden fear. Was it safe that this human magnet should be under the same roof with the inflammable Mr. Risby?

How surely, he thought, would one glimpse of her kill stone dead his newborn plan of leading Sampson to Kathie! Both wistful and unsatisfied, both with an obvious kindness for the opposite sex, Mr. Risby so rich and generous; Miss Harcourt so patently a spender, so cut out by nature to take pity on a lonely man. Mr. Risby who hadn't seen a white woman for fourteen years; Miss Harcourt whose milky whiteness of that was only one of her many beauties. Risby and Miss Harcourt: Sampson and Miss Delilah! Would she not be the spark to the tinder, the fuse to the gelignite, the other half of the Selditz powder? No. At all and any cost they must be kept apart!

He moved to the door. Escape was best.

"If you'll let me," he said, "I'll be awfully pleased to come and see you when I get back. To-morrow I'm going away for a few days but after that I won't let you forget that we're neighbors."

She stepped into the hall with him.

"Be careful of the door," she warned.

"You mustn't be caught again. I left it open. The locksmith will be up in half an hour. Where are you? Above me or below?"

From the landing outside he pointed up.

"One above," he answered. "No, 5."

As they stood there, he outside, she in the doorway, he heard a heavy footfall on the stairs, and glancing over he caught a glimpse of an unforgettable chocolate suit and a brown felt hat.

It was Mr. Risby moulding slowly but surely.

Panic for a moment paralysed him. Must his one poor hope die here and now?

The steps drew nearer, the hat came into view above the stairs.

"I mustn't keep you standing there in the draught," Charles murmured.

The charwoman's words came back to him. "Yer can get in but yer can't get out," and gently pushing Miss Harcourt back into her own hall, he firmly closed the door.

CHAPTER 4

MR. RISBY'S first evening in London was hardly the success that might have been expected. The staggering spectacle of the world's metropolis taken

at one gulp from dawn to dusk had been too much for the simple African, and though by dinner-time he had all the will in the world to get on with the dinner and let joy be unconfined, spacious yawns would keep breaking out on his face like gaping wounds.

"It's that devilled lobster," he explained to Charles apologetically over their coffee after dinner. "I don't know what you'll think of me."

"That's all right. It'll soon wear off. Another glass of port? I get it from my father. He's not a bad judge of port." His guest, armaged with difficulty from the depths of his deep chair and pushed his glass forward.

"I don't mind if I do. Just a drop. I expect we'd better be getting along to the theatre, hadn't we?" He drowsily knocked the ash from his cigar.

A half-formed longing rose in Sampson's breast to stay just where he was for the next few hours. Here in this big comfortable chair, with the lights nicely shaded from his eyes and the soft June air stirring the curtains and good cigars and port at his elbow, and that absent-footed chap waiting on them, and a nice long talk about Africa . . . That'd do him. His feet were a bit tired; those new boots just caught him on the little toe. It had been a first-rate day . . . Bit of hok making friends like this the minute he landed. A nice young feller . . . People were friendly in London. The girls looked like roses, fresh roses, each one prettier than the last. Crowds on the move the whole time . . . noise . . . Phew, he was tired!

His eyelids drooped. Charles glanced at him anxiously, misreading this innocent sleepiness for a sign of boredom. He feared that Sampson was feeling he wasn't getting his money's worth. He must take him out and give him a good time lest he begin to yearn for his freedom and the Ritz.

"I think you'll like this show to-night," he said, breaking the silence. "It's at the Hippodrome. Parker, get those tickets off my dressing-table. There are two little girls there—as pretty as a pair of young kittens."

Risby woke up. "I'm sure I'll like it," he said with conviction.

"Then I thought we'd go on to the Piccadilly for supper. They've got a good cabaret show, there. There's a nigger dancer."

"Good," said Risby, but with less conviction.

"And about three we could take a look in at a night club I belong to in Golden Square."

"Yes, I see," said Risby, and yawned helplessly behind his hand.

Those who have seen a child struggling to keep awake for the Christmas Tree will have seen Mr. Risby's touching plight during the last interval at the Hippodrome. While legs twinkled and rosy lips laughed, a sort of mesmerised smile was stamped on his upturned face, but when the curtain fell and the lights shone up, the smile went to pieces.

The tender-hearted Charles, glancing sideways at his guest, perceived the struggle that was taking place and suggested cutting out the rest of the night's programme. Sampson's assent was almost vigorous enough to wake him up.

As they were getting out of the taxi in front of the flat, Risby suddenly remembered that he had left his dressing-bag at Victoria Station and must run round and get it.

It was unwise of Charles to let him venture forth alone, but it was only ten minutes round to Victoria, and Risby in his dazed state of fatigue clearly wished for nothing but instant sleep. He explained that the bag was not left at the cloak-room but with a hall porter at the Grosvenor Hotel, a chap he knew, who'd been out in Matabeland. No one, he argued, could get it but himself.

Again, it was foolish of Charles, but he closed the taxi door on Sampson and mounted his stairs without misgiving—that is to say, with not more misgiving than had filled his head ever since his return from The Laurels this morning.

Hugging his wild scheme to his heart, he had wooed his new-found friend as a spendthrift wooed a rich uncle. He liked Sampson. He was getting quite fond of him. He was a sterling type, with a heart as big as his boots—almost. With a wife like Kathie he'd be the happiest chap in England, and there was no denying that he'd make a dashed good husband, just the husband for her. He was sure Mrs. Palfrey would take to him at once. Lord! the day would come when they would bless him for having introduced Risby to them.

IT was with such thoughts as these that he saved his conscience, which would keep stirring uneasily, tried to fight down the base thought of what he himself would gain by Sampson's marriage to Kathie, but the picture of a little head of carelessly-waving dark hair and a pair of wide-set blue-grey eyes would keep rising before him and filling his heart with a dull aching pain such as he imagined must rack the sufferer from angina pectoris.

Della . . . He opened his door and entered his flat. He took off his coat and hat, strolled into the sitting-room, and lighted a cigarette, picked up a paper and sank into the chair under the shaded reading-lamp. He turned the pages absently and yawned. Poor old Sampson's affliction was natching! He dropped the paper and stared out into the room.

The clock struck eleven. He sprang up. Good Lord, it was half an hour since Risby had left. What was he doing? It was only a ten-minute job.

Then he began to watch for him in that pitiful fashion that consists of listening at the door, peering out of the window, inspecting the clock face, craning after passing taxis, drumming on the table, twitching chairs straight, falling over footstools, prowling to the stair-head and kicking the cat—all of which has but scant influence in guiding the wanderer home.

Another half hour passed. He was beginning to get really sorry. Had Risby gone astray? Could a hall porter with talk of Matabeleland seduce from his rest a man as fagged out as Sampson Risby? It seemed to Charles unlikely. Then where was he?

He craned over the bannisters of the deserted stairway listening intently. His anxiety led him down the next flight. Here he paused and listened again.

Standing thus in silence a sound forced itself on his attention. It came from Miss Harcourt's flat of which the door still stood partly opened. He listened in surprise. It was a deep regular droning varied by indignant staccato snorts. It was the performance of a confirmed, unashamed, born snorer.

A sense of mild shock invaded him. It was a pity, he thought. It somehow took all the poetry out of a girl to hear her snore like that. And they said it could be remedied by quite a simple operation—snipping the uvula, or something.

He was about to descend further when footfalls sounded on the stairs below. Ah, at last!

But no, that wasn't Risby's masculine tread. It was a woman tripping upwards in a pair of high-heeled slippers. It must be Miss Harcourt. But she couldn't be asleep and snoring and walking up the stairs at the same time; yet she had told him she lived alone.

Then glancing in inquiry to the door again he perceived two dark shapes ranged beside the mat.

A pair of boots.

A pair of large, brand new, shiny patent-leather boots. Mr. Risby's boots!

He stood rooted in horror to the spot, and his eyes, fastened on those gleaming boots, had the expression of a man who finds a cobra coiled on his pillow.

God! Risby had come home, wandered upstairs, mistaken the flat below for the one above, turned in at the half-open door, and, secure with such luggage as he needed for the night, gone peacefully to sleep in the spare room! So might an innocent child stray all unknowing into the yawning jaws of a lion's den. And why not? Two spare rooms as like as two peas. And true to the ritual of the caravanserai the poor dear fellow had automatically deposited his boots outside.

Tap, tap, went the heels climbing upwards. This was too frightful. His heart pounded. It was all up. She would come in and find Risby in bed in her flat. What a meeting! Apologies, explanations, reassurance, exchange of compliments, mutual amusement, whiskies and sodas, laughter, enchantment, delight . . . If Risby and Miss Lenore Harcourt should meet to-night the wild hope which had sprung into being at lunch to-day would be shattered at a blow.

The footsteps had reached the floor below. The deep bass note rang out from the flat, free and unafraid. Something had to be done.

He hurried down the stairs and almost collided with Miss Harcourt at the foot of them.

She started at a sight of him. "What's the matter? Is there anything wrong?"

He passed a hand over his face as though to wipe from it the distraught expression and placed there instead a feeble smile.

"I can't sleep," he answered. "Isn't insomnia a frightful thing? Can you?"

"I haven't tried yet, but these flats are so delightfully quiet that my sleep is always very sound."

"There are people like that," he agreed. "There's a good deal of sound about their sleep." Some of it he fancied, was almost floating down the stairs to where they stood.

MISS HARCOURT leant against the bannister and looked up at him with dark caressing eyes, evidently prepared for a cosy chat.

"Poor boy," she murmured consolingly. "What do you do for it?"

"I count sheep. I listen to an imaginary tap dripping. I take deep breaths and roll my eyes upwards, and if all that fails I . . . I go out for a walk. What about joining me?"

The beautiful Lenore drew her glittering gold cloak around her and looked ready to step out with him wherever he might lead, over the hills and far away; but shaded lights and silken cushions, and a half bottle, and a little caviare toast had greater possibilities, she thought.

"No, I'll tell you. Let me give you a little supper. It's just what I need, too. I've been to dinner and the theatre . . . so boring. Come up to my flat."

He shook his head in a frightened fashion.

"No, no, I need air, exercise. Let's go for a drive in the park."

She laid her hand on his arm and tripped down the stairs beside him.

This was only half the danger past. He had to get Risby out of that bed before they returned.

On the ground floor at the back of the building slept Parker, his man. Begging her to wait an instant he made for the room, roused the bewildered Parker from his sleep, explained the situation in a frantic whisper, and bade him go up and transfer Mr. Risby and all his belongings and leave no trace of him.

He rejoined his companion, and they drove by the light of the midsummer stars. The stars, and Lenore's starry eyes gazing up at him as she sat close by his side

in the taxi, wooing him with soft open looks to open his soul to her . . .

But the poor girl, for all her conversational fluency, might just as well have been talking some foreign patois for all it conveyed to Charles. His mind was straying. Mr. Risby's boots would keep getting in front of the immortality of the soul, and through her dulcet tones murmuring of platonic love he still seemed to catch the steady boom of Sampson's snore.

Only a young man racked by anxiety, torn by hopeless love, and faced by imminent marriage could have remained stone cold driving with Lenore at midnight in the confined space of a taxicab. Such a man was Charles. She might have been his grandmother as he helped her out of the taxi and up the stairs an hour later.

Parker had done his work and done it, one might have thought, without rousing Mr. Risby, but simply by transferring his person, his sleep and his snores to the bed in the spare room of the flat above.

CHAPTER 5

DELIA had a small flat in a solid Victorian mansion in Queen's Gate Terrace. It had been a spacious and roomy home in those days before the home was shattered by such factors as the high cost of living, the grandmother's right to go jassing, the flapper's right to go free loving, the limitation of hair, skirts and the birth rate, the pursuit of cooks and cocktail.

Now a network of electric bells, a forest of morning milk bottles, the smell of gas fires, the sight of silk stockings drying in the bathrooms proclaimed the big house a honeycomb of small flats, and Della's, consisting of two rooms and a cupboard called kitchenette, was on the third floor.

The next morning she awoke feeling unusually depressed. She dressed mechanically, avoiding her own eye in the mirror. Why should she go on living? she asked herself. Why should she go on slaving so hard for the means to continue this dreary existence? Why choose to wear this dress or that? Who cared if she powdered her nose? Why bother to take in her milk and cook her lonely breakfast? She would only have to do the same thing again to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow.

Her face as she combed her hair was paler than usual. She threw down the comb and went to the window. It was going to be a warm day, and suddenly she felt close to tears. For is there anything in all the world that can make a poor human being more conscious of his wants than the traced, misty loveliness of a warm June morning in London? How it tempts and beckons and allures and suggests, and even laughs and mocks if one isn't wise enough to turn away.

Cars sped citywards, a barrel organ played a sentimental air, fat babies lolled like emperors in their prams, a gay young thing with a mountain of luggage tripped into a taxi across the way. Sparrows chirped as only London sparrows can. In the air was a smell of lilac and petrol and coffee.

She dropped the curtain and turned away. Everyone was happy but she. Della went to the wardrobe, listlessly took out a frock, and slipped it on. Outside the sitting-room door she found her crisp, brown loaf, her milk, and her letters.

The first one she opened was from Kathie Palfrey.

Dear Della: Charles and I are going to be married on the 28th. It's going to be quite a small wedding, but I want you to be there, because though I haven't known you very long, I feel that you are one of my best friends. We are going to the South of France for the honeymoon, so I expect I shall need a couple more coats and skirts. Mother says they dress a good deal on the Riviera, so I may get three. I don't know what to do about hats, but a good grey felt will go with anything,

won't it? On looking through my trousers this afternoon I was rather upset to find that those camisoles I put such a lot of work into five years ago won't fit me anywhere, especially round the waist. However, they'll do for Gracie. And the moths have got into all those woollen stockings. Isn't it annoying?

Lennie has had some more bother with his car, and as you know his nose has always given mother a lot of trouble, so we'll be up to see a doctor soon, and I'll see you then.

With love,

Yours affectionately,

KATHIE

Della sighed heavily and dropped the note on to the kitchen table.

As she was putting on the kettle, her doorbell rang, and she opened it to find Charles standing on the doormat.

"Charles! What's the matter?" The question was prompted by the troubled expression in his eyes and the suggestion of haggardness in his face.

"Della," he answered, clinging to her small, cool hand, "I came to tell you that I find I can't . . . I can't . . ."

"Yes," she said quickly, a sudden color in her cheeks.

"I find I can't dine with you to-night."

"Oh," she drew back into the dark hall, the color ebbing from her face.

He followed her into the sitting-room.

"You don't mind me coming at this unearthly hour, do you? I wanted to catch you before you went out."

He had awakened with that sense of doom which only Della could ally, and to Della he had come. He resolutely pushed away the thought of what he would do a month later if he should wake to this need of her.

THE blinds were still down in the room, and it had all the dreariness of a flat sitting-room where a woman lives alone and has no time to give to housewifeliness. The table was strewn with half-finished sketches of frocks on which she had been working until late last night. A tea tray still stood on a table by the couch. A bowl of roses, long past their first youth, dropped melancholy petals to the carpet.

She raised a blind and turned and looked at him closely.

"What's the matter? You look awfully blue."

"What? Nothing. I'm all right." But the glance that met her blue-grey eyes was less convincing than his words.

Funny, he thought, you never needed to tell anything to Della. She always knew—all except the one thing that you had to keep so damn well hidden; the fact that you loved her.

He turned away with difficulty from her eyes looking up at him, from that warm-colored, heart-shaped face of hers.

"I really came at 'his hour,' he said, 'to ask a sort of favor of you.'"

"Yes? What is it?"

"It's about Kathie. She says she's got to be up in town for a few days before the wedding." He gulped. "And I was wondering if you'd put her up for a night or two?"

"Here? Yes, of course I will, but why?"

"Well, you see, she usually stays with her godmother in Baywater and . . . and, well, you know what a stuffy sort of old bird she is. It means that Kathie can never really do as she pleases."

"Why? What does she want to do?"

He avoided her eye and tugged at the strap of his wrist watch.

"Oh, nothing. Nothing in particular. It's only that if she were with you, I'd be able to see more of her," Sampson would be able to see more of her, ran his thought.

He didn't see the hardening of Della's expression, nor guess the strain he was putting on her. It is one thing when the man you love is marrying somebody else, but to discover that he really loves that

somebody is twisting the knife in the wound.

"And you think Kathie would like to stay here?" she asked in a calm, even tone. "It's rather cramped."

"She'd love to. I know she would. The time before when you put her up for a night, she enjoyed every moment of it. Slept like a top on the sofa, she said."

"Very well. I'll ask her."

"That's splendid. Thanks. I'm going down there to-day. I'll tell her you're going to ask her."

There was a pause.

"What's become of Mr. Risby?" she asked.

He moved from foot to foot uneasily.

"Oh, old Sampson? He's very well, thanks. He wasn't awake when I left."

She opened questioning eyes at him.

"Left where? And why thanks?"

"Well, he's . . . he's staying with me at my flat."

"Mr. Risby is! But what in the world for?"

He stooped and carefully gathered up a handful of rose petals. His conduct in regard to Mr. Risby was one of those things that nothing but the truth could explain, and the truth was the last thing he could tell her.

"Well, I think he found it rather lonely at the Ritz," he mumbled. "No friends, you know. Hadn't been in London for twenty years, so I got him to come along and put up with me."

Her glance as it rested on him softened.

"Well, I do think that was sweet of you."

"Oh, no, no, it wasn't. Not a bit. You'd do the same. Anyone would. Dear old Risby! I must show him some of the sights. I'm taking him down to The Laurels to-day."

"But you only came back yesterday." There was a sharp note in her voice. "And what on earth are you taking Mr. Risby down for?"

"Well, why not?" He smiled close to the truth. "I want him to meet Kathie."

She turned away and commenced to tidy up the papers on the table. She moved about straightening chairs and cushions, collecting the things on the tray, anything to keep from showing how miserable she was.

He stood by the table and watched her mournfully. He needed her sympathy and her comfort; he needed her presence and her love. He needed her more than any man had ever needed any woman, he thought—he didn't realize it, but he badly needed breakfast, too.

"You look tired," he said abruptly. "Why do you work so hard? Surely it isn't necessary."

"Everyone thinks other people's work isn't necessary. Mine is. Duchesses must wear something besides strawberry leaves. You look as though you'd been up all night yourself."

"I have, more or less."

"What were you doing?"

"Well, part of the time I was driving round the park with a marvellous girl."

"What!"

"I met her by accident. She lives in the flat just below me."

"When did you meet her?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"And you were driving in the park with her last night?"

He was pathetically unconscious of the dangerous infection in her voice.

"Yes. We went out for a breath of air. She was lit restless and I couldn't sleep."

"What!"

"Oh, I mean I met her on the stairs and she said she was. By Jove, she's a stunner! You never saw such eyes. . . . And such a smile. My God! She's got the loveliest mouth, and her hair is very dark

but there are sort of unexpected gleams in it, and her figure—"

"Charles!" she flared. The color had rushed to her face. "Be quiet! You needn't bother raving any more about this creature. I haven't the slightest doubt as to what she's like, but if you think you've any right to go driving about at all hours of the night . . . well, I tell you I . . . I . . ."

She stamped her foot. "I won't stand it!"

"Della!" He stared open-mouthed.

"I mean, of course, that Kathie won't stand it. What way is it for an engaged man to behave? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Damn it all, you must be raving. Kathie wouldn't mind. I was only driving with her."

"Only driving with her! At midnight!"

"Well, is there anything about midnight that makes it so dashed different from other hours?"

"Yes, there is and you know it. Don't try to put on that innocent air. You say the girl was a ravishing beauty. You can't talk of anything else."

"It was purely accidental. I was driving in the park with her because . . ."

He hesitated and pulled himself up.

"Because what?"

"Well, because I met her by accident; and we went for a drive together," he answered lamely.

"Because you're such a damn fool that any girl has only got to make a pair of soft eyes at you and you're running round her in circles. You're no more fitted to look after yourself than a newborn infant. It's positively—"

"Oh, don't nag at me!"

Let any male reader take note. There is no surer way of enraging a woman than by this simple remark. He may drag her round the room by her hair, or arrive at the theatre without the tickets, or run out of petrol in the desert, and she will suffer it all with saintly patience; but let him once suggest that she is a nagger and the mildest woman becomes a raging virago in her own defence.

Della cleared herself of the slur with heat and at some length.

At the end Charles sat down heavily on the couch.

"Oh, my God," he moaned. "If you only knew how fed up I am of everything! I'd like to cut it all out and go away. I want to be on a desert island. I want . . . I want not to see another white woman for fourteen years!"

She went closer to him and put her hand on his arm.

"You want some breakfast," she said softly, and led the way to the kitchen.

WHEN he returned to his flat after a hearty meal of bacon and eggs, he was unaccountably cheered in spite of his hopeless love.

He found Mr. Risby in his shirt-sleeves seated at breakfast. He waved a cheery fork at his host.

"Morning," he said as well as he could for a stiff mouthful of sausage. "You been out for a walk? My word, I'm lucky to strike weather like this! What's the programme for to-day?" It was touching to see the childlike trust with which Risby had handed himself over, body and soul, to Charles' keeping. His eyes gazed up expectantly over his cup.

Charles outlined his plan.

"I thought we'd take a little run down to the country to-day. I've got some friends I'd like you to meet. In Kent. A ripping spot, and you'll like them. I'm sure. We could get a car, or take a train. There's a good train—at least there's a train just just after lunch."

"That'll be fine. That'll do me fine. I'll be pleased to meet your friends. A real English home, that's what I want to see."

"I've wired them to expect us. I thought we might stay the night instead of hurrying back to town," he ventured, feeling

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HE wheeled round on him.

"What!"

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"Yes. We went out for a breath of air. She was lit restless and I couldn't sleep."

"What!"

"Oh, I mean I met her on the stairs and she said she was. By Jove, she's a stunner! You never saw such eyes. . . . And such a smile. My God! She's got the loveliest mouth, and her hair is very dark

just a little nervous at the freedom with which he was disposing of Risby's holiday.

But Sampson nodded confidently. "Just as you please. Grand! I'll pack me bag."

"Parker'll do it. We'll leave soon after lunch, then."

Charles' spirits began to rise. What might not this day bring forth? Before night fell, perhaps, his plan for Kathie and Risby would be well launched and on the way to success, for the manly African, once wounded with Cupid's darts, would be, he felt, a fast worker. Surely never since the world began did a human heart lie so open, so ready for love's arrows, as the heart of Mr. Sampson Risby.

That he was a sterling fellow there was no denying: a two-fisted he-man whom any girl might think well worth winning, but you couldn't get away from the fact that he was no oil painting. Charles decided that a little barbering and trimming up would do him no harm. What could he do about it? This was where tact was needed.

Risby's present purpose was to go straight to the city to his bank.

Charles slowed down and ran a hand over his sleekly clipped hair.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I must have a hair cut."

"All right," Risby answered. "I'll get along to the bank. Shall I meet you there afterwards?"

Charles looked blank.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was thinking I'd like to introduce you to my barber. He's one in a hundred. Shall we both go along and have a hair cut and a brush up? He's got a trick with hot towels and electric brushes that makes you feel a new man. It's just down here on the left."

Risby was always accommodating.

"Just as you please," he said cheerfully, and followed Charles towards the shop.

London's really too civilised, that's the trouble," Charles deplored. "You'll soon begin to notice it. A chap needs to have his hair cut practically every week. Ros, but there you are! Lots of people think it looks ill-groomed to have a few crumples in one's collar, or socks down over the shoes. They judge a man by these trifles. And say what they will," he flicked an imaginary speck off his own lapel, "some people don't really like soup stains on the waistcoat. All this fussiness over details is a sign of decadence . . . civilisation tottering to its fall!"

He took Sampson by the arm and gently led him into the shop.

CHAPTER 6

RATHER reluctantly, after the visit to the barber, Charles parted with Sampson. They arranged to meet at Charing Cross for the two-fifty train to Camberfield. In the meantime, Charles was lunching with his father.

There had been a note of mystery in Sir Murray's voice when he telephoned to his son that morning to ask him to lunch, and the baronet was looking a trifle jaundiced as they seated themselves in the restaurant.

"You don't look too festive," Charles said. "Anything wrong?"

Sir Murray sipped the pale wine in his glass.

"I am not feeling festive," he answered. "I have small cause to be. I'm in love."

Such words on the lips of a middle-aged gentleman might, to the young and untired, give rise to ridicule, but the father of Charles was perennially romantic, and carried very lightly the weight of his fifty years, which was perhaps due to the fact that Charles carried everything else of weight in the family: cares, worries, responsibilities, the debt of Omdurman. So that now as Sir Murray sighed and murmured to his son: "I'm in love," there seemed to be no incongruity in the confession.

Charles almost answered: "So am I!" but

instead he squeezed a shred of lemon over the fish on his plate and languidly took up his fork.

Sir Murray had attacked his heartily: for love may cause a young man of twenty-five to slight his food, but a wealthy baronet of fifty does not lightly forgo a plate of crisp whitebait however heavy his heart may be.

"There are complications," Sir Murray continued. "Someone has stolen my parlormaid."

"What? You mean she's taken another place? Good maids are a bit rare, aren't they?"

"My Bessie was unique."

"Who's stolen her?"

"I wish to the Lord I knew. I'd have something to say about it. Someone's been putting silly ideas into her head. She was quite happy with me until she went home for a holiday."

"I see. But what's all this got to do with your being in love?"

Sir Murray shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Don't be dense, Charles! Can't a man be in love with his parlormaid?"

His son put down his fork and stared.

"Oh. Oh, well . . . I believe it has been done."

"Yes, I'm in love with my little Bessie, as I think any man would be who had lived under the same roof with her."

"You've got it badly, haven't you?"

"I have. Charles, my boy, I've watched that girl carefully ever since she came to me. She is, as I said, unique."

"Unique? You mean she's talented, lovely, what?"

"I mean she's as fresh and unspoiled as I didn't think it possible for a girl these days to be. She's full of womanly sympathy and childlike trust in human nature, and yet, God knows, she's got enough brains for two."

"She must have. And how does she feel about you?"

"She doesn't know. You don't imagine I told her!"

"What? You haven't told her you love her?"

"Certainly not. Nothing of the sort. She respected me as her master and never thought of anything else."

"But, my dear father, it's a bit hard to believe that the girl didn't drop to the way you felt about her. Concealment is hardly your strong point."

"No, no, I was too careful. I was too dashed afraid I'd lose her if I told her. One hesitates to lay a heart of fifty at the feet of a blooming country girl," the baronet said humbly.

Charles paused while the waiter refilled their glasses.

"But when that heart is accompanied by wealth, position and . . . and a title," he began.

Sir Murray looked at him sternly.

"Dress! Worthless trash! I thought you were above such trifle ideas. I'm annoyed at your even insinuating such things about my Bessie. If you knew her as well as I do . . ."

"Oh, all right, you know best."

"I should think I do! I hardly felt the need of telling her when she was with me. It was satisfaction enough to know I was sheltering a perfect being—a secret satisfaction, perhaps." He sighed and gazed into his glass murmuring reflectively: "But, after all, all deep satisfactions are secret."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I must get her back, of course."

"And what are you going to do when you do get her back? Marry her?"

"That's a foolish question! Of course I am—if she'll have me."

"You don't think it might be wiser to think it over a bit?" After all, he felt it was his duty to put the prudent side before his father. "Can the girl be a companion to you?" he heard himself mumble. "Possibly an infatuation . . . irrevocable step

. . . outgrow it in time . . . trip round the world," he trailed off lamely.

SIR MURRAY hacked at his chicken wing, his pale blue eyes glinting fiercely.

"The young are so dashed cold and cautious these days," he growled. "It's an age of standardisation. Even hearts are standardised. Thank Heaven, the old can still give romance to the world! Your heart will never run away with you, my boy."

The rank injustice of this almost rendered Charles speechless. He dropped his fork and looked across at his father coldly. "It has never had the chance to try," he said bitterly.

"You're all right. You're to be married in a fortnight's time, but I'm not to have my Bessie or any happiness at all. Look here," he demanded, brandishing his glass, "how would you like it if someone were to walk off with Kathie?"

Charles' heart leaped at the words. O God! if someone only would!

"Who's walked off with Bessie?" he asked, changing the subject. "What have they done with her?"

The baronet, thinking of his wrongs, was rapidly growing more irritable.

"I don't know who's persuaded her or what they've done with her. I don't suppose the girl's been sandbagged."

"What's that damn waiter done with the sauce? Here, waiter, bring back that sauce. This chicken needs some sort of an apology . . . I only know that she went away for a fortnight's holiday, stayed away a month, and then this is the next I hear of her."

He searched in his pocketbook and took out a letter. "Look, there, look at that."

Charles took it up and read:

"Dear Sir:

"This is to tell you that I shall not be coming back to you. My wages were paid to me the day I left, and I trust I am not inconveniencing you."

"Yours truly,

"BESSIE TAYLOR."

"P.S.—I should like to remind you, sir, that your brown suit that was put away should go to the cleaner's. Oh, and I read in the papers, sir, that General Outhwaite is going back to India or somewhere and he has got one of your volumes of Indian History from the study bookcase."

"Bessie."

At this postscript Sir Murray pointed a finger trembling with emotion.

"Look at that! I ask you, does that look as though she'd left my service because she was unhappy? This uncle, the blasted old fool, has been stirring her up."

"What uncle?"

"I'm just telling you, aren't I? She's got an uncle and aunt down in Kent, farmers. They brought her up. I went down and saw them."

"Did you?"

His father glared at him.

"Of course I did. You don't imagine I've been sitting down like a stuffed image all this time, doing nothing, do you? I've been trying to find the girl. I went down and saw these people. No use. No use at all. Nothing to be got out of them."

"What did they say?" Charles inquired gently.

"A lot of damned rubbish. She's trying to better herself. Doesn't want to be a parlormaid any more. I couldn't tell the old fool that I don't want her as a parlormaid but as a wife. He was as obstinate as a mule. Went on with his hosing and wouldn't give me a word of information about her. 'Fraid I'd persuade the girl to come back to me in a menial position. I suppose. I can do no more, but I want you to go and see them. It's no use me going down again."

"Why not?"

"Well, the old man and I didn't part the best of friends. One thing led to another and . . . well, as a matter of fact, he threw a turnip at me."

"And I suppose I'm to go down and get the hoe?" Charles inquired.

"No, no, it's different with you. You don't lose your temper. You'll know how to take him. I want you to go about it very gently, to use all your tact and subtlety; to say to him that his action is just a little ungenerous, and that to keep his niece's whereabouts hidden in this fashion displays a slight lack of trust, not at all nice, and, and . . . is, moreover, the act of a . . . of a howling snob and fool and a jumped-up, bumptious old idiot, and he wants his behind kicked!" He drank off his wine at a gulp with an air of having scored heavily on his enemy, tossed aside his napkin, and pushed back his chair.

Charles sighed. He had enough troubles of his own, but what was another more or less?

"All right. I'll see them. Where is this farm?"

"Thank you, my dear boy. It's not far from The Laurels, this place. You call there the next time you go down."

"I'm going down to-day. I'll try and get over."

"Good. It's just outside a village called Ashwood. Miss Beattie Taylor, care of Mrs. Taylor—that's her aunt—Primrose Farm, Kent."

THERE was a marked change in Mr. Risby when Charles met him at Charing Cross for the 2.50 train to Camberfield. Spouted and brushed, clipped and hot towelled, lunched and expansive, Sampson was undoubtedly at his best. A happy smile flickered across his face as the train made its way through the green garden country of Kent.

The village of Camberfield was, by the best trains, only a little over an hour's run from London, but there were other trains that cared nothing for this good example, and the one that Charles had chosen proved to be the most corrupt and weak-minded locomotive that ever issued from a Saturday timetable.

But what did it matter to Mr. Risby that they were going to take the best part of the afternoon to do the short journey? Love of country was welling up in him strongly as in this flowered and sunny mood, it welcomed him home after twenty years.

"Well, England'll do me," he enthused. "I'm glad I came back. I wouldn't have missed this June . . . A pheasant! Look! A big feller, isn't he? He looks like he owned the place. . . . That's a pretty girl crossing the bridge. My word, she's a nice little thing." Head out of the window, he followed her progress intently until the train's winding hid her from view. He sat back and sighed. "Phew! It's hot." He took off his hat and mopped his head. "It's a real smother. It's as hot as any day I remember out in Africa."

For the rest of the journey, drugged by the sight of it all, he sat lost in reverie. Occasionally he would close his eyes contentedly, or mop his brow and stretch out his massive legs.

An irresistible torpor had enfolded Charles for some time past, but as the train drew near to Camberfield he wrenched away his eyes from the opposite side of the carriage, gathered together the muscles of his face, shut his mouth, and proceeded to arouse the foot that had gone to sleep.

A flutter of excitement began to stir within him. Would Kathie be at the station? He had wired and suggested her meeting them. What would she think of Sampson? What would Sampson think of her? He looked across at him, noting every detail of his improved appearance.

His hands were trembling as he reached up and took the suitcases off the rack. He brushed the dust off Risby's hat carefully and handed him his gloves.

Risby roused himself and gathered together his possessions.

"This next our station?" he asked.

"Good. Phew! I'm stiff," he slapped his thigh.

The train rounded the last curve, passed the two stone cottages with the blue tree, and the Railway Arms hotel, and drew slowly into the small, sleepy station.

Charles opened the door and sprang out.

Never before at the thought of meeting Kathie had his heart beat faster, but it was thumping almost painfully now. There was no sign of her on the platform.

Risby handed out the suitcases and stepped out beside him.

Suddenly Charles' face broke into a smile. "Ah," he said, "here's Miss Palfrey come to meet us."

Through the wicket, down the sunny platform, came Kathie. Kathie plump and self-assured; Kathie pink and flushed from her walk; her hair gold beneath a broad hat, her eyes a real English blue, and bluer for the cloudless sky behind her and the blue gingham of her frock.

CHAPTER 7.

IT is a known fact that any emotional disturbance predisposes the victim to the onslaught of other emotions, often of a totally different nature—thus the man who has just attended his grandmother's funeral is the one most likely to fall a prey to the charms of the new typist, and the first convert at a revivalist meeting will probably be he who has spent the morning in the dentist's chair. So closely are grief and love, fear and self-abasement interwoven in the human soul. Rouse one and you rouse the lot.

In Sampson Risby's bosom that overflowing emotion called love of country had welled up so strongly all the afternoon that his heart—at no time a hard one—was more than ever ready to succumb to the love of woman.

Kathie's appearance on the station at this moment was as well-timed as the heroine's first entrance in a melodrama. There was instant admiration in the glance he turned on her, and unmistakable sincerity in the tone of his "Pleased to meet you!"

Charles had been somewhat troubled in the train lest the kiss of greeting which he was in duty bound to bestow on her should reveal to Sampson the tie between them, but as luck would have it, Sampson turned to close the train door and no one saw the embrace save the station-master's cat and a distant cow.

"I hope you didn't find the train dreadfully slow," Kathie said in her calm, flat voice. "Do you feel inclined to walk home over the fields?"

"Fine!" Risby agreed expansively. "That'll do me."

Good indeed! thought Charles. Their first meeting then would be a long stroll through June sunshine and scented grasses.

On to the platform at this minute came Lennie and the thirteen-year-old Grace; Grace furtively disposing of an ice-cream cone, Lennie nervously wiping his lips.

Charles had some difficulty in greeting them politely. They would come, too, he thought angrily. But on second thoughts perhaps their appearance was a blessing in disguise—heavily disguised, it was true—for on the walk the group could more naturally split into two with Kathie and Risby alone.

They set off up the shady lane, Charles laying himself out to be exceptionally chatty and engaging to Lennie. This was not an easy matter, as the seventeen-year-old lad, both in personality and appearance, was far from lovable. He had damphish-looking hair, very sleek, long, damp fingers, very white. His features were undistinguished and his head rose inquiringly above sloping shoulders and an unusual length of neck. He had none of the tastes of other boys. He was very earnest and ladylike. He played the organ and was a great reader of small, limp books of poetry.

Needless to say, on this occasion Lennie's whole interest was centred on the stranger.

With maddening insistence he would range up beside him, peering into his face and crinkling in the tale of tropic hands with which Risby was beguiling Kathie.

With hate in his heart, Charles plodded heavily behind Grace, who showed no sign of wishing to join the three in front. She had taken a banana from her pocket and was unobtrusively munching it. There was always a variety of food concealed about her person, and practically no time of the day or night when she was not eating. She would have cake or a few gooseberries in her hat, an apple down the front of her blouse, and sweets and biscuits down the leg of her bloomers. Indeed, on one occasion Charles could have sworn that he saw her take a couple of sardines wrapped in her handkerchief from her stocking.

Charles, watching her as they strolled up the lane together, thought bitterly of all that Harold Palfrey's death was responsible for. It had abandoned these two children to the unbridled devotion of a mother's love. It had left Mrs. Palfrey to languish in injured widowhood. It had left The Laurels to fall more and more into decrepitude. It had left Kathie to him . . .

Ahead of them Risby was helping Kathie through a gap in the hedge. With Old-World courtesy he took her hand and held the sprays of flowering hawthorn out of her way, looking down at her admiringly the while.

THE rest of the walk lay through green fields with buttercups and spreading trees. From the woods nearby cuckoos were calling. Charles decided that he must get Lennie away from them somehow and let them ramble through all this loveliness alone together.

A briar caught in Grace's stocking. He stooped to disentangle it.

"I say, Lennie," he called. "Look here. What's this?"

Rather unwillingly, Lennie turned back and ambled towards them.

"What?"

"This little flower. What is it? I don't think I've seen it before."

Lennie stooped and examined it.

"Why, it's only a common muscari racemoseum," he said contemptuously. "They're everywhere. You can't know much about botany if you don't know them."

"But this looks as though it had an extra petal, or something, hasn't it? Under there. See?" He drew the boy down to the hedgerow.

"No," snorted Lennie. "That's part of the calyx."

"Oh, I see. Pretty little thing, isn't it?"

Lennie prepared to flee after the others again.

"Wait a bit," Charles laid a hand on his arm. "I thought this was the time of year you looked for butterfly orchids. You're usually so keen on this blasted botany," he added bitterly, "but you don't seem to care much about it to-day!" He linked a determined arm through the boy's.

Kathie and Risby were well ahead now and, so far as one could see, entirely heedless of the stragglers behind. Risby reached up and broke off a spray of crabapple blossom and handed it to her.

Whatever her heart may have done, Charles' certainly fluttered faster at this attention.

They crossed the rustic bridge and entered the wood that skirted the overgrown orchard of The Laurels. Charles talked relentlessly, and his hand on Lennie's arm was firm until they reached the gate.

Holding it open, Risby waited for them.

"My word, this is a pretty place," he said enthusiastically. "A real little Eden among the trees. I haven't enjoyed a walk that much for years." He certainly looked beaming. And was it possible that there was an unusual softness in Kathie's eyes as she stood looking at him?

The Laurels was a large stone house

standing in a rambling garden which was kept up in a half-hearted sort of fashion suggestive of a good deal of sporadic amateur gardening. Field flowers and meadow-sweet invaded the lawns, and had, for some people, distinct charm, but Mrs. Palfrey's eye on viewing them was as the eye of one who sights a dung heap.

Down at the foot of the garden, under a pine tree, hung an old swing and a string hammock. A couple of cushions and a book were thrown down on the long grass. There were some rhododendrons blooming and a late lilac, but no laurels—save those which had been won by the brave Harold at Omdurman, and these were kept perennially green by his watchful widow.

She was waiting within to receive them, surrounded by the weekly mending and an air of injury.

She smiled wanly as she took the visitor's hand and looked him over.

"It's good of you to come, Mr. Risby. I'm afraid, though, you'll be very bored down here. We have really no means of amusing our guests."

Sampson wrung her hand warmly and gazed earnestly into her face.

"It's just a privilege to be allowed to come, Mrs. Palfrey. I reckon what's good enough for you is good enough for me. You've got a lovely place down here."

"It was lovely in my husband's lifetime, but since his death it's all gone sad to rack and ruin. We haven't the means to keep it up as it should be kept." She peered at the needle she was threading an inch away from her eyes. "Stitch, stitch, stitch, in poverty, hunger, and dirt," her doleful sigh seemed to say.

ANYONE to whom Mrs. Palfrey talked was inclined to feel that all her afflictions were entirely his fault. On Charles this feeling of guilt had lain heavy for years; it was her policy and his misfortune. But it was hard that the soft-hearted Sampson, seated beside her on the window seat, should be made to feel, when her eye met his, that it was he who had silt the pillow-case across and wantonly punched holes in Lennie's socks.

The sight of Kathie, fresh and smiling, with her hat off and her golden hair shining in the afternoon sunlight, somewhat restored the visitor's spirits. Charles drew Mrs. Palfrey into talk of the increase of garden pests, and tea was brought in by the lovely orphan Ellen, the new housemaid.

It must be told, however, that from the very first moment when her eye met Risby's, Mrs. Palfrey conceived but a poor opinion of him. Such instinctive antipathies have ever puzzled the psychologists, but the reasons for this one were not far to seek. Sampson was by nature spacious, simple, transparent as a child. Mrs. Palfrey belonged to that vast army which we all despise, even those of us who belong to it ourselves, the army of natural-born snobs. In Sampson she saw but a crude, rough fellow from the colonies, obviously unused to the gentler ways of aristocratic society. His openly-expressed pleasure at coming down to see them was construed by her, firstly, as insolent patronage towards their poverty, and secondly, as a sign that he had entree to no better houses than The Laurels. If got her, no to speak, both ways. In her heart she was ashamed of her poverty, and always expected to be despised for it. That Sampson should be inferior in station and so vastly superior in wealth was an unforgivable offence, and it galled her intolerably that she was not rich enough to snub him.

She would not have believed that poor Sampson, all admiration for the homely atmosphere, saw nothing of their threadbare carpets, faded coverings, and dowdy cotton frocks. He had the warmest trust in human nature, and confidently expected to be liked in return.

His first real break, though, was when he

was standing beside Kathie at the table while she poured out the tea. As it happened, the frequent breakages in the Palfrey china-cupboard were replaced at the village shop, and the village shop went in largely for that brand of china that could not proffer you the smallest edible without suitable comment. "Ah coom fresh from the dairy," ran the statement round the brown pottery butter-dish. "Allus a soop an' a bite for 'ee," the teapot announced graciously. "Doan't 'ee be shy, cut an' coom agen," the cake-plate rallied.

The effect of all this peasant heartiness was far from cheering, suggesting as it did that one had to get right down to the soil to find true hospitality. It was even a little embarrassing taken side by side with the sour look on Mrs. Palfrey's face. The impression one got was that the china would catch it afterwards for its effusiveness.

Risby from the start showed a warm interest in this talkative crockery, reading aloud with gusto: "The cow 'er doan't grudge it," "A bit o' sugar sweetens the temper," and getting rather badly on Mrs. Palfrey's nerves. . . . But when he lifted a plate originally intended for a stand for egg-cups now holding cream puffs, and read around it the information, "Ma speckled hen laid these," he burst into a hearty roar of laughter.

Mrs. Palfrey stiffened and shot on outraged glance at him. This was a direct insult launched at their poverty!

"You are amused at our tea things, Mr. Risby," she said with a smile. "They are rather ridiculous, it is true, but at least they have one virtue—they are cheap!"

The unfortunate Sampson heard the acid tingle in her tone, and knew himself snubbed. He was all genuine admiration for the vivacious tea service and couldn't for the life of him think what he had done to deserve the rebuke.

He blushed crimson and glanced helplessly at Charles, who was hovering watchfully round the group, entirely preoccupied with another anxiety; could Mrs. Palfrey be headed off the subject of his marriage to Kathie?

Risby's eyes kept straying back to the calm gold head by the tea-tray. It was clear she was much in his mind. Not yet, oh, not yet let him learn that she was another! But the lee was unspeakably thin.

"Another biscuit, Mr. Risby?" Kathie asked with an upward glance of her round blue eyes.

He helped himself and handed the plate to Mrs. Palfrey. They were home-made biscuits, considerably burnt on the underneath (the old kitchen range again). She took one with an inward shudder.

"Dear, oh, dear, Ellen has burnt the biscuits," she said sadly. "Lennie, Lennie, not so much butter, dear!—We have only kept one maid since my husband died," she explained to Risby. Having just put him in his place she could afford to be fairly gracious. "It is far too little for this big house, but what can one do? Of course my daughter Kathie used to help a good deal, but she is really too busy now owing to her engagement."

FOR one horrible moment Charles, standing near, thought the damage was done. Risby gave a start and something unmistakably like disappointment overspread his face.

And then—providence sometimes intervenes on the side of the wrong-doer—a ball of wool bounded off Mrs. Palfrey's lap and rushed into a corner of the room. Lennie and Grace dived for it, and under cover of the search Charles stooped to Risby's ear.

"Miss Palfrey's engagement is to play the organ in the local church," he murmured. "They are a very musical family."

Yes, it was true, there was genuine relief on Sampson's face as he heard these words. O God, thought Charles, if only this bud of love could be nurtured into bloom!

"Well, indeed," said Sampson respectfully, "your family is a great credit to you, Mrs. Palfrey. No easy matter I'm sure, bringing up all these fine children alone."

"No one knows what I have gone through," she murmured. "No one knows . . . except perhaps my dear husband in Heaven. He was a very gallant gentleman, Mr. Risby. He died for his country and his friends."

She shot a glance at Charles, who received it with a sickly unease born of long usage. "We all know that had it not been for the wound he suffered at the battle of Omdurman, thirty-one years ago, my poor Harold would be alive to-day."

Risby looked concerned.

"Killed at Omdurman, was he, poor fellow?"

"Well, hardly," she said with a lift of the eyebrows. "My little Grace is only thirteen years old." Again poor Risby blushed with shame. "He was wounded there. It weakened his constitution—one at a time, Grace, one at a time!—and years later when he went back to Africa he succumbed almost immediately to black water fever. Yes, that Sudan campaign was a tragic one for Harold."

She laid aside her mending and brushed a crumb from her lip. She needed two hands and unblemished dignity for the telling of the heroic rescue at Omdurman.

She told it in much detail.

When it was ended and the party was hushed into a decent air of mourning, she rose with a triumphant smile.

"We must not grieve. He is better off where he is. Come, let us go into the garden. Grace dear, fetch my garden hat. It's in the hall."

"Allow me," Sampson sprang to his feet and shot out into the hall.

"Oh, thank you. It's hanging on the peg near the stairs," she called.

It was a full minute before he returned. He came back walking slowly, and in his demeanor there was an air of suppressed shock, a mysterious excitement that paled his ruddy cheek and lit a wild light in his eye.

One would be hard put to it to say just how anything in the hall of The Laurels could cause a flicker of emotion in any breast. With its faded blue carpet, hat-stand with mirror and pegs, hall table and chairs, and marble figure holding a lamp, it differed in not one hideous particular from the halls of countless other homes where taste is not, and money is lacking to replace the glimmering horrors of the last age with the formless atrocities of this.

Yet Sampson Risby after one minute alone there returned to the drawing-room looking as stunned as though the hat-stand had bitten him.

CHAPTER 8

VISITORS to The Laurels were always informed at the outset by Mrs. Palfrey that it was Liberty Hall yet as likely as not before the day was out they would be intimidated into eating rhubarb. "It's quite a simple home," she was in the habit of explaining. "If you like us, you take us as you find us. No ceremony here, just go as you please."

And that was their last vision of freedom. From that moment they found themselves with a number of odd jobs, such as watering the pot plants, going for the milk, chopping up kindling wood or picking gooseberries, since Mrs. Palfrey maintained that young people were just as happy shelling peas as playing tennis—and she herself was happier doing neither.

By six o'clock on this particular evening, Charles discovered that the business of feeding the poultry had fallen to his lot; Kathie was making a pudding in the kitchen, while Risby, setting off for a saunter round the flowers with his hostess, suddenly found himself in the kitchen garden, alone,

save for a dipper and a row of beans ripe for picking.

Charles, as he went towards the fowl-yard with the pollard and wheat, caught sight of the African's massive, crouching form. Of all the jobs awaiting him at The Laurels, feeding the fowls was the least popular. There were few things that made him feel smaller than the eye of the rooster as it came stalking down the yard at the head of its harem. He disliked the gentle fowls intensely with their air of self-conscious virtue.

But this evening, so sanguine was his mood that he scattered the corn lavishly and even allowed the birds to peck the pollard off his shoes.

Risby's 100 per cent masculinity had obviously colored Kathie's entire vision of him. If she had been his mother she could not have been more fondly indulgent towards his slightly fanlike ears, and she didn't appear to have even noticed his clothes! Well, well, love was blind all right—color blind at any rate. Best of all, Risby was a fast worker. A week-end to him was worth a month to a less decided lover. O blessed chance, that had brought him to Krenin's shop yesterday.

It was a pity, of course, that Mrs. Palfrey had got a spike on him, but he knew by experience that Kathie was not one to be side-tracked. If she wanted a thing she had an extraordinarily quiet way of getting it in the teeth of all opposition. It only remained for her to know that she wanted Risby.

It was at this point of his meditations that he became aware that Risby was behaving in a very peculiar fashion. Still crouching close to the earth, he was peeping over the row of beans and his face, turned in Charles' direction, was frantically mouthing.

Charles stared back, startled. Risby, having captured his attention, began to exhibit still further signs of derangement. Glancing fearfully towards the house, he skipped across the vegetable garden to the cover of a large gooseberry bush and gesticulated mysteriously.

What in Heaven's name did he mean by this extraordinary behaviour? Risby wagged his head from side to side, rolled his eyes in the direction of the house and, so far as Charles could judge, appeared to be shaking a hairy fist, furtively peeping round the gooseberry bush like a man taking cover.

A thrill of fear shot through the watcher in the fowl yard. Was he having some kind of a seizure? After all, what did he know of the man? Perhaps he was subject to strange fits of mania due to his lonely life in Africa, and this was the beginning of an attack. God, suppose he became homicidal and attacked the women!

But no, he was not shaking his fist. He appeared to be beckoning, and he was listening some word at Charles across the hedge. Poor old Risby, he must be in a shocking state. Charles threw down the bucket and made hastily towards him.

"It's all right, old man," he called. "I'm coming. I'm with you. Try and keep calm a minute. We'll see it through together. Don't get your tongue between your teeth." He remembered hearing that that was one of the dangers of epilepsy.

"The same without the whippers," Risby called hoarsely.

Charles wrenched open the fowl-yard gate.

At this instant Gracie, munching a freshly-pulled young turnip, came running across the kitchen garden towards them.

Risby turned and caught sight of her, lived back to the bean row, and began to pull beans recklessly from the trembling vines. He glanced back at Charles, frowned, and shook his head and motioned him away.

CHARLES came to a halt and stood staring at the pair. Stooping side by side they were placidly dropping

beans into the same dipper and, so far as one could see, chatting quite normally.

He turned slowly back into the fowl yard pondering Sampson's extraordinary behaviour. On second thought, perhaps he was bursting with some mysterious piece of intelligence for his ear alone. What in Heaven's name could it be? Had he made some startling discovery down in the garden there? Human bones beneath the cabbages, or hidden treasure in the onion bed? The more he thought of it, the more he became racked with curiosity.

But as the hours passed there was never a ghost of a chance of finding him alone and getting it out of him. With the exception of Mrs. Palfrey, the whole family as one man had fallen for Sampson.

To Charles' delight he discovered, when they reached the dining-room, that Kathie had made a more elaborate toilet than usual and was looking her prettiest. She had put on her best blue evening frock, which was cut rather lower than Mrs. Palfrey thought quite nice, and her fine plump arms and shoulders were undeniably pleasing to Risby. Her heavy, straight gold hair, as she sat facing the blaze of the setting sun, shone like ripe corn. It was unshingled. Mr. Risby thought a woman's hair her crown of glory. The irresistible magnet she was for his eyes made it, at first, rather hard for him to drink his soup without disaster.

It seemed to Charles that never before had Kathie been in such high spirits. She was almost talkative. She never once reproved Lennie for eating mustard with his chicken, and so tenderly had Love stolen in and warmed her girlish heart that there was but little real feeling in the punch she gave Gracie under the table for spitting her cherry stones back into her plate. Mrs. Palfrey sat aloofly at her end of the table, keeping a watchful eye on Ellen and murmuring to her occasionally in undertones.

A late sun poured into the room through the open window and brought with it the scent of flowers and the song of nesting birds.

Charles' heart beat high. There was a long warm evening before them, and he would see to it that Kathie and Risby were left alone in the garden, even if it meant luring Mrs. Palfrey on to show him once again her post-card album on English Cathedrals. Whatever the momentous secret was that had troubled Risby earlier, he seemed to have calmed down a bit now, only an uneasy flash lit his eye when it met Charles'.

But alas, little did Charles know that at that very instant there were trudging across the fields to the house, three sinister figures, a man and two women, bearing in their hands strange and still more sinister shapes.

Mrs. Rotherby-Knowles leads the way Mrs. Rotherby-Knowles, flat faced and flat-chested, high souled and high voiced, clad as her enemy would wish to see her in a creation of the local dressmaker's. And what in this knobby object she carries? It looks suspiciously like a violin. It is a violin.

Only a step or two behind her comes Miss Watkins, a mannish, freckled-faced lady of uncertain age, a being whom every shrinking nerve within one proclaims to be a "good sport." Her burden borne ever so cheerfully, is an instrument, a monster violin or a stunted violoncello, known to the musical as a viola.

Mr. Adcock brings up the rear, a young man of five and twenty. There is little to make him remarkable save his teeth which, in company with his hat, he wears at a peculiar angle. The object in his hand seems but a mere toy, but in truth, this small flute, under the shadow of Mr. Adcock's teeth, is capable of drowning any two other instruments, be they what they may. And why not? After all, the thumbscrew was greatly inferior in size to the rack, but was, we are told, even more dreaded by the victims of the Inquisition.

IT is to-night that the musical talent of Camberfield meets at The Laurels for concord of sweet sounds. Hardly had they risen from dinner when this trio burst in on them.

It must be owned that Kathie looked crestfallen at sight of them. She had forgotten that this was the night for the meeting of the musical club.

However the candles beside the music stands were lighted, the piano was opened, the hands of Gracie (second violin) were washed. Mrs. Palfrey got out her knitting and took her chair by the window, where her large, steel needles provided a constant accompaniment to the Mozart sonata. Risby was swept up by Mrs. Rotherby-Knowles and borne into the drawing-room.

"Are you fond of music, Mr. Risby?" Kathie asked, as she stationed him at her elbow to turn over her pages. Kathie's instrument was no less a one than the great violoncello.

"Yes, very much," he answered unconvincingly. "I don't know much about it, but I know what I like." In other words, he liked what he knew which was: "The Barcarolle," from "Hoffmann," "God Save the King," and "The Little Grey Home in the West."

There came the rustling of music sheets, the scurrying of tuning instruments, the frounce of skirts and elbows, and the music began.

Charles, stunned by the sudden Nemesis that had overtaken the peaceful household, sat by the door, his head in his hands, meditating bitterly.

What a way to spend an evening! Lord, what a waste! With a blue twilight stealing over the garden and the moon rising behind the laburnum tree. The kind of night that if let loose on Sampson with Kathie by his side would have brought him grovelling to her feet. And now . . . ? And now . . . ? There was the poor fellow sitting looking all anguish and elbows as he turned over the pages—three at a time, as like as not.

The mellow strains came to an end and Mrs. Palfrey leant over to Charles proudly.

"Lennie's come on wonderfully, hasn't he?" she murmured. "The 'Camberfield Courier' said the other day that so much talent was quite unusual in a small circle, and prophesied that this little band would go far."

The farther from him the better, Charles thought savagely as they broke out again after all too short a breather.

The evening seemed of well-nigh intolerable length, but at last the music faded out for good, and coffee was brought in. After the arrangements had gone Charles made one feeble attempt to turn the rapturous night to his purpose.

"What about a stroll in the garden before we turn in?" he suggested.

Risby's tired eyes gleamed.

Kathie looked at her watch.

"It's too late," she pronounced with finality.

It was an irritating habit of hers. Ten o'clock for her was the witching hour of bedtime. After that—for anything but sleep—it was too late.

Charles and Risby were left alone in the hall. Their eyes met meaningfully. With a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, Risby motioned him out into the darkness. Conspiracy was written all over his open face, and dark mystery lurked in every hair of his head.

"I got to tell yer," he whispered hoarsely. "Come out! By cripes, I got a staggerer to tell yer!"

CHAPTER 9

CHARLES followed him out into the garden and halted at the swing under the pine tree.

"Well," he inquired, "what's it all about?"

What the deuce has been biting you all the afternoon?"

Risby gripped his arm.

"I tell yer it's the same man, the very same, only without the whiskers!"

Charles returned the intent stare.

"What man? You haven't told me anything yet."

"By jingo, it gave me a turn when I saw that thing in the hall."

"You gave me a turn, capering about the orchard before dinner. What are you talking about? What did you see in the hall?"

Risby dropped his voice still lower and glanced fearfully around into the darkness.

"When I went out into the hall to get Mrs. Palfrey's hat," he whispered, "I saw there, staring down at me from the wall, a picture of a feller I know out in Africa!"

Charles looked disappointed.

"Is that all? What if you did? Some friend of the Palfreys, too, I suppose. What about it?"

"I tell you it was the man she had just been telling me about that died out there years ago. Her husband!"

Charles gaped open-mouthed.

"Good God, Risby, you don't mean—"

"I do. Harold Palfrey's alive to-day."

"No, no, impossible. You're mistaken."

"I tell you he is. I know him well. I'd know him anywhere. There's his picture up there in the hall, and the name written on it is Harold Palfrey."

"Oh, no, no, my dear fellow. Come, come! No, that's impossible. You're making a mistake. The fellow looks like him, perhaps. He's got a double, or something."

"Double be blowed! It's Mrs. Palfrey's husband. I tell yer I saw him on'y a month or so ago. What do yer take me for!"

"It can't be."

"It is."

"I tell you Harold Palfrey died of blackwater fever out in some God-forsaken part of tropical Africa."

Risby leant forward and peered knowingly into his face.

"How did yer know he died?" he asked meaningfully. "Were yer there?"

"Of course I wasn't, but everyone knows that—"

"Was she there? Did anyone see him die? Where was he buried? Do they know that?"

"No, of course, no one was there. How the deuce could they be? The poor devil was away on an expedition with some pal or other. He, the friend, wrote. There were letters, full particulars . . . I . . . I don't know. I never heard of anything so staggering. Of course he's dead."

"About as dead as you are! He's walking about growing tobacco in Nyasaland at this very moment—that is, if he isn't lying up in his bungalow sipping gin slings. He always had hollow legs, did old Harold. I'd take more than blackwater fever to kill him, I reckon!"

Charles stood speechless. He simply could not take in what Risby was saying. It was too much. Harold Palfrey alive! Harold Palfrey, hero and martyr, who for the last ten years, through the medium of his wife, had controlled all their destinies from his seat in heaven . . . Harold Palfrey drinking gin slings! No, no.

He seized Risby by the arm and took a couple of turns with him in the chequered moonlight under the pine tree.

"Now, look here, Risby, this is an awful thing to say. You're making an outrageous statement. There must be a mistake. You've no proof except that this portrait in the hall looks like your tobacco-growing friend out in Nyasaland."

"Well, if I was to meet you in Piccadilly to-morrow I got no proof it's you except that it looks like you," Sampson retorted with a flash of unanswerable logic. "That's flat, isn't it?"

"Yes, but that's quite different. Another matter entirely. This is only a portrait taken ten, or, maybe, fifteen years years ago."

"It's the same," Sampson persisted doggedly, "without the whiskers. He hasn't changed much . . . And, look here, do you remember him at all?"

"Not much. He never took much notice of me."

"Well, have you ever heard his wife say that he had a sort of scar on his neck and a bit nicked out of his right ear?"

Charles groaned.

"I have. Many times! And I know how he got it. Don't bother telling me again."

"Well, so's Harold Parkins!" Risby was triumphant. "I often noticed 'em. He's changed his name, of course. He's not known as Harold Palfrey out there."

CHARLES sat down on the swing and murmured feebly:

"Harold Parkins! And the wounds he got at Omdurman! My God, Risby, can you be right!"

Risby laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm right, my boy. On'y too right, I'm afraid. For some reason or other Harold Palfrey faded out and got his pal to write this yarn about his death. It's pretty black against him. Left his poor widow to bring up all these children alone."

"It's colossal! It's staggering. The nerve of the man . . .!"

"And a remarkably fine job she's made of it . . . Sampson's face in the moonlight was mellow. He was thinking of Kathie. "Why in the world did he do it?" he mused. "That's the mystery."

"No," Charles murmured, "that isn't really the mystery for me. After all, he thought, might not any man feel that death from blackwater fever was preferable to life with Mrs. Palfrey?"

"The question is," Risby went on, "what ought we to do?"

"Why? What can we do? We can't give the poor devil away."

"Not on your life! We can't do that. We can't let that poor little woman know she's been obliterating a sham all these years. She seems to have kept his memory green."

"My oath, she has!"

"What good would it do her now to know that he'd done the dirt on her like that? I must say I never went much on Harold Parkins, but I wouldn't have thought him that black."

"How long have you known him? What's he like? I was only a kid when he went away."

"Weak," Risby answered, shaking his head. "Weak as water—which was funny in a man that never tasted it but once when he went to sleep with his mouth open and it came on to rain."

"He never did much good in England, either. He chuckled the army when he married and messed about in the city for fifteen years, losing money all the time. I don't want to be uncharitable, but I shouldn't be surprised if he left the city in a hurry. Anyway, he went out to Africa on some punk scheme or other to make his fortune."

"He did that, all right."

"What?"

"Oh, Harold Parkins is very well to do now; more than that, he's a rich man. They say he's worth half a million."

"You don't mean it!"

"He's had a lot of luck in the last few years. He was pretty down to it when I first ran across him. That was about six years ago. Yes, let me see, I first met Harold Parkins in 1923. He was pulling beers in an up-country pub then. Hadn't a bean. Then he seemed to have a bit of luck with some mining shares. The Bulbul, I think it was, and after that everything he touched turned to gold. A couple of years ago he went in with another chap, tobacco growing. A very shrewd fellow named Donaldson. They got one of the most paying concerns out there."

Charles sat motionless. Harold Palfrey alive—and rich! God! Didn't this alter

everything? Getting down to tin tacks, why was he bound to marry Kathie Palfrey? Because her father had "died" in saving his father's life, and their poverty, he had always been taught, lay at his own door. See it how he tried, the burden had been his, and no matter what he felt about it, it would have been a low trick to throw her over after all these years. But now . . . Was it his job any longer? Wasn't it Harold Palfrey's job to set the family on its feet again, to see to the future of Grace and Lennie, and provide for Kathie and her mother?

RISBY sucked thoughtfully at his chair. Upstairs in the house a light was switched off and a window was blotted out. Kathie's bedroom.

If Kathie knew what he knew now, pondered Charles, Kathie penniless no longer but the daughter of a rich father, mightn't she, too, feel very differently about this marriage? Did she care much more about him than he about her?

Once more before his eyes there danced the vision of freedom—and Della. He threw down his cigarette and put his heel on it.

"Well, what do you mean to do about it? Do you mean to tell Mrs. Palfrey about it?" he asked.

"No, no, sorry, we got to keep it to ourselves. It'd break her heart. Parkins is no good. He'd be no good to anyone. We mustn't rake it all up. They got a lovely home here, a happy family with them three kids. She's a beautiful girl, Miss Palfrey. He paused thoughtfully, "She'll marry before long . . . And the lad's a clever young chap. His mother tells me he has a big future before him. No. Leave well alone, my boy. She mustn't be told."

"H'm. I don't know about that. Everything here looks all right on the surface, but they're as hard up as the devil. You don't know the struggle they have."

"No! You don't say!" Risby's honest face in the moonlight was full of concern. "Hard up, are they? That's too bad."

"If Palfrey's got all that money, why the hell shouldn't he keep them?" Charles argued feebly. But he knew full well that Risby was right and that he could never bring himself to shatter Mr. Palfrey's belief in the legend of Harold.

"He's no good, Charles. He wouldn't do it if he didn't want to. Maybe they'd find some other feller, with more money than Palfrey, willing and anxious to put it all right for them. Besides, there's something else I haven't told you."

"What?"

"Parkins has got another daughter."

"Another daughter!"

"That's right."

"Where? Out in Africa?"

"No. Here in England."

"Illegitimate?"

"No, he married her mother as a young chap before he went out to the Sudan with his regiment. It was on the sly, I guess. I take it she wasn't the gentry class that he was. Anyway, when he got back to England she was dead. There was a little daughter. He wants me to find her."

"And then he married Mrs. Palfrey and kept all this early marriage dark?"

"That's about it, I suspect. He never spoke of the present Mrs. Palfrey to me at all. That's one of the things he does keep dark."

"Well, I'm damned!"

"He hasn't seen this little daughter since she was a baby. He wants me to find her. He wants her to go out to him. He gave me a letter for her that I've got to deliver."

"How do you mean to find her? Doesn't he know where she is?"

"More or less. She was brought up by her mother's people. Simple village folk. She doesn't even take his name."

"Where does she live?"

"I got the address somewhere. Some

little place in Kent, Ashbrook or Ashwood or something."

"Ashwood? That's quite near here."

"Is it? Good. That's where the aunt and uncle live. The girl's name is Bessie Taylor."

"Good God! Bessie Taylor! Bessie Taylor!" Charles' face in the moonlight was masklike with surprise.

"Yes. Why? Do you know her?"

"Bessie Taylor, Primrose Farm, Ashwood?"

"That's it. That's it." Hell! Harold Palfrey's daughter was my father's parlormaid. His wonderful Bessie!

CHAPTER 10

CHARLES awoke the next morning conscious of a sense of drama in the air. After Risby's revelations last night, they had decided that before another night fell they must go over to Ashwood and run the daughter of Harold Palfrey to earth. That in finding her he should also be finding his father's parlormaid was almost too staggering a coincidence.

He was nervous and excited as he dressed. The day before him teemed with possibilities. The knowledge that Harold Palfrey was not hitting a harp with the angels, but sinking gin slings out in Africa, was dimmed by the wonderful fact that Kathie and Risby had fallen for each other. If Sampson could only be kept in ignorance of their engagement and led on to declare himself within the course of a day or so, then he, Charles, could gracefully retire.

The very thought of it set his heart racing. He leaned out of the window and took an awful of the day. The Sunday calm lay deep upon it. Soft and warm and misty it greeted him, lifting a leaf languidly here and there, pouring cloth of gold sunshine over the unkempt lawns. From the wood, a cuckoo sang his happy song of fulfillment.

He slipped on his coat and ran down the stairs. One thing he had determined on: he and Risby must stay here another night. It was essential that the poor fellow must have at least one moonlight evening alone with her. Mrs. Palfrey must be encouraged to ask them to stay a little longer.

In the breakfast-room as he entered, Mrs. Palfrey was being unexpectedly gracious to Mr. Risby—a very sinister sign. Let any guest beware of this marked rise in cordiality in his hostess' manner on the day of his departure. It springs from unconquerable high spirits at the thought of his going. It also bespeaks an uneasy conscience. The wretched woman fears that her boredom during his visit may have been apparent, and she is trying to blot it out with a little extra charm at the last.

Charles took good care to suggest they staying another night, at breakfast. Mrs. Palfrey couldn't very well refuse, though he caught the look of bottled anger that flitted across her face. However, he was rewarded by a pleased sparkle in Kathie's eyes as they fell to her plate again, and the almost touching pleasure expressed by Sampson.

Poor Sampson he had started out badly and there was no winning Mrs. Palfrey. He might as well have spat in her face and have done with it. His most innocent acts recoiled disastrously on his own head.

At church, to which the whole family trooped dutifully across the fields, his demeanor was certainly above reproach, even in the eyes of Mrs. Palfrey, who watched him keenly for signs of unorthodoxy. His long absence from places of worship, the nearness of Kathie's tranquil presence, and the severity of the sermon produced in him an aspect of stunted solemnity that outdid Mrs. Palfrey's own.

It was after this was over, and they were standing in the churchyard, that he remembered he had a letter to post to Skipper Larsen putting off an early appointment

with him. Gracie, with effusive friendliness, offered to show him the way to the post office, and they set off together.

It has already been shown that Gracie was a child with a well-nigh unlimited capacity for food, and that Risby was kind-hearted to a fault. After leaving the post office they entered the village confectioner's.

Walking back through the fields some time later, Gracie skipped no longer by his side, but plodded a pace or two in the rear, her step languid and her mind uneasy. Was this surprising? She had put away a plate of sardine sandwiches, a cup of coffee, four cream puffs, two ice creams, a glass of cherry cider, and three meringues. She had also accepted a bag of coconut crunch to eat on the way home, though it must be owned that this was only half empty when they reached The Laurels.

Outraged nature, however, made no protest until an hour or so after lunch, when Charles and Sampson had set out in a hired car for Primrose Farm.

In Mrs. Palfrey's eyes her younger daughter's plight was the blackest mark of all against Sampson Risby. The vile brute! she raged, as she held her little darling's head and soothed her wails. How dare he, how dare he drag her into that poisonous shop and fill her up with all that rubbish! caring nothing how ill he made the child so long as he could throw his money about and do the lordly millionaire!

The things that Mrs. Palfrey said that afternoon about her absent guest would have sketched an over-colored portrait of Caligula.

M

MEANWHILE he and Charles, all unconscious of this disaster at home, were bowling happily through the garden country of Kent.

Charles, remembering his father's reception at Primrose Farm, approached it with some trepidation. The moss-grown peace of centuries lay upon its thatched roof as they got out of the car at the big gate and walked up through the farmyard, but the slumbering life of the farm woke into hostile activity at their approach. A dog chained to its kennel broke out into angry barking, two calves in a byre mooded reproachfully, a pony in the stable neighed and stamped as they passed, a litter of small pink pigs ran squealing before them as though the intruders' purpose had been caught, but bacon, and from the porch a raucous-voiced parrot screamed on a note of derision.

Even the little woman seated in the porch knitting a sock showed signs of flurry as she saw them coming up the path, and the first sight of her told Charles that it was unlikely they would be more successful than his father had been.

It was evident that Mrs. Taylor had been well schooled to give nothing away. A polite little woman as she was, she seemed afraid of opening her mouth to emit even the blatantly obvious for fear of some piece of information slipping out. The interview had all the brevity of good stage dialogue—if none of its epigram.

Mr. Risby standing before her bare-headed and bowing low:

"Good afternoon, madam, have I the honor of addressing Mrs. Taylor?"

Mrs. Taylor doubtfully:

"Yes—"

"This is Primrose Farm, isn't it?"

"That's right, sir."

"I understand you have a niece."

"Yes."

"A Miss Bessie Taylor?"

A nod of the head.

"Could you tell us her whereabouts?"

"No, sir."

Risby gasped at this blunt refusal but ventured bravely again.

"But . . . but you know, Mrs. Taylor, we only want Miss Bessie because we have some good news for her."

"Maybe, sir."

"Is she close here, or is she in London?"

"I mustn't say, sir."

Risby looked helplessly at Charles, who was standing aside. The little woman stood gaping up at the large African in a frightened fashion. A massive tabby cat rubbing round her ankles gazed up at him, too, with a knowing wink. Risby, as chief inquisitor, was not much of a success.

Charles took a hand.

"I believe my father came down here a few days ago asking for Bessie. He's very keen to get her back. You know, Mrs. Taylor, I don't see why you should be so secretive with us all."

"It's Bessie's choosing, sir."

"But don't you think it's a little unreasonable? Don't you think she might give my father a chance to ask her why she left? He says she was the best parlormaid he ever had."

"Our Bessie isn't a parlormaid any more."

This was almost approaching information Charles grasped at it eagerly.

"Oh, isn't she? What's she doing now, then?"

The little woman looked round anxiously as though afraid of herself.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, I'll be telling something soon! Mr. Taylor'll be ever so vexed with me if I do. Him and Bessie are all for her bettering herself like this. He always said she was too good for a domestic, and so she is. We've took great pains to give her a good education. Bessie's not like us, you know, sir. Her father was a gentleman, and when she got this chance to go to London and—"

She clapped a hand over her mouth and her eyes above it were startled. "There, now! No more. Please don't ask me no more, sir. Our Bessie has a reason for not wishing to be found and her uncle'll never forgive me if I tell! The way he dotes on that girl! She twists him round her little finger."

"She seems to have a talent for that," Charles murmured.

H

HE suddenly perceived that a small rabbit-faced boy was peeping round the corner of the house behind Mrs. Taylor with the obvious air of missing none of the pearls of this inquiry. Charles frowned heavily on him and turned to Mrs. Taylor again.

"Well, there's not much use our staying if you've made up your mind. I'm sorry you won't tell us, Mrs. Taylor."

"Very sorry indeed," Risby put in gravely. "She would have heard of something to her advantage."

Charles wondered if the acquaintance of Harold Palfrey could truthfully be said to be to anyone's advantage, but he only bowed with as much beaten dignity as he could muster and stepped off the porch followed by Sampson.

"I reckon praps we ought to have told her the truth," Sampson said doubtfully. Charles shook his head.

"We can't go bleating it about that Harold Palfrey's alive. It might get round. It's not fair to the Palfreys till we make up our minds what we're going to do."

"Well, what's the next move? However are we going to find the girl if these old people are bent on keeping her hid? What do you think's the strength of all this, Charles? What do you think she's up to?"

"Bettering herself, according to the old girl. She's a clever girl, my father says. She's probably taken a job in an office and doesn't want her mental past to find her out. Don't you worry. We'll find her. We'll think of something."

Down by the car in the lane, the rabbit-faced boy was waiting for them. Like Narcissus he was beguiling his loneliness by a close inspection of his face in the shining nickel of the radiator. Any mirror in which he looked would have thrown back a face plain enough to startle an ordinary child, but to court such a reflection in the curved surface of the radiator proved him a boy of unusual nerve.

"Well, sonny. Like a ride to the end of the lane?" Risby eyed him kindly as he got into the car.

The boy disregarded this frivolous offer and got straight down to business.

"I say, mister, I know what you want to know," he announced, gazing up at Charles.

"What? What do you know? What do you mean?"

"About the young lady you was askin' for. She was down 'ere to-day to see 'er auntie. I seen 'er."

"Oh, you did, did you? You saw her? Is she still here?"

"No, she left. She was 'ere jest 'ere a few minutes before you come. I seen 'er. She was in a motor car, too. I can tell yer all about 'er."

Charles restrained an urgent desire to box the universally ears of the eager child and reject his proffered information. He put his hand in his pocket, took out a shilling and handed it to him.

"Well," he said coldly, "what do you know? In a car, was she? What was she like?"

"She 'ad some of the paint knocked off 'er 'ind."

Risby started.

"What?"

"Her uncle throwing turnips again, perhaps," Charles murmured.

"A furniture van run into 'er just down at the foot of the 'ill. Scramped the paint off 'er back and knocked 'er mudguard rotten. She was a latest model Chrysler with a—"

"Wait a bit, sonny," Risby interrupted. "We don't want to hear about that. We want to know what the young lady was like. Was she dark or fair or tall or short?"

"Olive him a chance, Risby. Well, carry on. Tell us what you do know."

THE rabbit-faced boy drew a deep breath.

"It was a bright blue latest model Chrysler with a s'loon body, b'ion tyres and four-wheel brakes. It'd done eight thousand miles and the clock 'ad one of the 'ands off. There was a pair o' gloves and a bottle o' aspirin in the right 'and pocket on the door. The number was five-o-four-o-thirteen." He paused for breath.

"I see," said Charles. "That was all you noticed, was it?"

"All except where she dented it comin' up the 'ill on the van. Caught 'er a beauty, it did. Look, there was a diamond-shaped bit as big as yer 'ead knocked off the paint at the back. 'Er left mudguard was crumpled up and 'er rear light was smashed all to bits. I said to 'er: 'You've 'ad an accident, miss.' 'Yes,' she says, 'a furniture van ran into me comin' up the 'ill.'"

Charles and Risby looked at each other considerably. In spite of the wealth of detail, this information was, when they came to think of it, of very little value to them.

Risby took out half a crown and pressed it into the child's grubby palm. Though he had professed himself "fond of the kiddies," this one seemed to leave his heart untouched.

"Well, my boy," he observed, "I reckon it's clear what your walk in life ought to be. Thanks for the information. That'll do, but don't let these spying habits get a hold on yer. Run along, now, and mind the turnips don't bite yer."

They got into the car and drove off, leaving the boy gazing fixedly after them, obviously memorizing their number.

"Well, that didn't get us much forrader," observed Sampson thoughtfully. "Bad luck we weren't a few minutes earlier, and we'd have struck the girl herself."

"No wonder the old lady looked nerry."

"We might as well get straight back. It's only five. There's lots of the afternoon left." Risby did not say what for, but there was a distinct rise in cheerfulness

in his tone. "I'm very glad you brought me down here, Charles," he went on. "I hold it a great honor to be allowed into their family life. If anyone had told me a few days ago when I was butting up the Bristol channel in that old tramp that I'd be down here blowing about with you like this, feeling at home with all these fine people . . . why, I wouldn't have believed it. Miss Kathie. Well . . . A real English rose. They told me the girls of to-day were all for cigarettes and cocktails and staying up all night, but Lord! there's nothing of that about her. She's real womanly . . ."

Thus Mr. Risby, musing contentedly as they made their way on that tranced afternoon over the Kentish roads bordered by green hop fields.

The afternoon was so settled and dreaming that an English summer seemed to be a thing eternal, a long sunny season that had come to rest forever on the bosom of a green land. A pile of creamy clouds had hung motionless for hours just above the horizon. The path of the sun was a brilliant blue, and the light beneath the full-leaved trees was as green as sea water.

Charles, with his hand on the wheel, leaned back lazily, half listening to Sampson's soothing monologue and half lost in his own hopeful reverie, of which the subject likewise was love.

Suddenly Charles' peaceful brooding was broken into rudely by a clutching hand on his arm and Sampson's voice in his ear. They had just come into Tunbridge Wells.

"Look! Look at that!" Risby was leaning forward excitedly pointing at a car that stood in the street before a small hotel, and as his eyes lit on it Charles, with a grinding of brakes, came to a halt.

It was a bright blue latest model Chrysler with a saloon body and balloon tyres. There was a diamond-shaped piece as big as your head knocked off the paint at the back. The left mudguard was crumpled up and the rear light smashed all to bits. The number was 50403. It yet remained to be seen whether there were a pair of gloves and a bottle of aspirin in the right-hand pocket on the door!

CHAPTER II.

THEY sat staring at the empty car.

"It's her all right," Sampson declared. "Well, what do yer know about that! If this doesn't beat the band. Running across the girl like this."

"She's in there having tea. That child served his purpose after all."

They jumped out and walked to the door of the hotel.

"Now, wait a bit, Charles. Hold hard. Not much use us going in till we think what we're going to do."

"Why not?"

"We don't know her. We wouldn't know ten Bessie Taylors away from that car."

"We'll spot her. Bound to. We can't hang about here all the time she's having tea as if we hadn't got the price of a beer."

"Yes, but hang on," Risby was getting stage-fright. "I can't go bursting in on the girl with this bit o' news all of a sudden. Looks so darned funny. I can't do it. Besides, she may not be alone."

"She certainly may not. I give you that in. What of it? You can draw her aside, introduce yourself, and hand her her father's letter. You brought it with you, didn't you?"

"Yes, I got it here, all right. But I don't quite see how I—"

"Darn it all, a girl who gets a father with half a million handed to her out of the blue doesn't make much odds how she gets it."

"I think I'll wait out here," Risby persisted, doggedly. The undoubted authenticity of the car seemed to give him some spiritual comfort. His reddish-brown eyes fastened themselves on it, much as a faith-

ful hound lies down, tongue lolling and tail wagging, beside his master's old coat.

Charles turned away.

"Well, right you are. You stay here. I'll run in and have a look round." He couldn't help feeling he would know the girl if he saw her. At all events, any half-master of Grace would be having a solid tea.

Risby leaned against a lamp-post. Cars and buses bound for rural villages round about sped past him down the hill. Nurse-maids and prosperous infants trudged by towards the common. Elderly ladies by the score took a little exercise. The battered Chrysler looked as foreign and abandoned as Risby himself in that neat, orderly street.

An excited head was thrust out of the door.

"I say, Risby, come here a minute."

Risby detached himself from the lamp-post and hurried to the door.

"Have yer found her?"

"Come in and have a look. There's a girl in there having tea. She must be Harold Palfrey's daughter. She's as like Kathie as two peas."

It was a fallacious line of reasoning, since probably having tea in England at that moment there were at least half a million girls who, to all appearances, might have been twin sisters to Kathie.

Charles led the other to the lounge where a number of people sat having tea. He edged him through the doorway and twitched a shoulder towards a nearby group. In the manner of persons who wish to call attention to their neighbors in public places without being observed themselves, he composed his face into a vacant stare and mumbled out of the corner of his mouth:

"Don't look." Risby instantly looked. "Don't look. Biting a piece toast. Girl in blue hat with awful-looking bander on the ri' here. D'you see?" Risby fixed a pair of piercing eyes on the girl in the blue hat. "Where'll we sit?" Charles inquired breezily. "Don't shink s'like 'er?" he mumbled again through closed lips.

"Just where you please," Sampson boomed. "Nos scrap," he shot out of the corner of his mouth. "Don't see s'like resemblance."

The girl in the blue hat colored and began to fidget. Murmuring something about tea outside they drifted out of the lounge again.

Risby turned indignantly.

"That girl like Miss Kathie! Don't see the faintest resemblance. Why, that girl's hair's straw-colored, not gold. She hasn't got that rosy, healthy look, either. She's kind o' sallow."

"I don't know. She's got Kathie's eyes all right," Charles said argumentatively. "And something of the same build."

Sampson was clearly offended.

"H'm," he snorted. "Don't see the slightest resemblance. Her hair's straw-colored. You haven't got much eye, old feller, if you think that girl's like Miss Kathie."

They strolled out to the front again. "I've never seen a girl that had a better complexion than her. So pink and white, just like— By gum, it's gone!"

Sampson was right. They had arrived just in time to see the Chrysler disappear round the corner of the street.

RISBY gave a cry and leapt towards their own car.

"I told yer we should have waited," he snapped.

Charles wrenched at the door.

"But she was as like Kathie as two peas."

"Wait a bit. There's a bus coming. She wasn't. Her hair was straw-colored. With a rattle the engine started and they rushed up the hill in pursuit of the Chrysler. 'It'll save a world o' trouble if we can pick up that girl. Step on the speed, Charles. She's taken the London road.'"

The car they had hired from the garage was a good car for drowsing through the sleepy lanes. It would have been fast enough to get out of London on a Saturday midday, but it was no match for the car ahead of them. It tore and panted after the Chrysler like a Scotsman chasing an opportunity, and would have had no chance of even sighting it had it not been for a lucky "Road Up" sign.

Here the blue car had to halt while the oncoming traffic took the right-of-way, and Charles and Risby, coming over the brow of a hill, spied it among the waiting cars, the only occupant the girl at the wheel.

But once through the block the Chrysler melted away from them and soared ahead. Miss Bessie Taylor's driving gave clear indication of her temperament. A girl who was out to better herself was not going to be kept back by a steam-roller or allow a Ford truck to edge her off the road. She slipped in here, speeded there, flew airily over crossings, and generally gave a very pretty exhibition of the theory that the progress of civilisation ceased when women exchanged the spinning-wheel for the steering-wheel.

They turned the corner that she had taken on two wheels and found themselves in a narrow road diverging from the high-road.

"It's not a bit o' use, Charles," Risby said plaintively. "We haven't got an earthly. We may as well give it up. We won't catch her now."

"There's always the chance of picking up her mangled body. She's only got to take another corner like that. Still, as you say, we don't want to spend the entire evening at this game. We're not getting any nearer Camberfield."

"Wonder why she turned down here. Where does this road lead to, do you think?"

"I was just wondering that."

"Don't you know, sonny?"

"I think it's another way through to Sevenoaks. If it is, that's all right. It's the way home for us."

"I'll nip out and ask. There's a cottage up there."

Sampson nipped up and made his way up the bank that stood on the brow of the hill at the bend of the road. He was soon out of sight.

Slowly Charles trundled down the hill. He heard dogs barking as Sampson approached the cottage gate.

The road was steep and leafy, and there was a sharp turn at the foot of it. He rounded it slowly.

There, a few feet away, drawn up at the side of the bank, stood the battered Chrysler car.

He came to a sudden halt. By Jove, this was luck! Engine trouble, evidently. The car was empty but the bonnet was raised and a girl's figure was bending over it.

Miss Bessie Taylor at last!

He chuckled to himself and jumped out. Now he would see his father's unique Bessie. A dashing graceful figure from the back, anyway, and jolly pretty legs.

He approached and spoke:

"Can I give you any help?"

"Well, if you would tighten the cap of this oil-gauge . . ." She straightened up and, turning, faced him.

It was Delia!

Charles literally reeled where he stood. Surprise held him for an instant rooted to the spot, staring open-mouthed, while she, no less amazed, stared back with wide blue eyes in a suddenly flushed face.

And then—it is hard to defend Charles' next act, but not so hard to explain it—he annihilated the distance between them, took her in his arms, crushed her wildly to him and pressed his mouth to hers in a long kiss.

It was the act of an overflowing heart. It was almost thirty-six hours since he had seen her; she had filled his mind all that time like an aching want; and then suddenly, there she was confronting him in

the flesh, her eyes full of frank welcome and surprise, her mouth smiling up at him from the glowing heart-shaped face; they were alone in the quiet leafy road. Is it surprising that his instant reaction was this long, ecstatic kiss?

She pushed him away and stepped back, her face pale now.

"Charles! What are you doing?"

He couldn't answer. His heart was pounding in his chest. Pale, too, he could only stand and gaze at her, half-exulting and half-fearful at what he had done. He saw that the color had fled away from her lovely cheeks and that she was avoiding his eye.

THEN gradually the amazing fact of her presence broke in on him. Was he dreaming? What did this mean? Delia was the occupant of the Chrysler car! Had they been following the wrong car? But no, there was the crumpled mudguard and smashed rear light and the damaged paint at the back. That car talked in every detail with the one the boy said Bessie Taylor was driving.

Good God! Then Delia was Bessie Taylor!

"What are you doing here?" he stammered. "Where have you been?"

"I . . . I'm motoring," she stated ridiculously.

"So I see. What's happened to the car?" She turned a rueful glance on the damages.

"Isn't it awful? It's Krenin's, too."

"How did you do it?"

"A furniture-van ran into me at the foot of a lane."

He started.

"What lane?"

"Oh, back there, earlier in the afternoon."

"What are you doing rushing about the country alone?"

There could be no doubt about it she was looking confused.

"Business," she said shortly. She caught the look of suspicion on his face. "Why do you stare at me so?" she asked sharply.

He was afraid to speak lest he should reveal how stunned he was feeling. He wanted to be alone, away from even her, to think it all out.

He turned and went towards the car and busied himself with the oil-gauge.

Sampson came scrambling down the bank. He sighted the Chrysler and broke into a run. He sighted Delia and stopped dead.

"Why, Miss Delia!" And then his eyes scanned the car. "You here! That your car?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"Well, I borrowed it for the afternoon. I've made rather a mess of it, haven't I?" Risby's eyes continued to bulge excitedly. Then slowly a look of understanding overspread his face.

"I see," he said thoughtfully, nodding. "Yes, I see . . . Well, I want to try and explain something to you." He swallowed hard. "I got a letter here . . ." His hand travelled to his breast pocket.

Charles saw the action and stepped forward quickly.

"Well, you can't post it in the hedge-row," he said sharply.

Risby, hand suspended, stared at him for explanation. Charles scowled back at a warning.

Now that the moment had come, now that the girl was Delia, he could not let Risby deliver that letter from Harold Palfrey.

Sampson hesitated, moving uneasily from foot to foot, and then his hand dropped to his side.

"Praps I won't bother," he mumbled. "Only a bit of a letter from a friend o' mine. Don't expect it'd interest yer. Some other time, maybe."

Fortunately for them, Delia was too occupied with her thoughts to notice this small incident. That kiss seemed to be still

pressed upon her lips, and Sampson's presence there at all had hardly reached her consciousness.

She smiled vaguely at him and stepped towards her car.

"Yes, some other time. In that cap tight, Charles? I must be getting back to town. I'm going out to dinner."

Charles held open the door and she got in. He stood beside the car and strove to meet her eye.

"Good-bye," he said softly.

But without looking at him she leant forward and started the engine.

I have kissed that mouth, his eyes seemed to proclaim, resting on the red, curving lips. Don't remind me of it the glowing, averted cheek seemed to answer as she waved a hand to them both and sped off down the hill.

CHAPTER 12

LIKE two dumb automata, they climbed back into the car, and set off for The Laurels.

"Well, what do yer know about that?"

Risby breathed at last.

Charles shook his head. Words were beyond him. He leant over, clutching at the wheel, and his eyes were fixed on the road ahead of him. The astounding fact kept jumping in and out of his brain. Delia was Bessie Taylor, his father's ex-parlor-maid! Why hadn't she told him? Surely she must have known that he would understand. And yet, why should she? What the deuce had it got to do with him? Harold Palfrey's daughter . . . most staggering of all, Kathie's half-sister . . . Oh, what a muddle, what a hopeless muddle!

"Gee, it takes your breath away, doesn't it? That pretty little lady of Krenin's the girl we're looking for."

"Look here, Risby, I want you to promise me something."

"What is it, old man?"

"I want you to promise me you won't give her that letter from Harold Palfrey just yet."

"Well, o' course I saw that was what you meant . . . but why?"

"There are reasons. You see, the fact of this daughter of Palfrey's being Delia . . . it seems to alter things."

Risby nodded.

"Just as you say," he answered obediently. "Right-o, sonny. I won't."

"Thanks, old chap. I want to have a little time to think it over."

Time, time, thrived his heart to the throb of the engine. Only a few days and the whole thing would be settled one way or another. Only let him be free to tell Delia he loved her before she got that letter from her father . . .

Forgetting the hiring's falling powers, he trod recklessly on the accelerator.

Some inquiring mind once raised the question: What becomes of all the millions of pins that are lost and replaced every year? This must forever remain a mystery, but the question of what becomes of the old motor car is an easy one. It crawls weakly out of the rush of London, and, trailing clouds of blue smoke, comes to the country garage which is its home.

The specimen which Charles and Risby had hired proceeded to behave like an hysterical woman now that the adventures of the afternoon were over. It flustered and trembled and tottered along a few miles, then lay quietly down by the roadside as one who says: I knew this would happen. I think I'm going to faint! Three or four times Sampson got out, humored and petted it, and cranked it up again, when it would start off bravely, only to collapse once more at the next hill.

Half a mile out of Tunbridge Wells it flatly declined all further exertion and had to be towed to a garage. While they dined at a nearby inn, a mechanic doctoring it for an hour or two and restored it to a mild degree of animation, and at a gentle pace of not more than fifteen miles an

hour it consented to bowl home through the lengthening shadows of the June evening.

It was after ten, therefore, when they left it with its master at the garage in Camberfield and started out with a sigh of relief to walk on their own legs the half mile across the fields to The Laurels.

To Charles' horror, when they reached The Laurels, everyone had gone to bed. Although he could not know it, this was an act of protest on the part of Mrs. Palfrey.

By hustling them off early, she could avoid any friendly reunion with the man who, in her distorted fancy, had ended a long series of insults by wantonly engorging her youngest child.

Charles looked round the deserted drawing-room. Was this evening, too, to end in failure? Another long blue twilight in the garden, filled with the perfume of flowers, and Kathie in bed.

Sampson looked round disconsolately.

"Pity they're all gone off," he observed sadly. "But early for bed, I think. I reckon I'll take a stroll in the garden and smoke a cigar before turning in." He passed in a melancholy fashion through the window, and strolled down towards the pine trees.

CHARLES stood alone, filled with revolt. This was too bad! Risby down there alone, mooning about in a soft June darkness, his yearning heart full of Kathie, and Kathie in bed. It was the sort of night when nobody but Kathie could want to go to bed. One of those mysterious, moon-drenched, dew-drenched, flower-drenched nights when the very birds, those models of early-to-bed virtue, sleep with one eye open so as to miss nothing of its beauty.

It was the kind of night, in short, when every moonbeam, every passing breath, seemed to whisper: "Now learn ye to love who loved never, now ye who have loved, love anew." And was this advice followed? I'll tell the world it was—that is, by everyone but Kathie.

Charles thought deeply a moment. He was damped if he'd submit to fate in this spiritless fashion.

He crept quietly up the stairs. From the landing window he could dimly see Risby's form pacing backward and forward among the trees. Cautiously he stole to Kathie's door and knocked.

The door opened and Kathie stood there with all her heavy gold hair over her shoulders and a blush in her hands.

"I say, Kathie," he whispered. "Sorry to disturb you, but do you think it's all right?"

"Is what all right?"

"For Lennie to be down there in the garden at this hour of night."

"Lennie? Out there? What in the world's he doing?"

"I don't know. He seems to be strolling about under the pine trees. You know, there's a lot of damp dew about to-night. Might play up with his throat. I just thought . . ."

"Oh, good gracious, how foolish! I never knew Lennie do such a thing before. And after the way his ears have been troubling him lately . . .! Tell him to come in at once. Charles, out of the night air."

He backed away a few steps and shook his head.

"No, I'd rather not do that, Kathie. I don't want to butt in. You'd better tell him."

"Yes, I'll call him."

"Don't call. You might wake your mother."

With an impatient exclamation she rolled up her hair and ran down the stairs.

From the landing window he saw her cross the grass. He saw a dim figure come forth from the shadow of the trees. He saw the two, a light and a dark blur in the moonlight, meet and pause and disappear slowly into the darkness again.

A deep peace descended upon the soul of

Charles Montgomery Martindale. Not for nothing now breathed the warm scents and sang the nightingales!

He lighted a cigarette and went quietly up to his room.

Mrs. Palfrey in her room, however, was not asleep. She was taking advantage of the quiet hour to con over the tradesmen's weekly bills. This done, she undressed, put out the light, and leaned out the window. No, not to muse on the beauty of the night, but to see if they had turned off the drawing-room light. All was in darkness below. She was just drawing in her head when her watchful eye was caught by the movement of something white down in the shady depths of the garden.

It was a white dress in close juxtaposition to a manly form!

Mrs. Palfrey snorted, and dropped the bill. With an exclamation of: "That Ellen again! I'll teach her!" she hastily started to throw on her clothes.

Now it happened that the said maid, Ellen, was an orphan and was courted warmly by all the lads of the village. As soon as Ellen's work was done—and even Ellen's work was sometimes done—there would surely be a watchful youth lurking at the corner of the lane, or a soft whistling from the gate beyond the kitchen garden. Gardeners from round about brought offerings of fruit and flowers to the back door. In fact, never did a girl, left alone in infancy, seem so little likely at seventeen to be left alone again.

Mrs. Palfrey had managed to frighten off—or so she thought—most of these suitors, but there was one who stubbornly resisted her efforts to keep him outside the mile radius. Young Arthur, the local fish-monger's son, doggedly pursued Ellen at all hours and at every opportunity. One cannot say whether those who deal in fish absorb some of that powerful glue into their systems, but, at any rate, like fish-glue, Arthur stuck to Ellen.

A night or two ago Mrs. Palfrey had warned his father that she would not have his son sneaking about the house taking the girl's mind off her work. Mr. Griggs, a man after her own heart, had warmly agreed. He did not wish young Arthur to go throwing himself away on such a nobody as Ellen, and had backed up Mrs. Palfrey with a few highly-colored remarks to his son.

MRS. PALFREY put on her shoes with grim purpose. Here he was again, in spite of all she had said. And actually invading the shrubbery! What rank impudence! She would teach them a lesson this time!

She noiselessly opened her door and crept out. She had seen Kathie go to her room over an hour ago. She could hear Charles moving about in his. She stole up the attic stair and looked into Ellen's bower. It was empty.

Down again crept the angry little woman. This had to be put a stop to, and the young man's father must be called to her aid. She went to the telephone.

Down in the garden, Mr. Risby was proving that the successful man was a who knew how to grasp his opportunity and get straight to the point. He was leaning towards Kathie on the rustic seat, saying plaintively:

"I'm a very lonely man, Miss Kathie."

"You shouldn't be that, surely, Mr. Risby," she murmured. "I should have thought you had no cause to complain. You're one of the lucky ones."

Sampson edged gradually nearer, with dangerous creakings to the home-made seat.

"Oh, luck! What's the use o' that? What's the good of all my money to me if I got no one to share it with?" His arm, lying along the back of the seat, twitched spasmodically behind her, the hand on his knee clenching and unclenching in painful indecision.

Kathie's heart began to beat uncomfortably fast. Never, it must be owned, had any man caused that healthy organ to change its pace until yesterday afternoon when Sampson had taken her hand and looked into her eyes with that mixture of old-world courtesy and he-man purpose. She had never seen that look in Charles' eyes. Charles was going to marry her, yes, but it would have taken a bigger fool than Kathie to think that he wanted to. Here was a man who seemed ready to fall in worship at her feet, with Charles she was only conscious that they were shod in sevens. The African made her feel that she was a goddess of whom he craved one tender glance; all Charles ever craved of her was another helping of pudding.

Risby went on speaking gently:

"There's one thing money can do. It's going to buy me a real English home. Somewhere in the country, I fancy somewhere about here. Dyer like this part, Miss Kathie?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Risby, I hardly know any other part," she stammered. "I've always lived in Kent. But I think it's lovely, and it's not too far from town."

"That's the idea! Just a nice little run up for dinner and the theatre and back to your own bed among the fields and trees. That's what I'm after." His hand stole out towards her and took possession of one end of her scarf and twisted it nervously.

There was a swimming in her head at the dangerous sweetness of this talk. Though conscience pricked mildly and duty bade her fly, she was powerless to tear herself away from the homage of the African's dog-like gaze. A shiver, which up to now she had only known as the oncoming of a cold in the head, ran through her. It was no mere influenza this time, but that much more deadly malady—love, for the cure of which there is, alas, no equivalent of a mustard bath!

The kindly moonlight softened his rugged contours and cast a strange, romantic pallor over the knobby features, and Kathie, sitting with her hands clasped in her lap, knew beyond all doubt from the pounding of her heart that this was Mr. Right.

He edged still nearer, and his arm, lying along the back of the seat, touched her shoulder.

"Miss Kathie," he said hoarsely. "Have you . . . have you ever been in love?"

She made a sudden movement and a very volley of shivers shook her frame.

The lover's eye caught them. He sprang to his feet.

"Well, I'm a thoughtless feller! You're feeling cold. That's too bad!"

"No, just a little . . . I'm all right, but perhaps . . . I think it's getting rather late."

He laid a hand on her arm.

"Don't go, please don't go, Miss Kathie. I'll get you a wrap. Just ten minutes more. Wait a second and I'll get you a warm wrap."

"Well, thank you so much. My cardigan. I left it over the rocking-chair in the kitchen. You know where that is, don't you?"

Up the garden and round the house sped Sampson Risby for a woollen jacket for Kathie Palfrey. As fleet of foot was he as the young Mercury speeding on some errand of the gods.

Into the sleeping house, across the floor he stole towards the rocking-chair where the coat hung.

Suddenly a hushed voice from the breakfast-room smote him motionless. It was the voice of Mrs. Palfrey. She was speaking at the telephone.

CHAPTER 13

EAVESDROPPING was a foreign to Sampson's nature, but caution kept him silent, and her words were wafted out to him.

"You'd better come round at once, Mr. Griggs. That son of yours is hanging round

the garden with my maid again. It's insufferable. We've got to catch them and put a stop to it. . . . What? Yes, indeed. All this rubbishy love-making! It's our duty to put it down. Come in the back way and creep up the kitchen garden. I hope you'll teach your son a lesson. I'll certainly give that Ellen a doing. Yes. As soon as possible."

Paralysed, in the dark, stood Sampson. He heard the receiver slammed back, and the sound of Mrs. Palfrey's retreating footsteps, and still he hung undecided beside the chair.

This was a real darn shame, he meditated. Ellen, that was the little, bright-eyed maid who had waited on them . . . And an orphan, too. Poor little beggar! And now, just because she'd got her boy out in the garden, they were going to track her down and give her a roasting.

As Risby groped for the coat his ears were hot with indignation. Gosh, he'd like to get hold of that young couple and give 'em the tip that the old lady was on the warpath. Might save 'em a whole bunch o' trouble.

In the whole of England that night there could have been found no more staunch ally of lovers than Sampson Risby. A law-abiding soul up to now, to-night he was all on the side of lawlessness and romance and orphans and fishmongers and nightingales. Darn it all, he muttered, wonder if I could find that little girl and her boy.

Knight-errant, away he sped, Kathie's blue knitted coat tucked under his arm. A brief survey of the kitchen garden gave him nothing, then round by the small thicket of currant bushes and across to the shadowy hedge to the side gate, but the garden was as tranced and silent as a place enchanted.

He paused. It looked as if the lovers had gone farther afield. Why not? They would be fools to hang about and get copped out, he thought.

He stole across the lawn to his own love again.

On the edge of the lawn stood a little summer-house, one of those rustic buildings of lattice work that are erected at a good deal of trouble and expense, and for ever afterwards serve but one purpose, to remind us of man's evergreen optimism and folly. It is practically unknown for anyone ever to enter one of these summer-houses. And why should they?

As Sampson passed this summer-house he heard a rustle within and perceived a slight movement of the closed door. He chuckled to himself. Ah-ha! Here they were after all. Who'd have thought of tucking themselves away in there? That was pretty knowing of 'em.

He winked to himself in the moonlight and stole gently to the door of the cabin. Pity to disturb 'em, but he'd just give 'em the straight tip and clear out.

He tapped gently and spoke in a whisper, his mouth to the crack:

"Ellen? I say, look, girlie, they're after you and yer boy. I heard her over the phone." He listened a moment, but there was no response from within and he spoke again: "D'yer see, girlie? His dad's coming over. You take my tip and send him off. Slip up to your room yerself till it's all over. I wouldn't care to face the old lady just now, if I was you."

Like the grave giving up its dead, the door yawned open and, an avenging spectre, there in the portals stood Mrs. Palfrey.

One has read in the poem of the child who, "roving the woods to start a hare, comes to the mouth of a dark lair where, growling low, a fierce old bear lies among bones and blood." That child's goggle-eyed fright was a glad surprise as compared with Sampson Risby's as he stood in the moonlight with his hostess' eyes upon him.

Ever since his arrival yesterday his feeling for her had been one of respectful awe not unmingled with a desire to crawl under a chair when she came into the room; so that now, to have to stand before her with all his guilt upon his head reduced the un-

fortunate African to a state bordering on delirium. He babbled and stammered and flinched as one beneath the lash, but still that merciless eye held him to the spot.

Not a word said Mrs. Palfrey. She just looked. All that she felt for Sampson of dislike and envy and contempt frothed up into her face and twisted her mouth in a smile of triumph.

Beneath that smile Sampson writhed. He plunged aside from it and threw up his head with a movement not unlike that of an hysterical steer about to stampede the herd.

AND then, his nerve deserting him, he started to run. It is doubtful if any gentleman but newly returned from the languorous tropics had ever run so fast before or ever would again. Mr. Risby, as his feet skimmed over the ground, thought not. And still, like a poisoned arrow, he seemed to feel that deadly smile stabbing between his shoulder blades.

Round the house again he flew, he knew not why. His one aim was to put some solid substance between himself and his hostess.

As he rounded the corner at the back, he saw a white form come quickly from the other direction and enter the kitchen door. It was Kathie, grown tired of waiting, come to see what he was about.

She kindled a candle on the dresser and glanced round, and then, in at the door flew Sampson.

You have seen a child, after some fright or hurt, fly to its mother and bury its face in her comforting bosom; so Mr. Risby. One glance at Kathie standing solid and safe in the candle light and he was at her side, had gathered her into his arms, and buried his face appealingly in the white recesses of her plump neck and shoulder.

Kathie gave a gasp. That she was surprised there is no denying; that she was displeased is harder to prove, since she made no movement to repulse him. Indeed, there must for ever remain the doubt whether she did not incline her shoulder slightly so as to make a more comfortable resting place for Sampson's head.

What more might have happened can never be said, for at that instant a small sound outside the door startled the already over-tired nerves of Risby. His arms still enclosing her he swung round and, as he did so, the edge of his coat knocked the candle off the dresser and plunged the room in darkness.

Then with brutal suddenness, full in the face, the lovers received a drenching stream of cold water.

In the first shattering instant it seemed to Sampson's disordered brain that this cold douche was but a powerful elongation of Mrs. Palfrey's blasting smile; or was it that the jealous gods, envying him his haven on Kathie's shoulder, were striking them apart with liquid thunder?

What had really happened was that Mr. Griggs had coasted the half-mile down the hill on his bicycle and, following Mrs. Palfrey's instructions, crept stealthily across the vegetable garden. Approaching the house he raised his eyes to the kitchen window, and there, on the lighted blind, saw two shadows locked in an embrace.

Mr. Griggs was a man of bold design and speedy action. His eye dropped from the blind to a garden hose attached to a tap with which Lennie had been sluicing the stones. To see was to act. Mr. Griggs lifted the hose, turned on the tap, and pushed open the door.

With a scream Kathie fled to the shelter of the big rocking-chair and crouched behind it.

Like some animate intelligence the stream of water followed Sampson round the kitchen.

"Hi! Wah. Ouch. Glug . . ." spluttered Sampson; words which no doubt started out as pithy retorts but which lost much of their

point owing to the fact that every time he opened his mouth to speak the hose got there first.

"That'll learn 'ee, me boy! That'll cool your young blood and teach you to go courtin' o' nighta," chuckled Mr. Griggs from the doorway.

"Ploosh! Swuch! Ach! Boo-osh! Wooh!" Sampson danced and napped, clawing at the stream that slapped his face with such merciless precision. It routed him from the shelter of the dresser and washed him out from behind the table.

The unbelievable success of his coup went to Mr. Griggs' head.

"Come out, me lass," he roared happily, "and have a taste of it, too. Dance, laddie, dance. I'll dance ye home I will."

THE other door into the kitchen burst suddenly open and Mrs. Palfrey, candle in hand, peeped round the doorway. Charles peered over her shoulder.

"My God! Mr. Risby! What have you done? This is too much," she exclaimed.

It was as though the sudden light on the scene turned off the water. Mr. Griggs, his face overspread with a look of growing horror, threw the hose out into the garden and stood as one stunned. The silence was broken only by the musical tinkle of the water dripping from Sampson's garments on to the brick floor.

The flood of explanations that followed outdid in volume the earlier stream of water. Mr. Griggs, stricken with shame, knelt on the swimming floor, mopping his victim's trousers legs with a dish-cloth. Mrs. Palfrey stood by wringing her hands, though they were perhaps the only dry things in the kitchen. Kathie, emerging, wept a tear or two.

No higher tribute could be paid to Risby's nature than to say that no sooner did he realise it was all an unfortunate mistake than he fought down the longing to lay hands on young Arthur's father and mop up the mess with him. Instead, he permitted himself to be mopped, and smiled reassuringly across at the trembling Kathie.

Mr. Griggs moved apologetically to the door. It seemed to him a fairly opportune moment to make his getaway.

He nodded and smiled sheepishly.

"Good night, ma'am. I must apologise again, sir, most heartily, I'm sure. I was a bit 'asty. Good night, miss. I 'ope you'll understand." He opened the door and nervously inserted half his bulky person through it, then he paused and looked round at the assembled company with a roguish smile. "You mustn't think too 'ard of me, mind. I must be forgive a little natcheral mistake, taking it for young Arthur and Ellen w'en I seen Miss Kathie and 'er intended 'ere taking a little kiss on the blind." He smiled knowingly again and withdrew.

Had Mr. Griggs taken from his pocket an infernal machine and buried it down as a parting gift, he could hardly have left upon a more dramatic note.

Kathie started and blushed violently. Sampson, too, grew fiery red and embarrassment seemed to radiate from him in hot waves. Evading all eyes he bent his head and plucked at the damp trousers clinging to his knees.

A spasm of delight shot through Charles. O God, they had kissed!

Mrs. Palfrey drew a hissing breath through her nose. Now surely she was justified in direct action against this hopeless, third-rate colonial who should never have been allowed to enter her house.

With admirable gentleness she beckoned to her daughter.

"Come, Kathie. Let us go to bed. Good night, Charles. Good night, Mr.—er . . . Risby. I shall not see you in the morning. No doubt, after this, you will wish to pack and leave by an early train." Taking Kathie by the arm she led her from the room.

Without comment of any kind, Charles and Risby went slowly upstairs.

CHAPTER 14

EARLY on the following morning Charles stepped out of a taxi at the door of his own flat. His face was haggard. There was a wild light in his blue eyes. His hat was pushed back on his forehead as though the whirling brain within were bursting its confines. Even his clothes seemed to hang more loosely on his tall, spare frame. He had not slept; he was tired; he was heated; he was hectic. He was turning endlessly on a rack of indecision, the helpless victim of alternate hope and despair. One moment hope rallied him. "Hold on. You'll bring it off yet, Kathie and Sampson have clicked, and Della has kissed you," and then black despair would whisper in his ear: "Idiot! You can't escape. You're practically a married man."

He had wakened down at The Laurels this morning to find Risby flown away by an early train before the family was up, his sensitive soul wounded to the quick by Mrs. Palfrey's parting speech of the night before.

Breakfast had been like the scene of some recent upheaval, the damp smouldering ruins of a fire or a subsiding volcano. Kathie was heavy-eyed and sullen, and Mrs. Palfrey, as she poured out the tea and helped the fried eggs, was darkly pessimistic. Charles had eaten his breakfast hastily and made an excuse to catch an early train.

He glanced up at the windows of his flat. He hoped that Sampson had not fled away from him, too. Dare he walk in and put it to him straight? Tell him not to give a damn for Mrs. Palfrey's outburst, but to hoo straight in and marry Kathie. But, on the other hand, if he were to speak openly like that, might it not just upset the delicate balance of Risby's feelings? Might it not frighten him off? Simple fellow that he was, did he himself yet realise that he was in love with Kathie? After all, what was a kiss given and taken on a summer's night? No, he must give Sampson time.

Like some poor wretch hunted by a devil, he ran up the stairs. Turning a sharp corner on the first landing, he collided violently with a small female form. The eye flashed and she opened her mouth to speak her mind, when suddenly the face melted into a beaming smile of recognition. "Why, it's you! Well, well! Been away, haven't you? Thought I didn't see you about 'Ave a nice time?'"

It was his late companion in captivity, the occasional woman of Miss Lenore Harcourt. She wore a blouse of large checks which seemed to express the bold unconventionality of her nature. Her hat, a flat burnt straw profusely laden with red roses, sat atop her head and bore an uncanny resemblance to an open tart frothing over with raspberry jam.

She looked him over lovingly. "Oh, good morning. Hope I didn't startle you. Warm, isn't it?" he greeted her.

Her eye lighted up. She shared with many of her class that capacity for whipping up the most everyday occurrences into a froth of excitement. That fat had given her but little to get excited over in her own daily life was no matter. She unearthed drama wherever she turned her eye. A London heatwave was a rich field. She put down her basket and leant languidly against the stairs.

"Warm! Well, you've said it!" So expansive was her whole bearing that he could not help but linger. No man could resist her clarion call to gossip. "Look, I don't know wot's appening to the climate. Some do say it's all this wire-lens, but I dunno. You're lookin' well. Quite a touch o' the sun. Been beatin'?"

"Just in the country for the week-end. Pretty hot even down there. Well, I must

be getting on." He made a move to pass her, but a keen observer might have seen that something of more real interest than the weather was at the back of the lady's mind, and that all this airy chatter was but to pave the way. Again her eye detained him.

"Got a friend stayin' with you, haven't you? A millionaire gentleman from India, they say."

"Yes . . . at least, Africa."

"Oh, it's all the same. Jest fancy 'im goin' to bed in our flat the other night! Well . . . E's an absent-minded one all right."

He started and stared at her in dismay.

"What? Where did you hear that?"

She laughed airily.

"Oh, it's all about."

Was it, by gum! A fresh anxiety seized him.

"Look here," he began, "I'd be awfully grateful if you didn't spread it any further. For instance, I'd be rather glad if Miss Harcourt didn't get to hear about it. Makes my friend look a little foolish, you see."

"Oh, bless you, she knows, all right. Don't worry your 'ead about that. She was ever so interested. It's quite like the beginning of a romance: I s'pose to 'er."

HE eyed her slyly.

"Not at all. It was just an unfortunate accident."

"Oh, well, yer never know . . . And wot do yer think? 'E lef' a stud in there?"

"A what?"

"A stud. She found it on the table. She came out with it in 'er 'and. 'Look,' she says, 'e's lef' a stud. I reely must take it back to 'im. 'E may be wantin' it."

His heart sank. If that young woman had her eyes on Sampson, knew he was a millionaire, and had his stud as a means of contrast, what might not happen this very day? And Risby, sore and sorry for himself after last night, a ready victim. What could he do to prevent it?

"Tell her not to bother," he said as casually as he could. "I've friend really doesn't want the stud. He's got lots of studs. Tell her to throw it out of the window. Besides, he may be going back to Africa to-morrow. They don't wear studs out there."

The eye of his companion rested on him with fond indulgence. Her never-failing instinct scented his unease, and made a guess at its reason.

She leant forward and laid a hand on his arm and spoke with profound understanding.

"Don't you worry. I'll see they don't meet."

"No, I didn't mean that. I only meant . . ."

he blurted.

"Leave it to me. It's only natcheral you should want to keep 'em apart." She plucked him with another penetrating glance. "The feller with lots o' cash 'as all the luck these days. I'll try and keep 'er off goin' in. I'll say your friend's goin' away again. That'll be all right. Don't you thank me. We got to 'elp one another in this world. Well, bye-bye. I must be off to me shoppin'." She lifted her basket and descended the stairs, humming a gay tune under her breath.

Sampson was waiting for him. He seemed disinclined to discuss the events of the night, and hinted darkly at a visit to Paris. He was as a man whose social career has been blighted in the bud and whose only refuge is the obscurity of foreign cities.

A prey to tender thoughts of those intoxicating moments last night, he would sit hunched up in a chair, his eyes fixed in a sightless reverie, and then shame and self-reproach would jerk him out of his seat and send him to stalk round the room, to stand at the window, hands in his pockets, and look moodily down at

the traffic. Only once a word of it all was wrung from him.

"Well, I done for meself there, old man. I won't get asked down there again in a hurry. I lost me head . . . I on'y got meself to blame. I shouldn't have done what I did."

Charles tried to comfort him.

"Rot! That's all rubbish. You're all upset over nothing. No one minds Mrs. Palfrey going off the deep end. That's her way. She's probably forgotten all about it this morning."

Sampson shook his head.

"No. You can't tell me that, Charles. She thought me no class. Well, I suppose it's true. I'm a bit rough. Being out there all those years. My word, I'd give anything if it hadn't happened."

"Look here, would it cheer you up if I told you that I sent Kathie a wire from Charing Cross asking her if she'd come up and dine with us to-night? I'll get Della to make a four and we'll go out and dance."

Risby swung round from the window. A joyous light lit his eye and as suddenly died out again.

"She won't come," he said, shaking his head. "She won't come. Her mother wouldn't let her."

"Don't you worry about that. Kathie's got a mind of her own. She'll come all right if she wants to. I said we'd dance somewhere. She can put up with Della for the night."

It was extremely comforting to see the change in Sampson when Kathie's wire arrived.

"Think can manage be your flat 7.30 Kathie," Charles read aloud.

Risby sprang up and hovered round, eyeing the slip of paper jealously.

"She's coming, then? That's fine! My word, that's good news. What's she say again?" Charles handed him the wire. He smoothed it lovingly. "Think can manage," he repeated thoughtfully. "Um. She's having some trouble with her mother. It's not too sure. It's not at all sure."

"She'll come all right. If Kathie thinks can manage, she can. I'll ring Della. I think we'll dine here. It's cosier than at a restaurant." He moved to the telephone with alacrity and leant over it caressingly. Risby, he knew, did not shine in public places. That shy streak in his nature, like a timid woodland flower, needed secluded spots to make it blossom forth.

PRECISELY at a quarter to seven that evening Sampson Risby retired to his bedroom and prepared to do battle with his wardrobe. He was pale but determined, as one who fears a white tie but will dare all for love. At intervals he would issue forth and seek help or advice.

"Er . . . have you got a white tie you could lend me? I seem to have made a bit of a hash of this one."

He certainly had. Charles looked at it in horror, and handed him a new one.

"I'd get Parker to do it for you, old chap," he advised. "He's a good hand at ties."

"Perhaps I'd better. They're tricky things, aren't they?"

Ten minutes later:

"Er . . . have yer got a drop o' hair oil you could lend me? I dunno, but this thatch o' mine won't be down."

Charles handed him the brillentine.

He was still in his bedroom putting the finishing touches when Della arrived.

Charles took her hand and drew her into the room, his heart beating strangely at the memory of their meeting yesterday.

"Hallo, Charles. I'm not too early am I? Where's Mr. Risby? We're dining here, are we? How nice! What a lovely big room you've got!"

With hands that trembled he heaped her out of her cloak.

She looked round the comfortable bachelor sitting-room with the round table laid for four in the corner under the window. The silver and glass glittered in the late sunshine, and shafts of level light rayed into the room.

"I say," Charles stammered, "I wonder . . . perhaps . . . I ought to apologise to you." He had not the faintest impulse to apologise, but the next best thing to kissing her again was to talk of kisses.

She looked up at him quickly.

"Apologise? For what?"

"For . . . yesterday."

Perhaps a slight color rose to her face, but she gave a little laugh.

"Charles, my dear . . . Apologise for a kiss, do you mean? How archaic you are!"

"Well, you know . . . I mean, I thought that perhaps—"

"You ought to be careful of those thoughts of yours. What's a kiss more or less these days? I hope you're not going to get a swelled head because a girl lets you kiss her." She gave him a sudden radiant smile and turned to smooth her hair at the mirror over the mantelpiece.

He stood in silence watching her, a cruel sense of disappointment invading him. Highly culpable as he had felt that embrace of yesterday afternoon to be, he had dwelt on it ever since with unholy delight, and now her words, brushing it aside as though it were nothing, robbed him of his secret joy.

"Kathie coming?" she asked casually.

"She'll be here soon. Risby's still dressing."

"You and he are awfully thick, aren't you? He's still staying with you, then. What are we going to do to-night?"

"I've got seats for the show at the Palladium. And then we'll dance, if you feel like it."

"That'll be nice." Her offhand tone seemed to alarm a door between them. It made him feel a lonely outcast, shut out from her light and her warmth.

She took out her powder puff and turned to the mirror again. When Della powdered her nose, she assaulted it with three smart slaps of the puff, flicking it deftly, and gazing into her face accusingly as though it had done her a wrong. Kathie powdered in a furtive sort of fashion. She took out her handkerchief in which the puff was concealed, and pretended to be blowing her nose. If you caught her eye during the operation she looked offended. There had been nothing sketchy about Miss Harcourt's performance of this rite, he remembered. Oblivious of time and place, she took out an elaborate outfit and got down to it and all else was blotted out. The world revolution might have happened, or the long-expected collapse of the dome of St. Paul's, but Miss Harcourt would have heeded it not.

Della put the puff back in her bag and arranged a curl at her ear.

And then Charles, standing behind her, became aware that her eyes in the mirror were resting on him, and that the expression in them was very far removed from her casual manner. The look he surprised in those blue-grey eyes was soft and warm and full of a sort of melancholy tenderness that set his heart pounding again. And yet in her glance, too, he felt that mysterious reserve that kept him at a distance.

SHE glanced away quickly as she met his eyes. But that look had raised him to an uncertain heaven again. How was it that her eyes could say so much and yet evidently mean so little?

The longing to force some confidence from her overcame him. He crossed to the hearth rug and stood beside her.

"Why do you never tell me anything about yourself, Della?" he asked. "You never tell me the smallest thing, do you? Where you've been or what you did before you came to Erenin, or anything."

She turned round slowly from the mirror.

"There's nothing to tell. I'm a London shopgirl being given a good time by a rich young man. Nothing very unusual in that. There are millions of us."

Standing dangerously near her, he looked down into her up-turned face. He spoke softly.

"Oh, no, there aren't. There's only one Della Merrin, anywhere . . . You are Della Merrin, aren't you?" he heard himself ask with sudden courage.

She laughed.

"What a funny mood you're in, Charles. Of course I am. Do you think I'm the Queen of Sheba in disguise?"

How resolutely she shut her secret and herself away from him!

Without answering, he walked to the window, allowing himself the agonising luxury of picturing a long evening alone with her. Just Della and he alone . . . Della his as perhaps she could never be, to kiss, to hold in his arms all through the lovely, long, never-ending June twilight.

He gazed unseeing down into the street.

There was a sharp rap at the door.

He jumped violently, and Della looked at him inquiringly.

"Charles, my dear, your nerves are rocky! Have you and Sampson been hitting the high spots? It's only Kathie, I expect."

CHAPTER 15

AS a bud awaits the gentle shower that opens its tender petals, so Sampson Risby seemed to have awaited Kathie's knock to bring him forth from the bedroom in all his newly-blossomed glory. Groomed was the word for Sampson to-night. His rough, reddish hair was sleek as a young seal, his moustache was clipped to almost civilised dimensions, his honest face shone with soap and expectation. Around him floated a perfume of hair oil and moth balls. New boots, new braces, and tortured collar studs gave forth, at his every movement, mechanical creakings; but there was nothing mechanical to-night in the heart of Sampson Risby.

In his eagerness to reach Kathie standing in the doorway, he brushed Charles aside. He took her hand and loomed over her, the lovelight in his eyes. And Charles, standing nearby watching their greeting, knew with beating heart that to-night, if all went well, Sampson would propose.

It is rare to see four people gathered together all under the strain of a suppressed inner excitement. With monotonous regularity Della knocked over and dropped everything she touched. Kathie sat with a fixed smile on her face crumbling roll after roll with feverish industry. Charles appeared to be telling himself an anecdote in a polite undertone.

Parker, serving the meal, grew more and more anxious. He peered into their faces uneasily as he poured the wine, and occasionally found it necessary to knock them on the shoulder to draw their attention to the dish he was holding.

Parker kept his head for the major part of the meal but at last, when he saw Risby cracking a cherry with the nut-crackers, and Charles eating olives with the ice pudding, his nerve went to pieces and, after that, he seemed to lose all hope, and served the coffee as a timid groom feeds a kicking horse.

It seemed to him a fitting conclusion to such a meal that a person in a check blouse and a rakish hat should knock at the door and demand mysteriously to see his master.

Leaving his guests, Charles went out into the hall and found Miss Harcourt's domestic help awaiting him.

She rose from the chair and, coming close, laid a hand on his arm. Drama oozed from her and a strong smell of furniture polish.

"She's after 'im," she breathed. "Get 'im out of the way. 'E won't 'ave a chanst."

He reeled back.

"How do you know?"

"Why, she says so. I thought I'd nip up an' warn yer. I'm jest on me way out. Such a day I've 'ad . . . I'm fair wore out, I am. She's a one, she is. Keep yer on the go . . . Well . . ." She gave a preparatory sniff and twitched her hat to a more coquettish angle. "Well, she was sittin' after 'er dinner 'avin' 'er coffee w'en she says, quite sudden like, she says: 'I'll take back that stud,' she says. Oh, she's after 'im all right. The look in 'er eyes . . . There's no mistakin' it. Gettin' 'erself up, she is. Look, I wouldn't 'ave 'ad a moment's peace without I thought yer knew."

He glanced anxiously over his shoulder, but the door into the dining-room was closed. This woman was right, he thought distractedly. What protection had poor Risby against a girl like that downstairs? Give her a chance just once to cut him out of the mob, get him alone and turn the full current of that magnetic amble upon him, and he would be as incapable of freeing himself as a fly on a tanglefoot.

"It's kind of you to take all this trouble," he murmured nervously. "Perhaps I'll take your advice. We're just off to the theatre."

"Go fer yer life, then! If yer could see 'er . . . She went into 'er room and started to get 'erself up. Well, there's some think 'er it, don't tell me."

He edged to the door. There was no time to lose. Mumbling more thanks, he put his hand in his pocket and extracted a pound note.

She accepted it with a gracious inclination of the head, folded it meticulously, and turned to leave.

"Well, I'll be off. No use me stayin' Bye-bye. Good luck. Isn't it a terrible night? 'O! 'Ave a good time. Yer can only be young once . . ." She vanished with a gesture of the hand that would have graced the exit of a Millamant.

He hurried back.

"Well, get your things on. Shall we make a start?" he said, bustling into the room.

DELIA looked up in surprise.

"Why? Not yet, surely." She glanced at the watch on her wrist. "It's only twenty past eight. The show doesn't start till a quarter to nine. If there's one thing I hate, it's sitting in an empty theatre for half an hour gazing at the curtain." She helped herself to another cup of coffee. "And nobody's offered me a cigarette."

Sampson darted to her side with an open case in his hand. Kathie, seated by the window, looked as immovable as a public building. Charles looked round at them desperately. How the devil was he going to get them out of there? Sampson at any rate must be dislodged.

He took him by the arm and drew him aside.

"I say, Risby," he began. "It's just occurred to me. Don't you think we ought to have had some flowers for Kathie and Della?"

Risby looked stricken with remorse.

"Well, I'm darned! Whatever were we thinking of? Course we should have."

"I blame myself a good deal. Two girls to dinner and not a flower in the room but a few measly carnations."

"D'yer think it's too late?"

"Not a bit. I wonder if you'd nip out and get a few. Roses or . . . or violets or anything you fancy."

"Leave it to me. I'll see to it." Risby gave him a wink and slipped out.

That he did not meet Miss Harcourt on the stairs was only another proof of the dangerous toilet she was making.

As a strategic move on Charles' part it was all right, but, as will happen to the best of generals, the timing was all wrong. Instead of Miss Harcourt coming and going in the interval of Risby's absence, as though by some subtle instinct she kept coyly away,

Ten minutes elapsed, and then—a knock at the door. Charles opened it. On the mat stood Miss Harcourt, and, hard on her heels, what appeared to be a walking florist's shop.

Miss Harcourt's entrance, like the rising of a curtain on a glittering stage, galvanised the audience into instant attention. A lustrous glance into Charles' eyes, a touch of his fingers with hers, a slight tightening of the snake-like cloak around her hips, and she swept into the room, followed by the breathless Sampson.

With a sinking heart, Charles mumbled introductions. As though roused by an unconscious call to battle, Kathie and Della rose to their feet, and each greeted Lenore with a smile that displayed in width what it lacked in warmth. It needed no more than half a glance for them to know her for a danger.

Her effect on Sampson Risby was instantaneous.

As Charles mumbled his name in introduction, she gave him one soft look with an upward sweep of silken eyelashes, one half-melting tremor of lovely red lips, one musical murmur of greeting.

Risby started violently. Over the bushel of blossoms his head craned forward. His mouth was slightly open, drinking her in, his eyes were fixed upon her like two burning lenses.

She turned full towards him, her radiant face rising on its milk-white throat from the yelves of her wrap.

"We have nearly met before, haven't we, Mr. Risby?" she said softly.

And then she smiled on him.

As one laboring with a foe stronger than himself, Sampson could be heard breathing heavily. Something that might have been polite acquiescence but sounded like a moan escaped him.

"You must come and see me some time when I am at home," she went on.

"Oh, yes," Risby answered faintly. Her eyes dropped to the flowers, and her expression softened to one of wistful tenderness.

"Flowers . . ." came the musical cadence. "Roses like little fluffy bits of sunset. How I love yellow roses."

Risby stumbled forward and laid his whole burden in her arms.

She gave a low cry of delight, and pressed the flowers nestling to her slender silken bosom.

"For me! All for me!"

He nodded, speechless. It was a gesture from the soul. At that moment he had forgotten that aught existed but himself and this radiant being. He no longer remembered for whom he had bought these flowers. There was only one place to lay them, as on an altar, in the arms of Miss Lenore Harcourt.

Agony, despair, well-nigh panic seized Charles as he watched the instant enslavement of Sampson. Immediate rescue or it was too late. . . . He glanced at Kathie. She looked like a child whose treasure had been snatched from her, uncertain whether to burst into tears or snatch back.

WITH a hardly perceptible movement of the shoulders, Della turned away and looked out of the window.

And then Charles, who was standing near, noticed her give a start, and a slight color rush to her cheek. Following the direction of her eyes down into the street, he saw his father getting out of his car at the door.

Without a moment's hesitation Della crossed the room. She held up a founce of her tulle skirt.

"Look what I've done. Isn't it a nuisance? I know you can help me, Miss Harcourt. I tore it getting out of the taxi. Can you give me a needle and a thread of yellow silk?" She looked round with a flustered smile. "It's no use asking for a thread of yellow silk in a man's flat, but yours is just

below, isn't it? Can I bother you?" She went to the door.

Lenore hesitated but an instant. It was hard to be swept away in this fashion before her first battery was fully spent, but she managed to smile gracefully.

"Of course. Come with me. I'll get it for you. What a nuisance for you. Such a pretty frock, too."

Della picked up her cloak and waved a hand.

"Don't wait for me, you people. Go on, you'll be late. I'll just stitch this up and meet you at the theatre in a few minutes."

She slipped out, followed by Lenore.

Charles stared after her. Poor child! What a pitiful little manoeuvre! The sight of his father below, and she was rushing to cover like a frightened bird. How could she think that anyone would care if she were ten times a paragon? Wasn't she lovely and lovable, as his father had said—unique? His brain reeled at the sudden thought.

His father loved her, too!

He pulled himself together.

"I say, Risby, will you take Kathie on to the theatre? Here's my father coming up. He may keep me a bit. It'd be a pity for you to miss the first act. I'll pick up Della and come on as soon as I can."

Sir Murray looked hot and flustered when he got to the door.

"O God, Charles, what do you want to live up in this crow's nest for? I thought I'd never get to the top of those infernal stairs. Phew! It's hot." He flicked out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. "Hello! Been having a dinner party? Oh, well, the young have got no troubles. I haven't the heart to have dinner parties. Dash it all, I don't know . . . I've had no heart for anything since that girl left me. Well, any news of her?"

Charles shook his head. His honest soul found it hard to say none.

"I couldn't get anything out of them. I went over and saw the old lady at Primrose Farm. She wouldn't say a word."

Sir Murray sat down heavily at the table and irritably pushed a plate away from him.

"Well, what do you propose to do next?" he demanded sternly. Once more the baronet laid the burden of his own difficulties on the shoulders of his son. "I ask you, what do you mean to do? My Bessie has got to be found. I've done my best, now it's up to you."

Without speaking, Charles stood miserably twiddling the stem of a wine-glass and avoiding his father's eye. The weight of every kind of wrongdoing lay heavy on him. Here in the flat just below them was this girl, Harold Palfrey's daughter, whom he loved and his father loved, too. But he wasn't going to tell what Della didn't want known. Whatever happened, he could not give her away. His mind was made up on that point.

It was fortunate for Charles that he was not aware of the other thought that skulked at the back of his mind as he glanced at his father. It would be unkind to say that he was jealous of him, but there was no getting away from the fact that he noted uneasily, for the first time, how extremely well his father was wearing.

Standing above him he looked hopefully and searchingly for signs of baldness, but in the smoothly-brushed, fair hair there was hardly a grey one and only the merest hint of thinning at the temples. It was a pity, he thought, that the Martindales kept that graceful waddling until they were well on in years. The smallest sign of embourgeoisment in his father's waistcoat at that moment would have been balm to his harassed soul, but it fell as straight and faultlessly-tailored as his own. He regretted bitterly that beards for the middle-aged had gone out of fashion. In short, his father was a man with whom any girl might well be glad to share a board and a baronetcy.

He turned away abruptly. No, at all costs,

he thought, Della must be allowed to keep herself hidden if she wanted to. The next day or two, at any rate, would settle the whole thing one way or another.

But whether hope or despair had the upper hand at this moment it would be hard to say.

He sighed deeply.

"Well, look here, father, I'm very sorry I can't stay and talk about it now. I'm taking Kathie and some people to the theatre. I'm afraid I'll have to be getting along."

Sir Murray rose moodily.

"Oh, all right, all right. I'll be off. It's well to be you, Charles. Engaged to a nice girl, married in a fortnight, and not a care in the world."

Charles gave him a sharp look. Was this some kind of brutal irony of his father's? But Sir Murray appeared to be blind to anything but his own trouble.

Standing at the table he gloomily accepted a glass of port.

"What's this stuff? H'm. . . . Might be better. No man under thirty can choose a decent port. What . . . ? I sent it to you, did I? Oh, h'm. . . . Yes, I see. . . . Oh, well, it's not so bad. I pride myself I know a good port when I taste it. Well, good-bye. Enjoy yourself." He put down his glass, gave his son an absent hand, and took his leave.

CHAPTER 16

THERE is no getting away from the fact that by one o'clock that night at the Tricorn Hat the party had had a certain amount of champagne. It is not to be wondered at since they were all just in the mood to drink champagne. This is not to say that they were all necessarily in the same mood, quite the reverse. Sampson loved it off lavishly because he was pleased with life and it was his first real night out in London. Della allowed her glass to be filled again and again because she was feeling particularly flat and wanted to be cheered. Kathie said: "Just the weeniest drop, please," rather more often than she meant to because she was excited and nervous, and found to her surprise that the champagne made her feel quite different. Charles drank it freely because he was coldly furious since to his horror and disgust, Lennie had joined the party. Lennie drank recklessly because he had never had the chance of doing so before, and Kathie was too occupied to stop him.

He had come up with her to go to the doctor's and, missing his train back to Canterbury, had wired to his mother and turned up at the theatre where he knew the others were going. A seat was found for him and he stuck. Stuck with that damp limet-like depressing quality peculiar to Lennie. Stuck with a persistence that defied snubs or hints.

It was bad enough in the theatre, where he would lean back across Charles to speak to Kathie in his ladylike tone, drawing her attention away from Risby in the middle of some whispered confidence. But when they got to the night club and it became clear that Lennie not only could dance but intended to do so, Charles' irritation became ill-disguised loathing.

Without this pimply-faced cat, he mourned, how full of possibilities the evening might have been! For, needless to say, once out of Miss Harcourt's magnetic orbit, Risby had shot straight back to Kathie. He was like a man who had slept and knew not that he had dreamed. With adoring glances and doglike attentions he hung over her until she was in a state of blushes and nervous delight. He too, enjoyed dancing and his broad, honest face glowed with ecstasy when he found himself out on the floor with Kathie's solid form in his arms.

What, then, was Charles' frame of mind on discovering that Lennie begged every second dance of her and the sisterly Kathie

had not the heart to refuse him. This arrangement left poor Risby either to sit moodily at the table following her yearningly with his eyes, or to dance with Della in a thwarted sort of fashion. It was little short of torture for Sampson to sit still for a minute to-night, while the orchestra throbbed out negro invitations to the dance, and glasses clinked, and laughter sounded, and couples swayed past in each other's arms. He had had enough of quiet and solitude in the limitless out-of-doors. His one aim now was to get together.

"The next one's mine, Miss Kathie, remember," he said, as Lennie brought her back to the table.

She sank a little heavily into the seat beside Sampson.

It was perhaps exactly at this point that the champagne began to have a slightly disintegrating effect on the party.

One should hesitate to condemn those who show signs of being under the influence of strong liquor, since, judging by so much that one hears, drink is a chancy thing. There are occasions when a man who has had to be carried to bed will protest the next morning that all he had to drink was half a glass of sherry; while another time he will tell you that after a keg of whisky and a firkin of rum he was stone cold sober and playing a keen game of double patience with his aunt. How, then, is one to know?

Sampson's face was flushed, his hair had freed itself from the coils of brilliance, his personality from the restraint of the earlier part of the evening. He was his own expansive, outdoor self. Lennie, on the other hand, was saddened rather than cheered by the flowing bowl. Leaning forward at the table, he sat in an attitude of scholarly contemplation, his brow inclined pensively against his forehead. The pose was suggestive of the youthful Shakespeare, but owing to a temporary difficulty in focusing, was marred by a slight squint.

"Now, then, young feller, you just sit quiet a bit," Risby said, playfully digging him in the ribs and causing him to hic-cough faintly. "Yer sister's goin' to have the next one with me when the old hand strikes up again, d'yer see?"

Kathie fanned herself languidly and pushed a strand of hair back from her forehead.

"Phoo! I don't think there ought to be any more," she murmured. "It's after two, you know. I'm sure we're all getting sleepy."

"Go on! I feel like we've only just come. You're not goin' to be a quitter, Miss Kathie! Miss Della here's as bright as a bird. She's no quitter, are yer, Miss Kathie—I mean Miss Della? You bet she's not. That's the spirit! No quitting allowed, boys. We're out to have a good time and we're goin' to have it."

"We're going to have something more to drink, anyway," Charles beckoned largely. "Here, waiter, another bottle of this. This bottle's empty. You may believe me or not as you please, but another bottle's clearly indicated. I mean we mustn't sink. You see what I mean?"

KATHIE leaned back and sighed deeply.

"It's not isn't it? I really think we ought to be getting home."

"Hot! Why, yer don't know what hot is," Sampson roared good-naturedly. "It's not hot, it's just balmy. That's what it is—balmy. Look here, girlie, if you'd been out in Africa as long as what I have, you wouldn't call this hot."

"Why wouldn't she call it hot?" Charles took him up sharply. "When in summer is admitted by all the people to be immoderately hot. You know that old Risby," he went on again intently. "I think you're contradicting yourself. You said this afternoon that London was very,

very hot. Those were your exact words—very, very hot. You see what I mean?"

"It's a matter o' mood, sonny. That's what a friend o' mine in Africa says; it's a matter o' mood. A feller by the name o' Harold Par—er . . . Rudolph Beresford," he substituted, turning crimson. "He always says that feelin' the heat is like carryin' yer liquor, a matter o' mood."

The orchestra started to play again and Della rose.

"Come on, Charles. Let's dance this tango!"

Perfect dancers are born, not made. Della was one of them, and Charles, as the lights dimmed and the tango measure throbbed out and they began to dance, felt himself transported to that magical world to which only Della could take him. Just once, with a half-smile, she lifted her eyes and looked into his, glancing away again as though afraid to look longer.

He glanced across at the table and saw that the other three were still sitting there. Sampson had wisely hesitated before this complicated tracery of foot-work. Leaning towards Kathie he sat gazing into her blue eyes, while two fingers of his large flat, resting on the table, were just touching her wrist as though by accident.

Charles ground his teeth in fury. How alone they might have been but for that poisonous boy who, seated at his sister's elbow, was listening to every word, looking down his bony nose like a watchful camel.

"My God, how I hate that Lennie!" he burst out suddenly.

She looked up brightly.

"So do I."

He clasped her closer.

"Do you?" he said delightedly. "But I might have known you would."

"There's no virtue in hating Lennie," she said modestly. "It comes naturally."

"Look at him! Look at him! What the devil does he want to come butting in for? Why haven't I got the guts to kick him out? He's making a mess of everything. Look at him . . .!"

Instead she lifted her eyes to Charles and plucked him with a long glance.

He looked away shamefacedly, fearing she might see what was in his mind. It was hard to keep anything from Della.

She glanced back at the table and nodded faintly.

"Leave it to me," she murmured. "I'll fix it. Leave it to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Let's go back to them."

They went back and sat down at the table. Sampson and Kathie tore their glances apart with difficulty.

Della smoothed her curly head, and there was a dancing sparkle in her eyes as she leaned back on the couch.

"That was good," she said. "I enjoyed that dance. And now let's have something to eat. I'm hungry."

Sampson beamed on her approvingly.

"My word, girlie, you're a stayer all right. I feel like a drop more to drink, myself. What do you fancy? Sandwiches? Cakes?"

She lighted a cigarette.

"No," she answered. "I'll have some oyster soup."

THERE is a well-established belief that oysters as a food are brimming over with nourishment and vital energy, and that Anglo-Saxon superiority is maintained on a dozen on the deep and a glass of porter. Indeed, there are many who claim that Waterloo was won, not on the playing fields of Eton, but on the oyster beds of Whitby. Can a dinner rightly be called a dinner without oysters? It is as a body without soul, lacking in all spirituality.

Was it for this reason, then, that Della ordered a plate of oyster soup? Was she feeling tired and lagged out? Did she think that only oysters could give her back the pep to carry on with the evening? It would be reasonable to suppose so, but sub-

sequent events throw grave doubts on this simple hypothesis.

"It's a bit hot for soup," Charles suggested. "What about a grilled sole? Wouldn't that be better? Or a chicken mayonnaise? The man here does it rather well."

She shook her head.

"I'd rather have oyster soup."

So loyal to their faith are the oyster worshippers, you would say.

But wait!

The waiter threads his way through the crowded room, delicately bearing the plate of thick rich soup. He passes round the table, stops at Della's side, stoops, and is about to lower her choice before her. Then suddenly she lifts her hand to her hair and with a sharp movement catches the rim of the plate with her elbow.

The ever-watchful Lennie, seated next her, was never slow to scent approaching danger, but on this occasion the champagne had lulled him—as champagne will—to a beautiful trustfulness in waiters and the ultimate destination of oyster soup.

He jumped up and leapt aside just a second too late. A snowy cape of the creamy mixture draped him as a garment.

Exacting patrons of the club have often cavilled at the soup. They said the shot might have made it a bit more creamy. Lennie had no such fault to find with it.

"Oh, Lennie!" Della's voice was horrified. "I'm so sorry. It was my fault."

A moan or horror broke from the victim. He cast one piteous glance around that seemed to plead: "Why should this be me?" One nerveless hand held out a corner of the dripping coat as a ballet dancer holds out her skirt, in the other he still clutched a fork that impaled an appetizing morsel of lobster.

He might have stood for an allegory of Greed rebuked by Fate.

"Oh, sir!" Three waiters closed in on him with napkins. Coffee, wine, or even gravy can be mopped up and brushed out of sight, but oyster soup asserts itself boldly, clings and congeals and spreads richly like the snowy mantle on the Christmas pudding.

Della had chosen wisely.

The waiters murmured and rubbed. Risby circled round and proffered handkerchiefs and sympathy. Charles sat too stunned by this bold coup to offer either. Kathie spoke to her brother in shocked reproof.

"I think you'd better go to the cloakroom, Lennie."

The head waiter agreed warmly.

"That would be best, sir. We'll take the coat away and have it spored."

He feared lest this pitiful spectacle should unnerve the other eaters.

Like a child who has misbehaved himself Lennie was led from the room.

INSTANTLY, as when a cloud lifts, the party settled down to enjoy itself. Charles and Della danced and danced, twined and rapturous, as though the night were never ending, and their feet were shod with wings. Sampson, with an ecstatic smile on his honest face, propelled Kathie before him in his strange caperings.

Charles' mood danced with his feet. He knew that Lennie was put out of action for the rest of the night. He could have grovelled in gratitude at Della's feet. Only a woman, he thought reverently, could conceive a beautiful thought like that and boldly carry it through. It seemed to him that his wildest hope was now about to be realised, and that before the morning dawned Kathie and Sampson would accept the gift of each other's heart and he would give them his blessing.

"I really think we must be going," said Della at last.

"I suppose we must," he answered with a regretful sigh.

"Kermin and I are going over to Paris to-morrow—or rather to-day."

"Oh! What for?"

"About frocks?"
"Will you be away long?"
"No. Only a few days. We're catching the early boat, so I'll need a little sleep before we go."

They went back to the table. Kathie was sitting alone.

"Where's Sampson?" Charles questioned.
"He's gone out to speak to Lennie. Lennie sent him a note by one of the waiters to say he wanted to speak to him."

"What about?"
"I don't know, but I think we ought to be going. It's getting frightfully late. Tell them to come along. Lennie can put on his overcoat and they can send the other to the cleaners."

She disappeared into the cloakroom with Della. Charles went off in search of the others.

Lennie, looking sullen, was being helped into his coat by a waiter.

"Here you are at last! I've had a jolly evening, haven't I?"

Charles glanced at him disdainfully.
"Well, whose fault is that? If you will go messing yourself about with oyster soup..."

"I didn't. You know I didn't. It was that dimmy little fool, jerking her elbow about."

Charles looked at him thoughtfully.

"You're lucky, you're very lucky, Lennie, that you haven't still got that soup on your coat or I'd rub your nose in it."

"Mother'll have something to say about this. It was father's dinner suit. She gave it to me on my last birthday."

"Oh, now! It can be cleaned. Anyway, it's too hot for dinner suits where he is," he muttered.

The quick-eyed Lennie caught it and glared in indignation.

"Charles!"

Charles stammered.

"I... I... didn't mean what you mean, Lennie. Where's Risby?"

Lennie looked down his nose mysteriously.

"He's gone."

Charles' face was blank.

"Gone? Where's he gone?"

"How do I know?"

"Wasn't he here talking to you?"

"Yes, but he went away."

"Well... This is damned queer. Did he leave a message for me or anything?"

"No."

"Just rushed off and never said good-bye to anyone?"

"Yes."

Charles stood pondering the strangeness of this. It was so unlike Sampson, whose manners as a rule were almost oppressively punctilious. Perhaps the champagne had been a bit too much for him or something.

Lennie turned away and began to straighten his tie in the mirror, looking at himself in his superior, self-satisfied fashion. Lennie before a mirror was just Lennie with all his peculiar loathsomeness duplicated.

For Charles the evening had suddenly gone flat and stale. Was this night, too, to end in suspense?

In the eye-splitting glare of the stuffy cloakroom, a few weary figures were struggling into coats and groping for hats. Faced that a few minutes ago had laughed and flirted and made love, now yawned and frowned sleepily. This, thought Charles bitterly, was the back of gaiety!

He snatched up his hat and made for the door.

"Oh, come on," he said savagely.

CHAPTER 17

THE first ray of dawn was breaking when Charles got back to his flat.

The blinds in his sitting-room were up and the first faint glimmer was creeping over the familiar objects and making them sprawl in grotesque, unfamiliar shapes. The

young man's hollow eyes searched the gloom.

He switched on a lamp and blinked owlishly. Sampson had evidently gone to bed. He went into his own room and started to undress. Phew...! He was tired. A long sleep was what he wanted. He threw his coat on to a chair and glanced at the cool white sheet turned back, with his pyjamas spread invitingly on the edge.

Yawning helplessly, he tugged at his white tie. Queer of Sampson to have nipped off like that. Oh, well... He sank into a chair and untied his shoe. He supposed he had felt a bit dinged and hadn't wanted the others to see it. That was it. H'm...

He dragged off his shoes, dropped them at his side and paused. Still... It was queer. Unlike Sampson somehow. He had seemed so elevated towards the end of the evening, and not by champagne either. What had come over him?

An idea suddenly held him suspended. Had Sampson really gone to bed?

This thought instantly awoke another image in his brain. Passing through the sitting-room just now, hadn't he seen something lying on the table, something white? A letter...

He opened his door and peered into the room beyond again.

There was a letter lying on the table, visible now in the thinning light. He strode across the room, snatched it up and carried it to the window. He slit open the envelope, drew out the sheet and stood, head bent over it, a lean figure in trousers and vest, with tousled hair and braces hanging limply over his hips. The dawn gave him his haggard light to read Sampson's letter by—

Dear Charles:

I have just learned the truth about you and Miss Palfrey. It has been a fair bombshell I don't mind telling you, old man, and all I can say is I hope you don't blame me. I was playing with fire and I didn't know it. I feel I owe you an explanation.

The moment I saw Miss Palfrey I fell in love with her. I better confess it right away. She was the girl I'd dreamed about, and I made up my mind to try and win her for my wife. It was not my fault, was it? How was I to know that she was engaged to the fellow who'd been such a white man to me ever since I landed home? I don't know how it was, nobody seemed to tell me, but I must have had a pretty thick hide to think a girl like that would be wandering around free for a rough sort of type like me to have the luck to win.

Why, I must have been mad, mad...! Well, Charles old man, the dream is shattered and I'm too ashamed to face you. How you put up with me I don't know. No wonder her mother kicked me out. She must have thought me a regular blackguard the way I paid such attentions to her daughter right there under your very nose. That young chap Lennie called me in to-night and gave me a real dressing down. It happened in the cloakroom.

At this point Charles flung up his head and fairly yelped like a stricken hound.

I deserved it. Somehow I can't help feeling I ought to have guessed. And what must she think of me? A lovely pure young girl like that. I never actually spoke out of me turn, but the way I haunted her it's a wonder she didn't slap me face.

Well, Charles old man, I wish you had happened to mention it in the beginning. I expect I'd never have been so hard hit if I hadn't thought she was free to be Mrs. Sampson Risby. I'd have kept off the grass, and it's the best I can do now after the way I've disgraced myself. I don't mind telling you I feel like all the joy's gone out of life for me. She was what I dreamed about.

Well, I must take me grief and I hope you'll forgive me. You see how it is,

Charles, I don't want to meet you again after the white way you treated me.

Again the reader paused and hung his head and writhed as though in sudden pain.

Good-bye, old man. I'm off to Paris. One place is like another to me now. I wish you every happiness, but that, of course, you're bound to have. A girl like that! Well, you must... It ended in a smudge.

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CHARLES sank into a chair and the letter drooped limply at his side. O God, what a cad he felt. Poor old Sampson. This side of it had never presented itself to him before. That anyone should love Kathie to the point of real anguish was, it must be admitted, hard to realise. And Sampson was hurt; hard hit and sore and lonelier than ever. Poor old Sampson!

As for himself—this was the end. All his planning, all his scheming, all his hoping, his wild visions of liberty and happiness with Della smashed into atoms! Here he was just where he had been before Sampson came into the arena four days ago—no, he was in worse case, ten thousand times, for then he had been a mere automaton without hope of escape. But in these last few days, like the fool he was, he had allowed hope to carry his thoughts as on a stream to Della. He had let himself love, he had taken her in his arms, he had kissed her... he had imagined Kathie as Risby's wife. Now he must think of her as his own.

Despair, regret, shattered hope, thwarted love, fatigue, champagne, all got him down and trampled on him. The hopeless dawn struggled through the open window and fell on his disordered figure and haggard face as he paced up and down unable to escape from the thoughts that racked him.

It was going to be another warm day. Like the incoming of a tide, the first noises of the great city began to stir. A workman, early afoot, whistled shrilly, a milk-cart rattled by, the sparrows' metallic chorus grew louder. A pigeon began its melancholy burden.

He sank again into the chair by the window and dropped his head in his hands. He was done for now. The pigeon's cooing seemed a hollow echo of his thoughts. "No hope now, no hope now," moaned the grey bird drooping on the ledge outside the window.

With this burden still ringing in his ears, sometime later, he sank into an uneasy slumber where he sat, his head lolling helplessly to one side, his arms hanging in sleep's abandon, the crumpled letter beneath his feet.

It was thus that Parker found him later. Parker paused at the door and gaped in amazement. What had happened here? Headlines flashed before his eyes: "Wealthy Bachelor Found Dead on Eve of Marriage. Valet's story."

He tiptoed across the room and peered anxiously into the sleeping face. No, it needed but the evidence of the valet's eury to tell him that the wealthy bachelor still breathed. He paused and thoughtfully rubbed his chin.

He stood a minute looking at his master in some uncertainty, and then decided it was time to cough. He did so discreetly. Charles moved and groaned and struggled back to life.

"Uh... uh... That you, Parker?"

"Yes, sir."

"Uh... was the time?"

"Eight o'clock, sir."

"What am I doing here, Parker?" he inquired feebly.

"I think you must have dropped off, sir."

"Dropped off what?"

"To sleep, sir."

"O God, I feel as though I'd dropped off a ten-story building." He moaned again and stood up. Back to him in a flood came the thought of his failure and Sampson's

flight. The sunlight stabbed at his eyeballs. Parker's neat figure mocked at his own disorder.

"A cup of strong tea, sir, before the bath works wonders," Parker suggested gently. His trained eye looked him over. "And a fairly substantial breakfast," he added. For all that love was said to break hearts and wreck homes, Parker was cynically aware that as a rule it left the appetite unharmed.

CHAPTER 18

SAMPSON'S note of farewell was brought to Kathie with a cup of tea at eleven o'clock that morning by the maid who did out Della's flat. Della herself had gone off to Paris while Kathie still slept.

At first sight of the unfamiliar handwriting she knew it was Sampson's. After his almost open wooing of her last night, this letter could be, she felt, but one thing—the proposal.

Tremblingly she waited till the maid had put down the tray and left the room before she drew forth the precious sheet. It was very brief. A few pleading words, perhaps. She spread it open and read:

Dear Miss Palfrey:

This is just a line to wish you goodbye. I am leaving England to-day and have half made up my mind to go back to Africa later, so I may not see you again. May I wish you the best of good luck and happiness in the future? I must thank you for making my few days' stay in England so enjoyable, and for taking pity on a lonely man.

Yours ever sincerely,

SAMPSON RIBBY.

Very slowly the color ebbed from her face, and she leaned back on her pillow, staring straight ahead of her. In the whole of her tranquil life this, perhaps, was the hardest knock she had ever taken.

Sampson had gone! Rushed off at a moment's notice without even bothering to see her again! Sampson, the man whose every word and look during those last delicious days had spoken of love; Sampson who, rightly or wrongly, had awakened a responsive love in her. . . . It had been a dream, no more. The intoxication of being wooed as a goddess, of being flattered, and looked up to was all over. Even more heady, the sense of power to bestow rapture with a glance, a smile . . . never again. Sampson was gone.

With a sob she turned on her pillow and wept bitter tears. Oh, how mistaken, how deceived she had been! All those soft looks and burning words had meant nothing at all. And that kiss . . . ? Just a moment's amusement on a summer's night. Nothing more. Nothing to him.

The white embroidered handkerchief, still perfumed with last night's eau de cologne, was drenched with tears.

She crumpled the letter up and threw it on to the tray. Well, it was all over. She sat up, pushed back her golden hair, and miserably gulped down her tea. Sampson had gone, but Charles was left to her, and the next thing was her marriage to him.

By no stretch of the imagination could Kathie have been described in one of those frequent newspaper articles as the modern girl. Never for an instant did she contemplate running Sampson to earth and winning him back. The man she loved being lost to her, she gratefully turned her attention to the good husband with whom providence—and a careful mother—had provided her. If that husband should fail her she had not the modern girl's means of securing another; no occupation or profession with which the astute young woman of to-day feigns to busy herself while she casts about for a suitable victim.

Kathie belonged to the old school; if someone had not found her a husband she would have taken out her tatting and hoped for the best. But since Charles was found and secured, she was at one with her mother in keeping him fast. The girl who says the right thing at the right time is

clever enough; the girl who says nothing at all at any time is cleverer still. Whether it was stupidity or instinctive wisdom on Kathie's part, who shall say? but she had this faculty of silence. A thousand times during their long engagement had she spoken openly to Charles or let him see that she was aware of his indifference, who knows what might have happened? She was never so foolish. Quietly, tenaciously, surely, she clung.

With melancholy resignation now she dried her eyes, left her bed, pinned up her hair, and went into the bathroom.

A FEW minutes later Charles jumped out of a taxi, ran up the stairs, and leaned heavily on the bell of Della's flat.

"The young lady's not dressed, sir," the sweeping maid informed him. "Will you wait?"

"Yes, thanks, I'll wait," he answered, and was shown into the sitting-room. But to wait was just the last possible effort of which he was capable that morning. After five minutes in which, like the drowning man, he saw in a flash his past life and pre-lived the hopeless years ahead, he was knocking at the bedroom door.

Kathie's voice answered him from the bathroom opposite.

"Yes? What is it? I'm here."

"It's me."

"Oh, Charles!"

He drew a long breath and leaned closer to the door.

"Listen, Kathie, can I see you?"

"Don't be silly. You know I'm in my bath."

"I mean I want to see you about something important."

"What?"

"Could you come to Paris to-day?"

"What? Come where?"

"Oh, can't you turn off that infernal tap!"

The water ceased, and Kathie's voice, slightly acid in tone, said again:

"Come where? What is it?"

"I want to know if you could come over to Paris with me?"

"Go to Paris with you! What for?"

"Well, you see . . . as a matter of fact, I've just had some news and I find I've got to go over on some rather important business."

He went on hurriedly.

"So I thought, why shouldn't you come too? We could run over by to-night's boat, have a couple of days there, and be back in time . . . in time . . ."

"For the wedding," she finished quietly.

"Er . . . yes." With unseeing eyes he stared at the grained wood of the door panels an inch from his nose.

The water in the bath stirred uneasily. "But . . . but you don't mean we should go alone?"

"No, of course. I meant to ask your mother to come too."

"Oh! Again a note difficult to fathom; whether of disappointment or relief, who shall say?"

"You see, I thought if you said yes, I'd nip straight down to Camberfield and persuade your mother to come. I could catch the twelve-ten."

The water rippled languidly to and fro. "I don't think she'll come."

"Why not?"

"Well, it's a long way for such a little time."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Why not go over to Paris alone and do what you've got to do as quickly as possible and come straight back?"

"I want you to come, too."

"Well, I'm sure you won't be able to persuade your mother to go."

"It would do her the world of good. She needs a change."

"Ye . . . es, but I don't think she'll go."

"Well, I'm going to try. We could have rather a bright time. Della's gone over

with Kenna about frocks, and Ribby's over there, too. He left early this morning."

The water was suddenly and violently agitated, slap, slap, against the sides of the bath.

"You'd better get a car down to The Laurels." Her voice had lost its languor.

"What?"

"You'd better get a car. The twelve-ten takes hours. I'll come with you."

"Oh, good."

"I'll need to pack a few more things before we leave for Paris."

"And you think you can persuade your mother?"

"What?" The water was gurgling and chortling down the waste pipe.

"Damn that noise! Do you think your mother will consent?"

"Charles, will you please go and wait in the other room? I shall be ready to go with you in exactly ten minutes."

Pale but slightly more composed, he went inside to wait. He bore no trace now of his apathy of the early dawn. Since Parker had waked him and heartened him with gentle attentions and devilled kidneys, he had been rushing feverishly from place to place. First to the Ritz, but Sampson had not flown there with his luggage and his shame. It was, therefore, clear to Charles that Paris was his instant objective.

He rushed to Victoria and sought him on the Dover boat trains, but here neither was there any sight of him. He must have left by the early service with Della and Kenna. Crushing as was this blow, he was not to be daunted by it. That Kathie and Sampson loved each other was now openly declared, on one side at least. He meant, therefore, to bring them together again and have the whole thing out. For he had no intention of languishing in despair for the want of a few plain words now that he was sure of the state of their affections—and of his own. To uproot Kathie and her mother and bundle them off to Paris was a small matter if it brought him one fraction of an inch nearer to the winning of Della. Had they refused, he would possibly have employed chloroform and violence. Young men in love are like that.

CHAPTER 19

HERE we are. This is the carriage. Those three seats there, porter. That's right. No, this side. Chuck that bag under the seat. Looks as though we are going to have it to ourselves. Thanks. Is that all right, Kathie? Which way do you like to sit, Mrs. Palfrey? Backward or forward?

"I really have no preference, thank you," answered Mrs. Palfrey, sinking into the seat by the window that faced the engine.

She had the air of one who is bravely determined to go through with a hazardous adventure. Away from The Laurels she was like a spider whose web has been torn down. Ruthlessly brushed aside are those subtle strands where it alone could walk with safety, and it finds itself no longer the strong and crafty creature that it once was, but a defenceless insect almost afraid of the flies that it once tortured.

With surprising meekness she gave up her belongings to Charles' disposal, and, folding her hands in her lap, looked blankly out of the window. For various reasons she had consented—not without a struggle, of course—to this hastily-arranged trip to Paris. That they were all good and practical reasons need hardly be said.

Firstly, the whole trip was to be at Charles' expense. Secondly, there were lots of things for Kathie's trousseau which could be brought more cheaply in Paris. Thirdly, such a generous and loverlike action on Charles' part would give the lie to her sister Clara who had been hinting that when all was said and done he was more dutiful than eager. Fourthly, this trip away would remove Kathie from any chance of meeting again before her marriage that impossible

person from Africa, that Sampson Risby, in whom, it seemed to Mrs. Palfrey, her daughter had taken far too great an interest.

All these things taken into consideration she felt at peace with the world. Visions of Kathie married, Lennie and Grace looked after, and a secure old age for herself lulled her gently. Her head fell forward. Mrs. Palfrey slept.

It was Newhaven and dark night before she awoke at Kathie's tap on the shoulder. Charles was taking the bags down off the rack and handing them to a porter. Mrs. Palfrey pulled herself together and followed them out on to the platform. She glanced at the dark water wherein the thousand ripples a thousand small moons glistened and played. It seemed little short of madness to embark on that great sheet of inky water at this hour of night!

"How dark it is! Charles, do you think it is going to be rough?"

"Smooth as a millpond, from what one can see. That's seven pieces in all. He'll see to them, Kathie."

"Is my dressing-bag there?" Mrs. Palfrey rummaged at his elbow.

"Yea, he's got it. It's all right. He's perfectly safe. There's no need to worry. He'll put them straight into your—Good God!" This last was but a muttered breath a stifled exclamation.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing... I... knocked my knee against that trunk." But Charles, in the light of a nearby lamp, appeared to be suffering not so much from pain as from shock. His face was pale and his eyes glistened. He was standing motionless, gazing after the crowd that trooped towards the boat.

"Are you badly hurt?" Mrs. Palfrey asked sharply.

"No. Sorry. Just gave me a twinge for a moment."

"Well, please do rouse yourself. That man has disappeared with our things."

He hesitated a moment as though unable to drag himself back to reality—or rather, as though preoccupied with some more pressing reality. Then he seemed to come to himself with unexpected energy. He took from his pocket a notebook, and drawing Kathie aside put it into her hand.

"Go after him, Kathie," he murmured. "He'll be waiting for you on the boat. Here's your ticket and the number of your cabin. Go straight on board. Stay there till we come. I'll follow with your mother."

Kathie obediently trotted after the pile of luggage which she could see, bobbing up the gangway ahead of her.

CHARLES turned to see to Mrs. Palfrey and took her by the arm. His eyes were glittering with a strange excitement. His voice trembled slightly.

"I think the best thing you can do before going on board is to have a strong cup of tea." He was edging her towards the station buffet.

"Have you time? That's the question."

"Bags of time. The boat doesn't go for forty minutes."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. If not an hour."

"But Kathie?"

"She'll see the luggage on board and join us. Let's go along and order it."

But still she hung back fearfully.

"Can't we get tea on board?"

"It's not the same. It's not as strong."

"There's nothing like strong tea to travel on. It settles the stomach." He glanced furtively at his watch and observed that all the travellers had left the station for the wharf. With gentle insistence he propelled her down the station and in at the door of the refreshment room.

She submitted not without many yearning backward glances.

"I don't quite like it for Kathie. All

alone there... those French sailors...!" But the smell of strong tea and the sight of ham sandwiches under a glass case and slices of rich yellow cake laid her maternal fears to rest. She was hungry, having but trifled with her dinner before she left.

Mrs. Palfrey belonged to that type of traveller who can never settle down to a hearty meal when on the move, but prefers to be continually refreshed by snacks. She seemed to labour under a fear that once away from home she was liable to be overtaken by acute attacks of hunger. She had unlimited faith in the sustaining powers of chocolate, and would undertake no railway journey of more than one hour's duration without first laying in a stock of bananas and coffee biscuits.

She settled down to a cup of tea in a thick cup, a formidable ham sandwich and a plate of mixed pastries.

"Oh, dear, this tea is nice," she said, sipping it luxuriously. "So fresh and hot. I do hope Kathie won't be long. She must be dying for it, poor child. The sandwich is nice too—a little dry perhaps... I shall be glad to sleep if only the motion will let me. Hush! What's that?"

From the wharf a shrill whistle rent the air. He pushed the sandwiches towards her and answered quickly:

"That's the... that's the whistle they sound half an hour before they leave, a sort of dressing bell—or rather, perhaps one should say, a sort of undressing bell. It gives people time to get to bed before the movement starts."

"Oh, then we mustn't be long. You think Kathie knows to come here, do you?" She glanced anxiously towards the door over the rim of her cup.

He nodded reassuringly and threw her a smile.

Mrs. Palfrey threw him a sharp glance but went on munching steadily. She wasn't at all sure that she liked the way he had arranged this affair. Surely it would have been nicer if he had left her and Kathie to have their tea quietly here while he went on board and looked after the luggage. It was certainly unlike him, but then he had been altogether unlike himself ever since they got out of the train; gabbling away about nothing, jerking about in his seat and looking at his watch every minute.

Again the whistle sounded, accompanied by the strange cries and choruses of the sailors.

She paused with her hand outstretched in the act of helping herself to a jam turnover.

"I really don't like Kathie being out there alone," she murmured uneasily. "Besides, if she doesn't come soon she'll have no time to drink her tea." She glanced round the deserted waiting-room and then at Charles.

"Nonsense, Kathie knows how to look after herself. She'll be here in a minute. She's seeing the things stowed away in the cabin. It takes a little time. Have another cup of tea?" He beckoned to the waitress. "We want some more milk, please."

The waitress deposited another thimbleful of milk on the table and surveyed them with a mild curiosity.

Mrs. Palfrey met her eye.

"Do you think it's going to be a rough crossing?" she asked timidly.

"Never can tell. They say sometimes it's a bit choppy-like outside when there's hardly a puff of air on shore. Crossing over in the morning, are you?"

Mrs. Palfrey wiped her lips nervously.

"Why, what do you mean? We're crossing over to-night."

The girl gave a braying laugh.

"Left it a bit late, haven't yer? The boat's just gone."

WITH a little neighing cry, Mrs. Palfrey shook the pastry from her fingers, grasped her bag and umbrella and ran out into the night.

Charles ran along the platform after her nimble, scurrying figure. A great triumphant light shone in his face. A wharf lamp set the shadow of his long legs dancing wildly ahead of him.

"O God! Oh, look! O Charles! Oh, my poor child!" Limply she fell back into the young man's arms.

For there, moving steadily away from the wharf, was the Channel steamer, its engines thumping, its propeller churning up a carpet of white foam on the quickly widening strip of black water.

"Oh, stop it! Signal them. Send a wireless. O my God, what are we going to do!"

"Hush, Mrs. Palfrey, we've missed it. It's too late. We'll have to catch the morning boat."

"Kathie, Kathie! Where is she? What'll become of her? Oh, how could you have been so careless! Oh, my poor girl alone among all those strange people on that dreadful ship. Kathie, Kathie!" Like a demented semaphore her arm jerked up and down, signalling frantically.

"Now, now, Mrs. Palfrey, you really mustn't. She's quite all right. She's perfectly all right. She'll simply drive to the hotel and wait for us. We'll only be a few hours after her." Vainly he tried to keep the rioting joy out of his tone but something of the intoxicating sense of triumph that filled his heart would overflow through his commiserating words.

For on the deck of the steamer among the little knots of passengers, his eyes had descried the figure of Kathie.

Was she standing at the rail searching distractedly for a glimpse of her mother and her betrothed? She was not. Was she beseeching the captain to put back to the wharf and take on board her dear ones? Well, it didn't look like it. Finding herself alone, far from home and mother, had she dropped insensibly into the arms of a kindly steward? Not so far as you could see, she hadn't. Was she not crying a little? Dropping a frightened tear? Not one!

Her eyes dry and even smiling, she was standing on the lighted deck, her face lifted in happy greeting to an honest face that smiled gently down on her. Her hand was held out trustingly to Mr. Sampson Risby in whose drooping mien even at this distance one could descry that characteristic mixture of tender devotion and knightly reverence.

CHAPTER 20.

PARIS lay bathed in the lovely sunshine of a summer afternoon. The golden rays poured richly along the colonnaded Rue de Rivoli, making the imitation diamonds and rubies glitter like real, and blinding—almost—the tourist from Leeds or Chicago to the fabulous prices asked for them.

It was that idle hour between tea and dinner when the glowing beauty of the fading day calls all sensible people out of doors and into the country, or out of themselves and into mischief. Recklessly the traffic scoured along with ceaselessly tooting horns, each driver feeling in duty bound to do his bit towards making Paris the noisiest city on earth.

A taxi stopped in front of the Hotel Maurice and Charles and Mrs. Palfrey alighted, Charles looking a trifle worn and nerve-trayed, Mrs. Palfrey with the heroic air of one heading a relief party.

Her reproaches had occupied the crossing until such a time as the gentle motion of the boat supplied her with a more pressing anxiety, and the trip up to Paris in the train had passed in injured silence.

But her disapproval had had no power to damp the secret joy of the young man at the thought that Kathie and Sampson were having a blissful, uninterrupted twenty-four hours together. Surely Sampson's feelings would get the better of him alone with Kathie in a foreign city, and

that devout avowal of love that had tumbled on his lips in London would at last be spoken. They must, they must by now have come to an understanding in spite of all Sampson's honorable resolutions.

"Thank God we are here at last," Mrs. Palfrey murmured piously as they entered the hotel. "Though Heaven knows if we shall find her here."

"Well, I don't quite know where else you think she can be," he retorted coldly. "She knew I'd wired for rooms here. She had only to come in and ask for them."

Not without shame she accompanied him to the reception desk. That an unchaperoned girl should have arrived alone must have caused, she felt, a good deal of scandal at the hotel. But the phlegm of the clerk at the desk indicated that he must have got over the first shock.

Yes, the lady had arrived this morning with a gentleman. They had gone out together shortly afterwards and had not yet returned.

A moan escaped Mrs. Palfrey and she melted away from the desk. That she did not drop swooning into Charles' arms was but one more proof of the endurance of the tenacious bulldog breed.

Kathie with a man . . .

She searched Charles' face expecting to find an echoing horror there.

"Charles," she implored, "don't judge her too harshly till we know all."

"That's all right, Kathie's probably gone sight-seeing with someone she met coming over. You always run into someone you know on these Channel steamers. I told you she'd be all right."

"Pray God she is!"

"Would you like to go up to your room straight away or would you care for a drink, a cup of tea or something first?"

"Nothing, thank you. The thought of my daughter alone in Paris with night coming on . . ."

"She's not alone," he murmured.

"So much the worse! I must find her."

"But, my dear Mrs. Palfrey, find her? Why, she may—"

"Get me a taxi, please."

"But what do you mean to do? Where are you going?"

"I shall first try the Louvre. Kathie has always wished to see the great art galleries of Europe. Though I hardly think it is the place for a young girl to visit in mixed company," she added thoughtfully with early memories of the Rubens room.

"It'll probably be closed by now."

"Then I'll try the cathedral of Notre Dame . . . And Cook's of course . . ."

They were out in the Rue de Rivoli again. He hailed a passing taxi and handed her in and was about to follow her, but she put out a restraining hand.

"No, please don't come with me. We have a better chance of running across her if we go separately. I shall keep the taxi. Yes, I shall be quite all right. And in any case, what does that matter? A mother's first duty is to her children. Where they are concerned I think I may boast that I am indefatigable."

The taxi started unexpectedly and she sat down with undiminished suddenness, her fine sentiments extinguished and her hat jerked over her nose.

Left alone, Charles strolled happily along in the golden sunshine. Everything he told himself, was for the best. He lighted a cigarette and puffed contentedly. He glanced in at the windows and gazed appreciatively across at the thick green of the trees in the Tuilleries gardens. He scanned the faces of the passers-by, half hoping that one of them might prove to be Della.

Feeling sure that Sampson would have had no yearnings to spend the day with Kathie in churches and museums, he looked in at various places. Sherry's Chez Fast,

Weber's, but more from a sense of duty towards Mrs. Palfrey than from any hope of finding them. Kathie and Sampson in Paris . . . a needle in a haystack. Anyway, they were bound to be back at the hotel in time for dinner.

He sat for a while outside the Cafe de la Paix, sipping a vermouth and watching the sophisticated, cosmopolitan Parisian crowd.

He was right. On getting back to the hotel at a little after seven, he found the truant pair drinking lemon squashes in the lounge.

He went quickly towards them. Kathie rose as she caught sight of him.

"Oh, Charles, whatever became of you? You missed the boat."

"Yes, we missed the boat," he beamed, explaining the obvious.

"Where's mother?"

"Out looking for you."

"Oh, dear! Is she very angry with me?"

"No. Why should she be? We missed the boat, not you."

"Yes, but . . . but . . ." She blushed and stammered. To anyone with half an eye it was transparently clear that her conscience was uneasy. She had not missed the boat, it was true, but their missing of it had caused her singularly little pain and of this she was uncomfortably aware.

"Oh, I've been so upset," she lied. "How in the world did it happen? I went on waiting and waiting, thinking every minute you were coming on board, and then all of a sudden it seemed we'd moved out from the wharf. How did you manage to miss it?"

"Well, it was all my mistake. I didn't know the boat was leaving so soon. I persuaded your mother to come and have a cup of tea. I thought it would buck her up for the journey. She seemed a bit tired. Somehow we got talking and . . ."

He broke off seeing that Kathie was not listening.

With her broad amiable smile she turned to Sampson.

"I don't know what I should have done," she said softly. "If Mr. Risby hadn't been on board and been so kind to me."

Sampson politely inclined his head.

"I was only too glad to have been of any service," he said courteously.

The words struck a chill to Charles' heart. What changed Sampson was this?

"Miss Palfrey was very upset at the mishap. I did my best to reassure her and took her round and tried to show her a bit of Paris while she was waiting for you to turn up. I hope your day hasn't been too slow, Miss Palfrey, but everything's all right now you've found each other, isn't it?"

With a ghastly sinking of the heart, Charles noted that Sampson's eyes as he addressed Kathie did not meet hers, but were fixed on some point in space about three inches from her right ear. He saw that Sampson's whole aspect was that of a man who holds himself in hard control, whose lips are irrevocably sealed against any expression of love; a man, in short, who could not love her, dear, so much loved he was himself.

He looked at Kathie and saw in her face something that was strained and woe-begone; something almost tearful, like a child who has been snubbed and knows not why. He saw that the day on which he had counted so much had been one of tortured restraint on both sides; Sampson distantly polite and impersonal, Kathie hurt and puzzled at this change in him. He knew that only the plainest of speaking on his part could put things right between them.

Already Sampson was moving out from his seat in the corner.

"And now, I reckon I'll be gettin' along. You two'll be wanting a bit of a talk. I've got a few things to do. I daresay I'll be having a bit o' dinner with Krenin and Miss Della. I'm going along to look them

up." From the chair beside him he lifted his large-brimmed felt hat that thus must sit so conspicuously on his head in these urban streets. "Well, good-bye," he said with a brave attempt at cheerfulness. "Have a good time. You got lots to see and say to each other. I expect. Maybe we'll catch a glimpse of each other now and then fittin' in and out o' the hotel. I don't reckon I'll stay many days in Paris. Well, so long."

And now for the last time his eyes did rest on Kathie; a glance in which was mingled love, mournful resignation, and something of the look that one sees in the eyes of a hungry outcast dog.

Kathie answered the glance with a strained smile. There was an instant's silence. Charles knew the moment to speak had come. He opened his lips and pointed to a chair.

"Risby, wait a minute. Sit down. There's . . . there's something I want to say to you."

SOMETHING in his tone made Kathie glance up inquiringly. But before another word could issue from his nervous lips the big door opened and across the lounge towards them came Mrs. Palfrey.

He stifled a curse. Now, indeed, the fate was in the fire! When Mrs. Palfrey discovered that the gentleman with whom her daughter had travelled over and spent the day was Sampson Risby, she would most likely blast him with a look and cast him into the outer darkness before he had a hope of getting him and Kathie alone together.

It was clear that some such fear was in Sampson's mind also as he caught sight of her, for he shifted from foot to foot and fingered his hat uneasily.

But as Mrs. Palfrey crossed the lounge it became surprisingly clear that she was smiling broadly. It was a happy smile of well-being such as bubbles up from a feeling of good-fellowship and has not its roots in mere customary politeness. It was one of those smiles that won't come off, the kind of which had not been seen before on the countenance of Mrs. Palfrey. It played kindly over Charles, it seemed to embrace Kathie, it even welcomed Mr. Risby without losing any of its warmth.

"Well, well, this is delightful," she beamed. "All here together. Charles has found his little truant at last." She sat into a chair at the table and sighed happily. "Dear, oh, dear, I am so tired. Such a long way I've been! All over Paris, Kathie, looking for you." She mopped her face with her glove.

With a look of enormous relief Sampson sat down again.

"My word, you must be tired and hot, Mrs. Palfrey. Can't I order you something to drink, now? Charles, what do you say? What'll you have? Another lemon squash, Miss Palfrey? And perhaps your mother will join you?"

But Mrs. Palfrey knew a thing worth two of that. She sighed, looked round expansively and murmured with the same happy smile:

"A squash? No, thank you, Mr. Risby. I think I'll have a Grog American."

Sampson had some difficulty in concealing his surprise. Hot rum and lemon was not exactly the drink he had expected a lady of Mrs. Palfrey's age and bearing to order in the afternoon, but he supposed she knew best.

What had happened was that Mrs. Palfrey had made a rather pleasing discovery. Chancing to be thirsty during her search, she had alighted at a cafe and ordered tea, but there seemed to be some difficulty in procuring this and a wall sign in the room of small tables caught her eye. "Grog American," she read. She knew that the great country of America was the land of prohibition and that therefore this evident

national beverage must be some nice soft drink or other.

She partook of one. It was warm, certainly, but very refreshing, and she left the cafe feeling cheered. Again when thirst overtook her—which it did surprisingly soon—she went into another of those handy little cafes and ordered a Grog American with-out hesitation. It was wonderful what a stimulating effect it had on her. The third had tasted even better, and her thoughts strayed pleasantly towards America, the home of this heartening drink.

As we have said, Mr. Risby certainly looked a little surprised but nodded.

"That's splendid, then, and Miss Palfrey'll have a squash. You'll have a mat-ban, Charles? So will I." He beckoned the waiter.

But Kathie rose firmly.

"I think mother's a bit tired," she said. "She really had better have a rest before dinner. If you don't mind we'll both go up now."

Mrs. Palfrey allowed herself to be persuaded.

Charles took them over to the lift.

"Come straight down, Kathie," he murmured to her. "There's something I want to say to you. I'll keep Risby till you come. Don't be long."

She nodded and was borne upwards.

Charles walked back to the table where Risby was still seated, but before he reached it, a slight stir at the big doorway made him pause.

Someone was coming in.

CHAPTER 21

SOMEONE was coming in; someone who caused porters to fling open doors with gestures of obeisance, clerks to pause and stare in mute admiration, bell-boys to bound forward and remove chairs from her path; someone who even in this haunt of reveling women caused a ripple of excitement.

It was Miss Lenore Harcourt.

As she passed men gazed after her and pushed away their fifth cocktail; her beauty was intoxication enough. Women sighed and hung their heads and crept home to hide their lesser charms, so devastating was the magnetic aura surrounding this marvellous girl. Mystics say it can be acquired by fasting and contemplation. American correspondence courses claim to teach it in six easy lessons. Other claimants insist that any girl can have it by applying the right vanishing cream or face powder. But wise men simply acknowledge it as a gift from the gods and bow down before it in all humility.

Charles, coming back from the lift, was the stunned observer of this magic progress. He saw Miss Harcourt enter and cross the lounge, he saw her sight Mr. Risby and Mr. Risby sight her. His fainting heart sunk into his boots. He saw his hopes were doomed.

Sampson struggled to his feet and moved towards her with the blind instinct of a moth hurrying itself into the light. Into that enveloping warmth she received him.

"Mr. Risby? In Paris too? How very delightful! Her face was raised towards him, her eyes met his. She gave him her hand and let it linger in his for the flattering space of a moment, then held it out gaily to Charles. "And Mr. Martindale as well. Well, isn't this too charming and unexpected?"

Sampson appeared to be trying to speak. He did actually utter a few broken sentences of which a word here and there could be caught—... my word, it is ... Heaton it's almost ... my lucky day ... who'd have thought ... ? But though his tongue was clumsy his eyes were eloquent.

Now what excuses can be made for the simple African's instant enamourment by the dark beauty of Lenore? Do not

judge him too harshly. Reflect that here was a man deprived for a full fourteen years of anything more attractive than the charms of a Zulu witch doctor. For a few days love had been dangled before him and as cruelly snatched away again. Out of his thoughts honor had bade him cast the image of Kathie, leaving an aching void that cried aloud to be filled. Was it any wonder, then, that a girl whose mere passing fluttered the senses of any man should by her glance her smile of welcome affect Sampson like severe concussion of the brain?

Mutely, miserably, helplessly, Charles stood by and watched him sucked under.

Another caressing glance shot from her lifted eyes.

"Are you on business, Mr. Risby?" she asked. "Or just like myself in search of a few days' diversion?"

"That's it," he answered weakly. "I got no special business here. I jest thought I'd like to run over and have a look at Paris. They say all good tourists go to Paris when they die."

She gave a merry, exquisite smile that somehow seemed to convey to Sampson the feeling that she had rarely had the good fortune to meet such a witty, amusing person as he.

"I expect you have loads of friends here," she cooed. "You'll be sure to enjoy yourself. It's different for me, poor little me," she drooped her head playfully. "I'm all alone here."

"You don't mean to say you're lonely, too," Sampson said hoarsely. "Why, I thought I was the only lonely person on this side of the world. You lonely! My word, girl, so am I!"

"But you've got Mr. Martindale, haven't you? Two gay young bachelors. What more do they want?"

"Oh, Charles? Not him. He's got other fish to fry."

"And leaves you all alone? Too bad!"

It was almost more than Charles could bear to watch the irresistible magnet drawing the simple soul into its orbit. He shivered and repressed a groan as he saw her clasp her hands and watched that seductive, intimate smile overspread her face. He heard the magic tone in her voice.

"Oh, Mr. Risby, can't we be lonely together?"

"What ... I ... what!" Sampson's eyes were afixe.

"I mean, we must console each other, mustn't we? Here we are, two solitary souls just arrived in Paris, both staying at the same hotel—you are staying here, aren't you? I thought so—and nobody to love us. I haven't even got anyone to take me to dinner to-night ..."

"What! You don't mean to say you'll dine with me then?" Humble adoration trembled in his voice. "Look, I can't tell you how honored I'd be if you'd take pity on me and come out to dinner."

"Why, I'd love to. What fun we'll have! Dinner together, and a nice little talk all about ... India—I mean Africa."

"Pisces! We'll have the best dinner to be had in Paris, and go to a show afterwards. How'll that do you?"

"Perfect!" Her laugh was gay and excited.

"And then dance?"

"And sup?"

"Come on!" He made an expansive movement as though to sweep her up there and then to those beckoning delights.

She nodded and smiled.

"Yes, we'll dine early. It is sweet of you to ask me. And now I must go up and dress and so must you." She bowed to Charles, turned and led the way to the lift.

Sampson walked after her—that is, if a man so clearly under hypnotic influence can be said to perform any act so voluntary as that of walking. With his face flushed and his eyes fixed on that slim figure ahead of

him, he was caught up and carried along just as some helpless shred of paper is lifted and whirled in the wake of a mighty wind whose vortex is an unescapable attraction.

The lift that descended to take them up brought Kathie down. She stepped out of it, saw Sampson, and paused to speak to him.

Sampson did not see her.

And Charles from his cover saw that the African was as utterly oblivious of Kathie Palfrey as of everything else around him. He saw him pass her like a man in a dream, step into the lift at Lenore's elbow, and be wafted upwards as to a better heaven.

CHAPTER 22

FOR the fifth time since eight o'clock that evening Charles approached the desk of the small hotel near the Palais Royal. For the fifth time he leant over the counter and addressed the black-haired young woman on the other side.

"Miss Merrin not back yet?" he asked as one now inured to disappointment.

Again she shook her head and eyed him with amused tolerance.

"Not yet, monsieur. You've rendezvous with mademoiselle? Yes?"

He blushed and turned away.

"No. She doesn't expect me. I'll come back later."

He strolled to the door and glanced up the street. It was just ten o'clock. The end of a blue twilight hung over the city, that magic hour of a summer night when day melts into darkness, but for Charles the last gleam of hope had expired like a sickly candle, and on his heart a veritable darkness had descended.

Kathie had taken Sampson's defection with resigned if pained stoicism. With her and her mother Charles had dined at the hotel. The morrow's plans had been discussed, the shopping for the trousseau talked over, the wedding dwelt on. It was nearer now to him, a more actual, unescapable fact than it had ever been before.

The ghost of a hollow laugh rose to his lips.

Like a machine performing acts automatically and devoid of any joy in them, he took out a cigarette, tapped it on his case, and put a light to it. It tasted like grass, the smoke was acrid in his mouth. His head was full of whirling emptiness, and his heart was a dull lump of misery. He stepped out into the street to walk round the square again, and on the pavement just outside the door he met Della.

She was walking quickly, absent-mindedly; she almost ran into him, drew aside, and, with a murmured apology, turned to the doorway again.

He caught her arm.

"Della."

She drew back startled, and stood staring at him as though she were seeing a ghost. She was pale and tired-looking. There were bluish shadows beneath the blue-grey eyes, but now a wave of color swept up to her cheeks.

"Charles! Oh, I'm so glad to see you!"

Yes, she spoke the name as though it had been an endearment, and a sudden smile of happiness curved the lovely red mouth.

His heart began to beat and his pulses to thump like those of a man coming back to life from drowning.

"You didn't know I was here?"

"How could I? When did you come?"

"This morning."

"Why?"

"Various reasons. Kathie's here too."

"Oh." Her eyes grew thoughtful.

"And so's her mother."

"Mrs. Palfrey! Good heavens!"

"And Sampson Risby."

She laughed almost hysterically.

"Quite a family party. What's it all about? Why this wholesale trek?"

"Wait a minute. You look tired. Let's go in and sit down somewhere." He looked round distractedly. Oh, to get her away somewhere, away from everyone and pour out his heart to her. Taxis rattled by, and people surged past them. Always people everywhere. He never could be alone with her, never could be.

"The Louvre cafe?" he suggested. "Shall we go there?"

She shook her head impatiently.

"I'd rather walk. I've been indoors all day. I've seen miles of marvellous frocks, closed-up rooms, over-perfumed women..." She made a gesture of weariness. "Let's get a breath of air."

They walked across the lighted square, crossed the road, and turned into the cool darkness of the Tuileries gardens. They had not spoken since they left the hotel. It seemed to him that there was too much to say—and too little.

She was the first to speak. She sat down on a seat under a leafy plane tree, and said abruptly:

"Now tell me what you are all doing in Paris. What did you come for?"

He dropped on to the seat beside her and stretched out his legs before him.

"A wild goose chase! For the last week I've been the biggest damn fool that ever a man was."

She gave him a quizzical side glance.

"Only for the last week?"

He answered the glance with a look of reproach.

"Yes, Della, only for the last week. The rest... it's hardly been my fault. Other people have made a fool of me. But during the last week I let a wild hope run away with me." He leaned forward, elbows on knees, and dropped his head on his hands. "But now I've crashed."

"What is the matter? Can't you be a little more lucid? I'm not in the mood for crossword puzzles to-night. When I saw you the night before last you had no intention of coming to Paris."

"No, I know, but... well, Sampson came, and..."

"Yes?"

"So I asked Kathie to come."

"I see."

"Of course I had to bring Mrs. Palfrey, too."

"You left Lennie and Gracie at home?"

"I do wish you wouldn't be jocular. I've rarely felt less in the mood for it." He paused and at last took the plunge. "Well..."

...well, I followed Sampson. I thought he and Kathie were falling in love with each other. He felt startled to hear the words spoken out loud, but there was an overwhelming relief in it, as a condemned man finds relief in pouring out to his confessor the story of his crime. "I couldn't help seeing that they were getting keen on each other. I... I wanted them to."

SHE turned and looked at him.

"You wanted him to marry her? That's what you mean. I saw that the other night."

He felt himself getting hot with shame under cover of the darkness.

"Yes," he murmured, "I did. He's a good fellow, Sampson. I thought he'd make her a splendid husband."

"You're too unselfish, Charles!" Her tone mocked him. "How many men would do as much for their fiancées?"

"Damn it all, Della," he burst out savagely, "I've never pretended anything. You know why I'm marrying Kathie. And I thought... I thought that if Sampson... I mean... but what's the use of talking about it? It's all over now. Sampson's off the map as far as Kathie's concerned."

"What's happened? Have they quarrelled?"

"To-day at the hotel, just after we arrived, that girl Lenore Harcourt turned

up and simply lifted Sampson up and carried him off."

"Oh!" she gasped.

"Yes, he's absolutely carried off his feet. He's like a man in a trance. He's spellbound. He doesn't remember that Kathie exists. It's no wonder a fellow like Sampson, who's hardly seen a white woman for years and all that, should fall flat before a girl like that."

"You mean it's no wonder a girl like that should fall flat before a bank account like Sampson's?"

"I say, that's a bit rough. After all, I don't see that she need..." But something warned him that it would be wiser not to pursue the subject. "Anyhow, what's the use of talking about it? The point is, she's got him, and as long as she wants to keep him he'll never look at Kathie. It's all over."

There was a long silence. He sat and stared at the lights of the traffic outside the park speeding towards the Place de la Concorde. She was sitting motionless, too, her head turned away from him.

He sighed heavily.

"So that's that. We go back to London in a day or two, and on Tuesday week Kathie and I will be married."

She didn't speak. Her head was still turned from him.

"And you? When are you going back?"

The averted head shook slightly.

"I don't know."

"Though I don't know why I should drag you out here to tell you all this," he burst out. "It can't be of the slightest interest to you."

She made no answer, but a sudden puff of wind stirred the leaves of the tree, allowing a beam of light to fall through, and he saw a tear glistening on her cheek. The night made his heart give a jump. He peered round into her face.

"Della! You're crying!"

Indignantly she brushed her hand over her face.

"I'm not. I'm nothing of the sort."

"You are. Of course you are. What are you crying for?"

"Oh, can't you leave me alone! I'm not crying at all, or if I am it's because..." because I'm tired... the words ended in a sob.

"Oh, don't Della, don't cry. I can't bear it."

He seized the hand nearest him and held it painfully tight between his own. He thought of his duty to Kathie, of his coming marriage; he thought of everything in the world that should by rights keep his mouth shut, but the feel of that small hand in his, the sight of those tears on her pale rounded cheek, the nearness and warmth of her simply made havoc of every dutiful resolution he had ever made.

He clung to the hand as though it were the last link with all joy.

"Darling," he stammered, "I... I must tell you. I can't help it. I love you madly. I always have."

"Don't, don't." She tried to pull her hand away, to stop him from saying any more.

"I've tried to hide it from you, to hide it from myself, but all the time my only real thought has been how to see you, how to get near you. Oh, Della, you're so wonderful! You're so lovely. When I'm with you I'm just struck sort of dumb. I'm just one big ache of longing for you. The more I see you the more it hurts, and yet I can't keep away from you."

"Charles, you mustn't... It's only making things worse—for us both." But her hand now clung to his and she made no effort to hide the tears brimming in her eyes.

He got up miserably. She was right. There was no way out. He had to marry Kathie.

"Don't go home yet," he pleaded. "Not yet. I won't say any more. I'll shut up if you'll only stay with me for a little while."

"All right. Let's go to a cafe some-where."

"Anywhere you like. It's all the same to me so long as I'm with you. Let's have a spot. Let's have ten spots. We'll go to the Ritz. It's quiet there."

"Charles, if you can't look less like a funeral mite I shan't go anywhere."

"Oh, yes, that's easy! Right-o, I'll be a hell of a bright fellow to-night. Is that better? Come on."

CHAPTER 23

OUT into the lighted streets they went, Della, for all her heavy words, looking no more cheerful than he. They strolled moodily along. It didn't seem to matter here, showing how gloomy they felt. In London, the slightest sign of emotion is almost indecent and will attract curious eyes. In Paris the crowd takes no heed of lovers' tears and laughter; it knows that women must sometimes weep and men may wish to kiss.

Charles, walking beside her, felt that in telling her he loved her he had said good-bye to her for ever. It never could be his to love her and look after her. He glanced down at her slender figure and lovely heart-shaped face.

A stocky black-browed Frenchman gained the path in the approved Parisian fashion by bumping her aside and saying "Pardon" afterwards.

Charles cursed and scowled after him. The thought of Della struggling alone in the world was like a knife-thrust in his heart. But was the alternative any better?

To go out to Africa to Harold Palfrey and live with him in some God-forsaken spot, surrounded by men of the kind that Harold Palfrey would have for friends—rotters like himself. O God, what a fate for her! He would never even know what became of her, or have the painful joy of seeing her occasionally and knowing she was all right.

And then suddenly, as they crossed the Place Vendôme, a thought came to him. There was another alternative for her if she cared to take it. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Better, surely, than her present life or going out to her black-guard father. How in the world was he to approach it?

He was very thoughtful as they entered the lounge of the Ritz. Here, anyway, they would be away from the clattering crowd of the cafes.

The lounge was mercifully empty. She chose a corner at the far end.

"What will you have?"

"I'll have a martini, thanks."

"All right. I'll have a whisky." He ordered the drinks and again they were alone, but he waited till the man had brought them and he had lighted her cigarette before he approached the subject. Even then it was a clumsy approach. He blew a cloud of smoke and looked up, avoiding her eyes.

"By Jove," he began, "I wish my father were here to-night."

She started and looked at him in surprise.

"Your father? Why?"

Still he did not answer her look, wishing if possible to spare her the embarrassment she must feel at the mention of his father. Poor child! He wished he could talk about the whole thing openly, but he recalled her panic in his room the other night at the thought of his father coming in and giving her away.

"Well, I don't know," he said casually. "He'd enjoy being here. He loves Paris. You don't know my father, of course."

She raised her eyebrows.

"That's very silly of you to want him here just now—if not exactly flattering to me."

"Well, he'd back us up. He's a much more cheery person than I am."

"That wouldn't be hard to-night."

"At least..." He stammered and hesitated.

tated. "He used to be, but he's not at his best these days."

"Why isn't he?"

"He's in love."

"Oh, heavens! Your father, too! Don't people ever get sensible enough and old enough to get out of the habit of it?"

He looked at her reproachfully.

"My father is not old," he said firmly. "He's only forty-nine. You may think he looks older—I mean lots of people think he must be because he's got a grown-up son, but, as a matter of fact, he's in the prime of life."

"Indeed!"

He glanced at her now. She was looking down, sipping her cocktail.

"Yes," he went on as she gave him no lead, "he's frightfully in love."

"Who's he in love with?"

"Well, it's rather a complicated affair. He's in love with his parlormaid."

"What!" Her eyes widened and her face changed color.

"At least, she was his parlormaid." Mercifully again he looked away from the sight of her startled face and staring eyes. "But she went away and left him. He doesn't know where she is. He's tried his hardest to find her, but it's no go. He can't run her to earth."

She looked up at him quickly.

"Do you approve of that? Your father falling in love with his parlormaid?"

A WILD impulse rose in him to knock the table aside and take her in his arms and cry, "By God, I don't! How dare he love you? How dare anyone love you but me!" But he fought down the words and thrust his clenched hands into his pockets.

"Why not?" he answered in a choked voice. "Who'd be such a fool as to mind? He says that Bessie Taylor is the most wonderful girl in the world. She's beautiful and good and clever. So understanding and lovable. He says she's unique." His eyes rested fondly on her face. My God, his father was right! She was.

"Why shouldn't he love her?" he heard himself saying. "Who wouldn't? A girl as wonderful as she must be could marry any man she wanted to. Such softness! Such sweetness! Such—" He pulled himself up sharply and took a long pull at his whisky and soda.

"Then he's not trying to get her back to be his parlormaid?"

"Not he! He wants to try and make more sure of her than that. He's kicking himself now that he didn't tell her before. She had no idea when she left him that he loved her. He wants to marry her, all right."

"Are you sure of that?"

He laughed bitterly.

"Too damned sure! He told me so. He said that if he was ever lucky enough to find Bessie again he was going to ask her to be his wife."

There was an appreciable pause, and then, as though she were speaking to herself:

"For a girl who'd had to struggle to earn her living it would be wonderful peace of mind, a marriage like that, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes." His tone was wild. He had to go on talking or he wouldn't be able to bear it. "Oh, yes, it would be a wonderful marriage all right. Wealth, position, everything she could want." How could he go on pleading another man's cause, loving her as he did? But he thought of Africa and of the gin-sinking Harold Palfrey, and he checked himself afresh.

"Yes," she said, "everything you say is quite true. There's no getting away from it, but . . . supposing she doesn't love him?"

He swallowed a lump in his throat.

"But a marriage built up on friendship," he went on miserably, "that's a different thing altogether. There's something solid

still. Two people who like and respect each other, have the same tastes, can share the same amusements . . . That's the kind of marriage that lasts, and even, perhaps, is the happiest in the long run. A sound basis of mutual understanding—give and take—no blind hopes and disillusion

pitfalls of passion . . . The dreary clichés fell from his lips as though he were giving a lecture on eugenics.

She was leaning back looking at him with a curiously unfathomable expression in her eyes. He found his own glance sinking into them as a drowning man sinks into forgetfulness. Some women's eyes, he thought, were shallow, just beautiful shallow mirrors reflecting nothing but the world's admiration, but Della's were deep and dark, and offered you a tantalizing world of tenderness and gaiety and a hint of mystery . . . if you only might adventure there! Not he. He never could.

Their eyes met and clung together as though unable to look away again. In that glance of mournful understanding, they were isolated from the rest of the room. One blissful moment hung eternal.

She shattered it deliberately.

"I must go."

"Not yet. Wait a bit. Let's have one more drink before we go." He beckoned the waiter.

"Well, one more and then I really must. Krenin's got such a programme mapped out for to-morrow. That man's made of steel wires. He doesn't seem to need any rest himself. No, not another for me. You're smoking too much, Charles. You haven't had one out of your mouth since I met you to-night. What time is it? Oh, is that all? Well, do you mind . . . ? While he's bringing the drinks I want to send a wire."

"What? To-night?"

She rose.

"Yes. I won't be a minute. I want it to be delivered first thing in the morning."

"Can I do it for you?"

"No, it's all right. I'll do it. Just wait here for me. I shan't be a minute."

She was more than five, anyway. Charles, with his eyes on the door, saw her coming back towards him; threading her way through the lounge looking serious and absent-minded. Then she reached the table, sat down and lifted her glass.

"Here's luck," she said gravely, giving him the shadow of a smile.

"Luck," he echoed, lifting his.

A waiter from the writing-room was coming towards them eyeing a sheet of paper in his hand. He approached and bent over Della discreetly.

She looked up with a hint of confusion.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," he murmured. "I regret this is not quite clear to me. These words, is it Mount Street, Mayfair?"

Charles started violently and there seemed to be a ringing in his ears as though the words struck and smattered them. He saw her snatch the paper and pencil and write the address clearly again. She pushed the telegram back to the waiter and dismissed him with a wave of the hand. Then she glanced up at Charles, plainly wondering if he had heard.

He sat looking down, pretending to have heard nothing.

So this was the finish, was it? O God, he had argued well! She had lost no time.

Mount Street, Mayfair. That was his father's address.

CHAPTER 24

IF there had lingered in Charles' mind an ray of hope that Sampson's romantic heart might still fancy a home girl, this hope was dashed to earth by the spectacle of his meteoric passage through the galleries of Paris in the wake of Miss Lenore Harcourt.

Several times during that night and the

next morning, like some hurtling star, he flashed into their ken at the Hotel Maurice and was as speedily lost to view again. He came back only to array himself afresh that he might be worthy to follow her into fresh haunts of pleasure. In his eye was the hectic light of one whose heart is beating at a dangerously accelerated pace.

He was dazzled, flattered, inflamed, swollen with pride by her attention, and yet a little shocked by the notice her beauty created, he followed her from restaurant to theatre, from dance hall to night club. On, on, amid the music of jazz and champagne, through the bolles of Montmartre to the cafes of Montparnasse for onion and cheese soup before the early visit to the Halles and the drive in the Bois to see the sunrise.

At six a.m. on parting from Lenore—a still fresh, gay, bright-eyed Lenore—he sank into bed in a dazed but ecstatic condition and fell into his well-earned rest.

It was at ten o'clock, barely four hours later, that Charles ran into him at the door of the hotel. He was waiting for Lenore. He looked a little weary, but the light in his eye was still feverish and expectant, ready for the coming pleasures of the new day, ready to follow wherever she might lead.

In one last desperate effort Charles tried to turn the African's mind back to homelier things. He spoke of Kathie and her mother, of their return to-morrow to England and The Laurels. He even, poor fellow, muttered some suggestion of Risby accompanying them. The words seemed not to penetrate Sampson's whirling brain. He was watching the door of the liftway. He said:

"By gum! That girl's a winner!"

At that moment she came through the lounge, bestowed on Charles a fleeting smile, with another caught up Risby and stepped into the waiting car.

"Roo de la Pay," Charles heard Risby direct the chauffeur; Roo de la Pay it would surely prove itself for him to-day.

For Charles, too, the day was just beginning, but a day of what widely different activities! As Risby and Lenore drove off, Mrs. Palfrey and Kathie appeared, sensibly dressed and flat-heeled for a long day's sightseeing.

They started in the Louvre with the collection of Florentine religious art. They passed over the more robust period of Greek statuary with but scant comment. Took a cab to Notre Dame and had a look at the gargoyles. Viewed the early stained glass at the Sainte Chapelle, and on the Cluny museum, then whisked round to the Luxembourg for another half-mile of pictures before lunch.

Whether Kathie was feeling sore over the events of the last week it would be difficult to say. She was her own stolid self, more silent, perhaps, but outwardly unmoved and unmovable. Only once she betrayed the fact that her mind was not wholly absorbed by the beauties of art. Standing in seeming concentration before the Winged Victory she suddenly remarked:

"The African plate women have lips ten inches long," an observation which plainly spoke her wandering fancy since it could have been in no way suggested by the headless marble.

AT three o'clock Charles was set free. Kathie and her mother were to spend the rest of the day in the really serious business of shopping. Unutterably miserable, he dragged himself back to the hotel. There waiting for him was a wire from his father asking him to meet him that afternoon at the Gare du Nord.

Seated in the lounge he crumpled the telegram and threw it on the table. He sat back in the deep seat, his head sunk on his chest, his feet stuck out in front of him. Around him, coming and going, moved the gay, cosmopolitan crowd, before him on the table stood a long iced whisky and soda; he had forgotten both.

His father's wife, he knew, was in answer to the one Della had sent last night. At this moment his father, full of eager happiness, was hurrying towards the girl he loved—and the girl that he, Charles, loved, too. She had chosen. Could he blame her? She had chosen marriage with his father rather than a life of hard work. Why should it hurt him so intolerably since he could not marry her himself? Well, it did hurt, damnably. It was bad enough, God knew, when the girl you loved offered to be a sister to you, but surely it was doubly bitter when she decided to be your stepmother!

He lifted his glass and drained it at one angry gulp and stared trenchantly round at his fellow loungers, feeling himself cut off from the rest of mankind.

It is a curious fact, but the man suffering from disappointed love invariably feels this superior remoteness from the rest of the world. He, and only he, it seems, is aware of the mockery of life. Men who drop a fortune on the stock exchange or lose a couple of limbs in a railway accident seek comfort from their friends. They can talk of their grief. They know that other men, too, have had to part with fortune and legs. Not so the unhappy lover. How can others, he asks, be said to have loved? since they haven't loved the object of his affections—the one woman in the world worthy of being loved.

Impossible to try to describe the few hours that Charles spent alone while waiting to go and meet his father. Such sufferings are better left untold. He was pale, a little tense, but master of himself as no student on the platform waiting for the train to come in.

The first man to leap from it was his father, looking slimmer, more youthful, and in higher spirits than he had been for a long time. Porters surged around him. One took his suitcase, another his rug, another his umbrella, another his dressing-bag—and all were equally anxious to take his money.

Sir Murray seized his son's hand affectionately.

"Ah, there you are, my boy! This is splendid. Glad to be here. I can assure you. Nasty choppy crossing. The Maurice? Right. That'll do me. Always stop at the Ritz, myself, but as you're there . . . Taxi! By Jove, it's every bit as stuffy as London. Throw that one inside. That's all. Here you are . . ."

He jumped into the taxi followed by his son, and with high-pitched screeching horns the car swerved out of the station yard.

Alone in the taxi, he again turned and laid a hand on his son's arm.

"You're wondering why I'm here, eh? Surprised, were you, to get my wife? I was surprised, too. This time yesterday I was plodding along as flat as the devil. Funny, isn't it? And then suddenly this morning . . . Well, I'll tell you—I've found her!" A broad happy smile illuminated the baronet's face. He leant back in perfect content, arms crossed tightly, one foot flaying excitedly. "Yes, I've found my Bessie—at least I shall find her in the space of about ten minutes or less. She's come to Paris, working, I suppose. Poor child, no wonder she's fed up. Paris is no better than other places for the underdog. Well, that's over. She had the sense to wire to me. She knew who to turn to, thank the Lord. I took the first boat. You'll be surprised when you see her. Charles, she's the dearest, most delightful creature . . . A parlormaid, I know, but she's fit to take her place anywhere . . . Where are we going? The Maurice? Oh, all right. I suppose so. We'd better drop these traps first."

Sir Murray discharged his luggage at the hotel without waste of a moment, and stepped back into the taxi.

"Rue Royal," he told the chauffeur, "fourteen-A Rue Royal."

Charles' heart seemed to turn over in his chest. Fourteen-A was the number of Krenin's shop upstairs in the Rue Royal.

Through a mist of anguish he heard his father's voice going on talking, talking. There was no need to make any answer. Sir Murray's talk flowed up from a deep well of hope and high spirits.

"By Jove, I'm glad to be here! I'm a happy man to-day, old chap. I'd just about given up hope of seeing her again. Short of a detective, I didn't see how I was ever going to find her. You'll like her, Charles, you'll like her. Bessie is . . . well, Bessie is unique . . . You're not looking too bright. Anything wrong? No? Just a little fagged, eh? What are you doing in Paris? A last flutter before your marriage? What? Kathie here, too! I say, my boy . . . I you know . . . And Mrs. Palfrey? Oh, I see. Very nice, very nice. God bless me! This fellow's cutting things fine. They can drive, though, there's no getting away from it. Still, I don't want my neck broken to-day. Not yet. Life's too good just now . . . And I've begun to pride myself that Bessie takes a certain interest in it, too. Ha, ha! No fool like an old fool, is there? Well, that may be. No happiness like the happiness of a man who'd thought that that was all over for him. I've discovered that, too. You may think you're in love with Kathie, but wait till you're my age and you fall in love with—no, no, I don't mean that. That's a very bad suggestion indeed. I hope you and Kathie'll never stray apart. That's what poor old Harold would have wished. The last words he said to me before he went out to that fever swamp to die were: 'I know Kathie's future is safe with that fine lad of yours.' I'm happy to think it's all turned out so right. Only another few days, isn't it? Still, I may beat you to the altar yet! That will depend on Bessie. It can't be too soon for me. I'm going to ask her this very afternoon. No beating about the bush. I don't let her out of my sight again till she knows that I love her, that I want her to be my wife. God, I don't know how I kept it from her so long! Fool that I was! I nearly missed it all. But I couldn't imagine her not always being there, ready to welcome me with a smile in those soft eyes of hers. Always so understanding and so winning, so full of—Hullo, is this it? Here we are. Wonder what she's doing here. Soon find out."

HE jumped out of the taxi and they turned in at the doorway. "Care of Prince Krenin," Sir Murray murmured. "Third floor. Some sort of a shop, I suppose."

Now that the moment had come, Charles drew back. He felt he could not go up and witness the meeting. It was asking too much of him. His hands were cold, his head was hot, his mouth was dry. An aching bitterness wrung him.

His father saw his hesitation.

"Don't go, Charles. I want you to come up. I want you to see her. Dash it all, you're my only son. I want her to see you, too. I want her to know that everything's fair and aboveboard. That you're in full sympathy with me in the matter. Mind that step." With a hand on his arm, he pushed Charles into the lift and they floated upwards.

The big double door that bore Krenin's name was ajar, and Sir Murray pushed it open.

The room which they entered was long and charmingly proportioned. A deep carpet of pale apple-green stretched before them in a verdant invitation. Thick gold curtains hung at the windows giving a rich fullness of tone to the apple-green walls. High cabinets that shut away Krenin's masterpieces stood here and there. A great Chinese vase of azulejos glimmered ivory in a corner. In the air hung a subtle perfume that seemed to be blended of the scents of all the last heart-breaking flowers of summer. There were slender chairs and mirrors framed in golden oak leaves; mirrors created to reflect glowing

colors, slim girls, the sheen of silks, rose-leaf cheeks, painted lips . . .

But the reflection in one of these mirrors at the moment was the reflection of Mr. Sampson Risby seated opposite it on the tallest of gold chairs, the sole occupant of the room.

Charles made the two men known to each other.

"Hullo, Risby. What are you doing here?"

Sampson looked up nervously. "I'm waiting," he announced, giving another glimpse of the obvious. Sampson looked tired. In spite of the insecurity of his seat one would have been fairly safe to hazard a guess that he had been doing. "I hope they haven't all left," Sir Murray began.

"Who?"

"The . . . the girls," the baronet answered vaguely. "The . . . the people who run the shop."

With a languid thumb Sampson indicated a door.

"Krenin's in there; and Miss Della," he indicated another door, "is in there with a lady. They're looking at evening cloths."

"Oh! Well, I'll wait. I want to see Prince Krenin."

"He won't be long, I shouldn't think."

"Good. No hurry really."

Charles sank into a chair opposite Risby on the other side of the mirror. A dreadful lethargy seemed to be spreading through his limbs and through his heart. He wanted to go out, to get away from what was about to happen, but this paralysis of will held him to the gold chair. He felt like a ghost observing through a mist the actions and emotions of human beings, yet powerless himself to move hand or foot to interfere in the march of events. He saw his own pale face and a pair of hollow blue eyes looking mistily out of the mirror.

Sampson, on the other side of it, was also tensely motionless. He sat leaning forward, arms on knees, and only his eyes gazing round him seemed alive. They were startled and a shade wild, like the eyes of a man who is carried down-stream and hears ahead of him the roaring of the rapids.

Sir Murray drifted away from them and jerked about the room, observing objects here and there and occasionally humming a snatch of song under his breath. He flicked a speck of cigarette ash off a table, touched a flower, bent his long graceful back to examine a small bronze figure strolled on and paused an instant to look down into the street. It was clear that his excitement would not let him keep still.

"Yes, I must see Krenin," he murmured. "Charming room, delightful. Just the background for frocks. Apple-green. So young and hopeful . . . Youth, that's the note they strike these days in women's clothes. Youth. Yes . . . Hm." Again he hummed softly. "Youth, I do adore them, age I do abhor them." Shakespeare knew. He was the chap. Hm . . . White azulejos. Very charming, but I never see them without thinking of the day when my poor old dad coming home late mistook a bowl of white azulejos for the Persian cat and bit it off the piano with his stick. They look very well against that wall . . . Wonder if we ought to ring and let them know we're here. Might as well wait. They'll be out any minute, I expect."

STILL silent sat Charles and Sampson, following the baronet's movements with expectant eyes. Was it Sir Murray's excitement, or what was it, that made the air seem slightly tingling and electric?

The lift door outside clanged metallically. The door opened and two familiar figures entered the room. Mrs. Palfrey and Kathie. The afternoon's shopping had obviously proved strenuous, for they both looked jaded.

Charles rose from his chair and glanced

at his father. Apart from the fact that he himself felt decidedly weary of the company of Kathie and her mother, he thought Sir Murray would hardly welcome them at the delicate interview for which he had come here.

If this were so Sir Murray showed no sign of it as he stepped to Mrs. Palfrey's side and greeted her as warmly.

"How do you do, Charlotte?" Delighted to see you. You're looking well. And Kathie, too. How are you, my dear?" He bent and gave her cheek a fatherly kiss. "This is all very nice and unexpected. Mr. Risby, do you know Mrs. Palfrey and my future daughter-in-law? You've met? Good! Charles has seen to that."

Had Sir Murray but glanced at Risby he would have seen that he was embarrassed. Charles saw it with but half a glance. He saw Sampson rise and color at sight of Kathie, stammer slightly in greeting her, and then drop his eyes to a critical study of his boots.

Kathie's response was cold, and after one reproachful glance she turned to the window and stood with her back to the room looking down into the street.

Mrs. Palfrey sat down heavily and fanned herself with her glove.

"Oh dear, what a day we've had! Really it's been too trying for words. We haven't bought anything either. Just looked at things and everything was wrong. That little grey hat might have done for you, Kathie, but I don't know . . ."

"No, mother, I don't think so."

"No, I don't either. Too Frenchy. It's very difficult to know. And this shop people . . . So impolite. Not a bit of it! London. We've come to ask Miss Merrin's advice about a little suit. Has she gone yet, Charles?"

He shook his head.

"No, she's in there, busy just now. She won't be long."

The door behind Mrs. Palfrey opened, and Krenin came in swiftly. At Prince Krenin's entrance any possible flatness in an atmosphere was sure to be instantly dispelled.

He greeted them all enthusiastically, his full red lips smiling from under the small gold moustache. He talked, he laughed, he kissed the ladies' hands, he handed cigarettes. He went to a cupboard and took out glasses and bottles, shook cocktails vigorously and poured them out.

"Voila, madame! This cocktail of Krenin's is famous. One—and no more tired! Yes, yes, you are right. This sparkle of Paris saps the energy. You want to see Della? About a frock? Bon."

"It's about a little kasha suit we saw in the Rue St. Hoagre. We wanted Miss Merrin to look at it. She's been so good giving Kathie advice. Quite nice it is but eight hundred francs seems a lot of money."

"Eighteen hundred francs! Absurdly cheap, I should say, if the frock is truly nice. Buy it. It is dirt cheap at eighteen hundred."

Mrs. Palfrey collapsed, too horrified to correct him.

Krenin drained his glass with a toss of his head.

"But if you are looking for a kasha suit, I have got the very thing. Come, you shall see it. No, you must not say 'no.' It must be a small wedding present to Miss Palfrey."

Diffidence and economy fought a sharp battle in Mrs. Palfrey's breast, but Krenin's warm pressure was not to be refused, and he led them, still talking volubly, into the small room from which he had emerged.

And then—Charles heard Della's voice.

Heaven knew he had always thrilled to those limnet-like tones, but now his heart seemed to turn a complete somersault in his breast and then proceeded to take up more restricted quarters in his throat. Through a distant glass door he saw the

outline of her little dark curly head as she paused with her hand on the handle to speak to Lenore at her side.

Never, never had he loved her so dearly as he did now: the girl whom this moment would take from him for ever and give to his father for wife. He turned away sharply from the sight of their meeting, stumbled across the room and gazed out of the window, seeing nothing. If the busy Paris street below had suddenly turned into a tropic jungle before his eyes, he would have been unaware of it, so keyed were all his senses to the meeting in the room behind him.

He heard the glass door open and knew that they had entered. He even heard a surprised intake of breath.

And then came his father's voice: "Why, Bessie, my girl! What are you doing here?"

The words sent a shiver through Charles' heart, but he had to face it, and he turned back into the room.

CHAPTER 25

DRAWN a little apart stood Della, a faint but unmistakably triumphant smile on her face, while before the beautiful Lenore stood Sir Murray, his eyes looking deeply into hers, his hand on her arm.

"Bessie, my dear, it's good to see you again." The baronet's voice cut the air.

Something seemed to snap in Charles' brain. Were pain and loss robbing him of his senses? Had his father made some fantastic mistake?

Lenore was backing from Sir Murray defensively.

"Oh, sir . . . Oh, please . . ."

"Come, come, Bessie, I'm not going to eat you. Why did you run away from me?"

Charles' eyes were almost starting from his head. There was a buzzing in his ears.

"Oh, please, sir, you don't understand . . . I don't want to talk to you here."

"Don't be absurd, child. I must talk to you. I can't let you run away again."

Charles gripped the window ledge for support. Was he dreaming? Was it Lenore his father loved and not Della?

Lenore, his father's lost parlormaid? Lenore, the perfect, the idle, the glided . . . Lenore, Harold Palfrey's daughter! No, no, impossible!

But there they stood, face to face, the others mere gaping spectators.

Suddenly the beautiful Lenore burst into tears. The faultless creature who had seemed to Charles to be always mistress of her emotions, was crying like a childen schoolgirl.

"Why did you follow me?" she sobbed. "I told you I didn't want to come back. I don't want to be a parlormaid again."

The dashing Miss Harcourt was no more. Before Sir Murray stood a half-humble, half-refractory maid. In spite of the expensive finery one seemed to see the white cap tails floating down her slender back.

But, perfect to the last, not even tears could work the havoc they worked in other women's faces. There were no red eyes and snifflings. Instead, clear crystal drops welled up from the hazel depths and spilled over the silken lashes. The full curved lips trembled appealingly.

Sir Murray flicked forth—not without a touch of impatience—a lavender handkerchief and handed it to her.

"Damn it all, Bessie, don't cry. There's nothing to cry about. Dry your eyes."

"Please let me go."

"Nonsense. It's not like you to cry. You were always such a sensible girl. The best parlormaid I ever had, and yet you had to run away and leave me."

A shade of heat flashed into Bessie's eyes. "But I'm not a parlormaid any more," she declared.

"I'm, no, indeed. Where did you get

those clothes? God bless me, that frock alone must have cost a small fortune!"

She nodded and swallowed.

"It did. It was frightfully expensive. Prince Krenin made it."

"How did you hope to pay for it?" he asked sternly.

"I had the money. I've got a lot of money," she said proudly. "My grandfather died and left me a thousand pounds. He had the biggest grocer's shop in Seven-oaks. That's why I left you. I wanted to have a good time."

"Fiddle de 'ee! What put such nonsense into your head?"

"Well, I don't see why not. Lots of girls no better looking than me have a good time."

He gave a short laugh and his eyes swept over the faultless slender figure and bewitching downcast face.

"That's true enough. But if you want a good time I'll see that you have it."

She backed away from him again.

"No, please, sir, no. You were always very kind and so was Mrs. Basham, but one day a week and every other Sunday's not enough. I want to better myself."

"Rubbish! You don't want to be any better than you are."

"It isn't rubbish. I didn't want anyone to know I'd been in service. I took a flat and changed my name. I was quite the lady, and now . . . and now . . ."

She was on the verge of tears again.

"And now what?" he snorted.

"And now everyone knows, and I'll have to start all over again."

AGAIN Sir Murray snorted impatiently, but for the moment made no answer. His eye on his erring Bessie was indulgent but masterful. He wanted her badly, but it was clear that a girl who had served him his bacon and eggs every morning was no goddess to him.

Whether she was still one to Risby, who shall say? Sampson's face as he witnessed this scene was a kaleidoscope of conflicting emotions: anger, amazement, unbelief, jealousy, pity. And lastly, on Sampson's came came an expression that bore an uncommon resemblance to relief. Flattering as is the position of a being who is carried up to Olympus to dwell with a goddess, there is no getting away from the fact that he will look and feel a good deal happier when he finds himself on the solid earth again surrounded by mortals of his own common clay.

Charles saw him sit back and sigh deeply. Della saw it, too, and her eyes met Charles'. His glance clung to hers rapturously, lovingly, admiringly. How had she known about Lenore and brought all this to pass?

While he was floundering in this sea of conjecture, his father's voice brought him back.

"Look here, Bessie, my dear, if you want to start all over again, why not do so by marrying me?"

Bessie's eyes grew round and she sank down into a chair. The power to speak seemed to have deserted her. Her lovely mouth was actually gaping open, and through the cherry lips her breath came in little gasps. Ambitious as she was, and rosy as was the future she had planned for herself, it was clear she had never hoped for such a conquest as this. Sir Murray as a master she had looked up to and doted on, but as a husband her happiest dreams had never dared to picture him.

At last a stunned whisper issued from those lips:

"Marry you? Me marry you!"

Her tone deceived the baronet. He bridled slightly.

"Well, why not? God bless my soul, I'm not decrepit yet. I'm dashed fond of you, Bessie, and I'd make you a dashed good husband."

"Oh, Sir Murray, you can't mean it!"

Still her voice was faint with surprise and ecstasy. "You can't mean to marry me!" He stared at her.

"What the dickens do you mean, Bessie? Do I look the kind of man who won't . . . who would . . . I mean, who wouldn't marry you? Come now, I'm asking you—will you be my wife?"

She rose up rapturously and went towards him.

"Oh, sir, of course I will!"

"You will!"

"Oh, of course I will. If I'd only known you wanted me to I'd never have left you."

"Good! Good. Excellent. You know, Bessie, I've never been the same man since you went away from me."

The soft hazel eyes looked him over.

"No, sir, I can see that. You should never have worn those socks with that tie."

He grasped her by the arm.

"Come along. Let's see how soon we can get a licence."

With a radiant smile she turned to the others.

"Good-bye, everyone."

Three faces were turned to her. There came three murmurs of farewell.

Her eyes lingered an instant on Sampson.

"Good-bye, Mr. Risby," she said softly.

"And I want to thank you. You have been so kind to me."

The heavy door closed behind them.

Charles went quickly towards Della and drew her up the two broad steps into the embrasure of the window. The long curtains sheltered them kindly from the room.

They seemed to be marooned on a little island of dusk, for outside, after the sultry day, great black clouds had gathered, turning the late afternoon to a premature twilight. Thunder hung not far off. Was it the darkness without, or the fog of bewilderment in his brain that made him half grope towards her as he took her arm and raised her face to his?

"I'm stunned! Della!"

There was a childishly triumphant smile on her face and, like a child, her words came proudly:

"I did it."

"You don't need to tell me that, but . . . but . . ." His eyes were searching hers in the dusk. "Who are you, then?"

"What do you mean?"

"There's some mystery about you."

"Only what you've made. I've told you, I'm a hard-working young woman with a talent for designing clothes."

"Yes, I know, but your real life, your people, everything. You've never told me . . ."

"Oh, that. But you've never asked me. It's so very ordinary. I'm an only child. My father lives in Warwickshire. He lives for hunting and cares more for his horses than for me, so I came to London. Not much mystery about that, is there?"

"Good Lord!" He stared blankly at her, pondering his own folly. "I thought . . ."

"What did you think?"

"Never mind."

"Something incurably romantic. I'll be bound."

"But, Lenore . . .? How did you know about her?"

"My dear, she's a sort of second Lady Hamilton."

"By Jove, she is! She's just as beautiful, anyway. To-day she looked absolutely—"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

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"Charles!"

"Charles!"

"Charles!"

shop, a man Krenin knows came in and recognised her. He told Krenin he'd seen her months before in a little grocery shop in Sevenoaks, behind the counter. He was quite sure. He said he couldn't forget her face."

"I'll guarantee no one could once they'd—"

"That's hardly the point. So Krenin got a wee bit nervy about his money and asked me to run down and make a few tactful inquiries about her. From the grocery shop they sent me to the farm."

"Primrose Farm?"

"Is that its name? A dear old woman with wild white curls."

"A helpless old fool who wouldn't open her mouth."

"She did to me. We clicked instantly. She told me all about Bessie. She was spending her grandfather's money as every sensible girl should."

He was thinking.

"I see. And you didn't give her away?"

"Well, of course not. How could I?"

"Then the other night at my flat when you saw my father at the window and took her out, it was because—"

"Exactly. I knew how she'd hate him to find her there just when she was doing the grand lady so successfully. It was clumsy but it worked."

He went closer to her. The air outside and in the room was tingling with the electricity of the oncoming storm, and every nerve in his body was tingling with an electric disturbance, too. Weeks of pent-up longing for her seemed about to burst forth.

She looked up at him and there was no mistaking the tenderness in the eyes that had always held for him a whole world of love and life and adventure. In the menacing storm light her face was pale.

Neither spoke. Just that long look that held them motionless. But he dared not move a step to take her in his arms. He was still bound to Kathie. Sampson was free once more, but Heaven knew how the unfortunate African would react to Lenore's sudden flight.

At the dim far end of the room he was still sitting, crumpled and stunned like a man from whom a hypnotic spell has been lifted, but who has not yet regained his own will. There was no saying what he would do when he woke to action again.

But before there was time for him to rise and go away, Kathie entered the room—alone.

Who shall deny that the destinies of us poor mortals—puny though we be—are governed by unseen powers above? It so happened that way up in space that afternoon, far above our mortal ken, the warm air contracting violently over a great arch had created a vacuum which, operating on two approaching rain clouds, brought about a highly charged electrical field which in common parlance is called a thunder-storm. The air was as full of fizz and crackle as an egg is of meat.

Had it been an ordinary mild day with perhaps a gentle west wind or a drizzling rain, Kathie would have crossed the room and said a few polite words to Mr. Risby. He, equally repressed, would have risen and gone down the stairs and out of her life, perhaps for ever; for there is no denying that Sampson felt sore and small after the recent events.

But no, the first jagged spear of lightning had just torn the clouds asunder as Kathie entered the room. Poor Kathie, in common with many women, was very susceptible to thunder-storms. They made her feel, she said, all anyhow. Trembling, she crossed the room and sat down on a small gilt couch not a pace away from Sampson.

He raised his head, shook himself slightly, and a flood of color rushed from his collar up to his hair. He picked up his hat and rose.

"It's going to be quite a little storm, Miss Kathie," he mumbled.

Kathie did not reply: "Yes, Mr. Risby, and very seasonable for the time of year." Instead, she gave a gulp, fumbled for her handkerchief and burst into tears.

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SAMPSON gasped. If there was one thing in the world that the tender-hearted African could not bear it was the sight of suffering in man or beast. Her tears smote him to the core. He strode forward and dropped on his knees beside the weeping girl. Maybe his whole aim was to comfort her about the storm. Maybe not. At any rate, within the space of a second, somehow his arms were around her waist and his head once more was pillowed against her white neck.

"This at all events is the official story of the happening. The theory that Kathie's breakdown was not entirely unpremeditated is a point of view too base and cynical to need refuting."

The sound of Kathie's tears caused Charles and Della, hidden in the window alcove, to turn. They saw what had happened. With one stride towards Della, Charles wholeheartedly followed Sampson's example.

With a sigh of happiness Della melted into his arms and he held her to him, his lips to hers.

It was at this moment that a shadow, more menacing than the storm fell in the doorway. It was Mrs. Palfrey. With eyes not less piercing than the lightning she stood and gazed at the sight of her daughter in the arms of the detestable colonial.

Long years of fear of this dominating woman had left their mark on Charles. He clutched Della to him.

"Lord!" he whispered hoarsely, "she'll try to stop it."

"She can't."

"If she does, by Heaven, I'll tell her that Harold Palfrey is still alive."

"She knows it."

He reeled.

"What!"

"She's known it for years. Mrs. Taylor discovered that he wasn't dead and went and told her. Mrs. Palfrey made her promise to keep it secret."

"My God! But why?"

She gave him a long, quizzical look and smiled fondly.

"My dear, need you, of all people, ask?"

But it was Kathie who took the offensive. At sight of her mother she rose without fluster and spoke in a new tone of decision.

"Mother, my long engagement to Charles has been a mistake. I don't love him and I'm sure he doesn't love me. But Sampson and I have found it out before it's too late. We're going to get married."

Charles and Della went down into the room.

"Kathie's right, Mrs. Palfrey," he said, doing his best to conceal the rioting in within him. "And I want to be the first one to congratulate my dear old friend Sampson."

With a look of fervid gratitude Risby held out his hand, but even that strong muscular paw winced a little beneath the crushing handshake of the defeated lover.